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THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT: ITS HISTORY AND ELOQUENCE.

A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote, Compiled from Authentic Sources. By G. H. JENNINGS and W. S. JOHNSTONE. London, Paris, and New York: 1872.

THERE is a comic History of England. Why might there not be an anecdotical one, in which the salient points should be placed in broad relief by memorable sayings and striking incidents—by well-chosen traits of valour, virtue, patriotism, eloquence, and wit? There is no pleasanter mode of conveying knowledge, no surer mode of durably impressing it. The most fugitive attention is caught by anecdotes: the most volatile mind retains them so long as it retains anything; and none but the shallowest will miss the moral they point, the reflections they suggest, or the conclusions they justify.

The compilers of 'A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote' have manifested no extraordinary amount of discrimination or research. Their materials are drawn from familiar and easily accessible sources: their arrangement is open to grave objection: yet their main object, as explained in their Preface, has been attained. They have produced an amusing, useful, and interest-

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ing work; nor is it well possible for any thoughtful reader, at all given to political speculation, to skim their pages without picturing to himself the various stages by which the British Parliament has reached its proud pre-eminence amongst the legislative assemblies of both hemispheres—without evoking scene after scene, or crisis upon crisis, in which its independent existence was rudely threatened by high-handed prerogative from without, or its character, as an instrument of freedom and civilisation, sadly compromised by faction or corruption from within.

When Madame de Staël was expatiating to the Emperor Alexander on the good fortune of Russia in possessing such a ruler, he replied, 'Alas, Madame, I am nothing but a happy accident.' Can the British Parliament, looking either to its origin, its constitution, or its growth, be honestly described as anything else? Where are the marks of contrivance or design, of unity of plan, of calculated harmony of parts? Which of the three branches of the Legislature at its creation or inception held, or was intended to hold, the same relative rank which it holds now? Mr. Butler relates in his 'Reminiscences,' that Moreton, Chief Justice of Chester, happened to say in the House, 'King, Lords, and Commons, or (looking at the first Pitt) as that right honourable member would term them, Commons, Lords, and King.' Pitt called him to order, and desired the words to be taken down. They were written down by the clerk. 'Bring them to me,' said Pitt, in his loftiest tone. By this time Moreton was frightened *out of his senses.* 'Sir,' he stammered out, addressing the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King: *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed, I meant nothing.' Pitt rose: 'I don't wish to push the matter further. The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice: whenever he *means* nothing I recommend him to *say* nothing.'

This incident is related in illustration of Pitt's ascendency, which must have been absolutely overwhelming if he could bully an eminent lawyer into a craven apology for words which, by no great latitude of interpretation, might be proved historically true. Again and again has the order of precedence been practically reversed. The very shifting of places which he blurted out in his confusion has occurred. It was Lords, King, and Commons frequently, if not normally, under the Plantagenets: King, Lords, and Commons, under the Tudors: Commons, Lords, and King, during the Great Rebellion. Where the varying arrangement fails is in not conveying an accurate impression of the contrast presented by the Commons as they started and as they stand. The obscure and unhonoured state from which they emerged recalls 'the dirt and seaweed whence proud Venice rose.' The burgesses were summoned solely to vote subsidies. The right of representation was regarded as an oppressive burthen from which the smaller boroughs frequently petitioned to be freed. The Commons dared not initiate any measure of legislation: too happy to procure the redress of their grievances by tacking a humble prayer or a halting hesitating condition to a money bill. They prostrated themselves like slaves before the Crown. They crouched like menials, and bent uncovered, like vassals owing suit and service, before the Lords. They received wages from their constituents: like other paid agents, they were bound to abide by their instructions; and it would have puzzled Burke to confirm the proposition by authority when he told the electors of Bristol that a member of the British Parliament was not a delegate.

All readers of Hume will remember the story of Henry VIII. sending for Edward Montague, a member who was supposed to have considerable influence, and thus apostrophising him: 'Ha! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?' and laying his hand on Montague's head, then on his knees, 'Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours shall be off.' The bill was passed on the morrow. To complete the humiliation of the Commons, the Cardinal Minister treated them with no more respect than his master.

> 'In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
> Law in his voice and fortune in his hand.'

It was in this plenitude of pride and power in which the satirist has painted him, that Wolsey, fearing lest a subsidy of extraordinary amount (800,000*l.*) might not pass smoothly, announced his intention to be present when it was brought forward. He came in state, and delivered a solemn oration, setting forth that less than the sum demanded would not answer the Prince's occasions; and then looked round for a reply. 'Getting none, he required answer of Mr. Speaker (Sir Thomas More), who first reverently on his knees, excusing the silence of the House, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and then, by many probable arguments, proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his Grace answer.'[1]

The Cardinal, angry and mystified, as he well might be, suddenly arose and departed. The next time More waited on him at Whitehall, he said: 'I wish to God, Mr. More, you had been at Rome when I made you Speaker.' 'Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord,' replied Sir Thomas, 'for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit.' The subserviency of the Third Estate is rendered more glaring by the means which More's ready wit suggested for extricating them from the dilemma.

Queen Elizabeth expressly prohibited Parliament from meddling with State matters or ecclesiastical causes, and she sent members to prison who dared to transgress her imperial edict in these particulars. When James commanded a conference between the House of

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[1] Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More.*

Commons and the Judges he commanded it (to use his own words) 'as an absolute king,' from whom all their privileges had been derived. He stuck to this pretension, which was rather evaded than contested; never called together his faithful Commons except when he wanted money; and never met them without quarrelling with them. Yet his sense of their growing importance was betrayed by his pettish exclamation when the deputation of twelve waited on him, in 1620, at Newmarket, to present the declaration against monopolies: 'Chairs! chairs! here be twal kynges comin.' And again, by his apostrophe to the restive horse: 'The deil i' my saul, sirrah, an you be not quiet, I'se send you to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you.' When the Prince (Charles I.) and Buckingham were promoting the impeachment of the Earl of Middlesex, the canny old King told his son that 'he would live to have his bellyfull of Parliamentary impeachments.' The altered position of the Commons, however, appears to have been imperfectly understood until they had practically become paramount; and the ill-advised attempt to seize the five members shows how slow Charles and his counsellors were to recognise the fact that the real sovereignty of England had departed from the Crown.

During the Reform Bill agitation of 1831, an enthusiastically loyal orator [1] at Nottingham called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign 'like the barons at Runnymede.' This style of rallying was discontinued after the wars of the Roses, which made sad havoc amongst the peerage. Only twenty-nine temporal peers were summoned to the first Parliament of Henry VII. They numbered 59 at the death of Elizabeth, 139 the year after the Restoration, 168 at the death of Queen Anne, exclusive of the 16 representative peers of Scotland, 174 at the accession of George III. In the first ten years of his reign forty-two peers were created, or raised to a higher order in the peerage. Lord North created or promoted about thirty. In 1801 when Mr. Pitt temporarily left office, he had created or promoted 140 British peers.[1] The House of Lords now consists of nearly five hundred members, including the episcopal bench and the representative peers; yet the augmentation has hardly kept pace with the increase of wealth and population.

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[1] The late Nathaniel Goldsmid, an Oxonian and barrister of some note in his time, much esteemed by his friends. He was also reported to have declaimed against the heroes of the July Revolution as '*a set of cowardly fellows,* who, instead of standing manfully in *front of their barricades,* slunk behind them.'

The silken barons, who replaced the iron barons, were most of them the creatures of the Crown, and the House of Lords could hardly be said to possess an independent existence or will of its own till after the Great Rebellion. When it began to play a leading part in government and legislation, its leaning towards the Crown was influenced by the frequent attendance of the King at its sittings. Charles the Second used to say they were as good as a comedy.

In describing the debate (November 20, 1680) on the Bill for dissolving his Majesty's marriage with

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[1] *Treatise upon the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament. By Sir T. Erskine May*, K.C.B.

Catharine of Portugal, on the ground of her barrenness, Barillon writes: 'One of the peers represented that the remedy of divorce was very uncertain, it not being sure that the King would have children by another wife. Upon this Shaftesbury rose, and pointing to the King, *who is almost always by the fireplace*, said: "Can it be doubted from the King's mien that he is in a condition to have children? He is not more than fifty. I know people who are more than sixty and do not despair of progeny." All the House burst out laughing, and the King laughed with the rest.' There is a French maxim old enough to have been in Shaftesbury's mind—'That a man marrying at seventy has a fair chance of progeny, and marrying at eighty is quite sure.'

Charles was standing by the fire during a debate on the Declaration of Indulgence, when the Duke of York whispered to him: 'What a rogue you have for a Lord Chancellor.' And the King replied: 'Codsfish, what a fool you have for a Lord Treasurer.' The Lord Chancellor was Shaftesbury, and the Lord Treasurer Clifford.

The first day Shaftesbury presided as Lord Chancellor, he gave occasion to a scene by telling the Duke of York, who had taken his seat on the right hand of the throne, that his proper place, as only heir presumptive, was on the left. The Duke submitted with an exceedingly bad grace, exclaiming: 'My Lord, you are a rascal and a villain.' To which Shaftesbury calmly replied: 'I am much obliged to your royal highness for not calling me likewise a coward and a papist.'

A curious scene in the Lords is recorded by Pepys as occurring in 1667:

'Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for my Lord Bellasis, and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy. Dorchester replied, "Yes: and that he durst not do this were he anywhere else." Buckingham replied, "Yes, he would, and that he was a better man than himself." Dorchester said that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwigg, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. . . . This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower 350*l.*'

The royal practice of attending the sittings of the Lords is thus described by Burnet, writing of 1669:

'To prevent all trouble from the Lords, the King was advised to go and be present at all their debates. Lord Lauderdale valued himself to me on this advice, which he said he gave. At first the King sat decently on the throne, though even this was a great restraint on the freedom of debate; which had some effect for awhile. Though afterwards many of the Lords seemed to speak with more boldness, because they said one heard it to whom they had no other access but in that place, and they took the more liberty because what they said could not be reported wrong. The King, who was often weary of time, and did not know how to get round the day, liked the going to the House as a pleasant *diversion. So he went* constantly, and he quickly *left the throne and stood by the* fire, which drew a crowd about him, that broke all the decency of that House. *For before that time every Lord sat regularly in his place*, but the King's coming broke the order of their sittings, as became senators.

'The King's going thither had a much worse effect. Thus he became a common solicitor, not only in public affairs, but even in private matters of justice. He would in a little time have gone round the House and spoken to every man that he thought worth speaking to, *and he was apt to do that upon the solicitation of any of the Ladies in favour*, or of any that had credit.'

It would appear that when their Lordships were sitting in their judicial capacity, they were exposed to a species of direct influence not less dangerous than that of the Crown. In the debate of October 20, 1675, Lord Shaftesbury said:

'Pray, my Lords, forgive me if on this occasion I put you in mind of committee dinners, and the scandal of it—those ladies that attended all causes. *It was come to that pass that men even hired or borrowed of their friends handsome sisters or daughters to deliver their petitions.* But for all this, I must say that your judgments have been sacred, unless in one or two causes, and those we owe most to that bench (the episcopal) from whom we now apprehend the most danger.'

We learn from the 'Parliamentary Debates' that on Friday, January 12, 1711, 'the House of Lords having adjourned, to give time for the presentation of an address, resumed as soon as the Queen (who designed to hear the debate *incognito*) was come to the House.' Meagre as is the report of the ensuing debate, it was obviously a spirited and highly interesting one, in which Lord Somers, Lord Cowper, Lord Halifax, Lord

Nottingham, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Godolphin, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Peterborough took part. Much of it turned on the distinction between 'Ministry' and 'Cabinet Council,' terms then confessedly ambiguous. The Duke of Argyll said: 'He thought all Ministers were of the Cabinet Council, but that all the Cabinet Council were not Ministers.' Lord Peterborough argued that 'the word "Cabinet Council" was indeed too copious, for they disposed of all: they fingered the money: they meddled with the war: they meddled with things they did not understand: so that sometimes there was no "Minister" in the Cabinet Council.'

'Few things in our history,' says Macaulay, 'are more curious than the origin and growth of the power now possessed by the Cabinet. During many years old-fashioned politicians continued to regard the Cabinet as an unconstitutional and dangerous Board. Nevertheless, it constantly became more and more important. It at length drew to itself the chief executive power, and has now been regarded during several generations as an essential part of our polity. Yet, strange to say, it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law!'[1] Stranger still, neither Macaulay nor anyone else has been able to specify the period when the Cabinet was first nominated by the Prime Minister or constituted as now. William III. was his own prime minister. The sudden and critical appearance of the Dukes of

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[1] *History*, c. ii. A complete and interesting account of the Cabinet, and its relations with the Premier, has been given by Mr. Gladstone in the *North American Review*. No. for September-October, *1878, Art. 1.*

Argyll and Somerset in Queen Anne's last Council, when they were thanked by the Lord Treasurer (Shrewsbury) for coming uninvited, is well known. They came as Privy Councillors. No Prime Minister was formally nominated at the accession of George I. A new Privy Council (consisting only of 33 members) was formed, of which Lord Nottingham was declared president; and the chief conduct of affairs was left to a cabinet council or junto, composed of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earls of Nottingham and Sunderland, the Lords Halifax, Townshend, and Somers, and General Stanhope. Walpole, who was to lead the House of Commons, and who gradually became the most influential member of the administration, was not even a member of this junto.

Smollett, in his opening chapter on the reign of George II., distinctly states 'that the supreme direction of affairs was not yet engrossed by a single Minister.' Lord Townshend had the principal control (subject to royal interference) of foreign affairs, whilst Walpole was paramount at home. It was by personal influence rather than by official right as Premier, that Walpole obtained the monopoly of power, which he consolidated by a well-organised system of corruption. Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland (already a Privy Councillor) was made a member of the Cabinet in 1754, by the King, as a mark of private favour, on condition that he was 'not to interfere with, or derogate from, the priority of the Secretary of State in the House of Commons.'[1]

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[1] The entire Correspondence is printed in *Holland House*; by *Princess Marie Lichtenstein*, vol. i. pp. 47-49.

Although the first Pitt was the guiding spirit of the administration during one of the most glorious periods of our annals, the Duke of Newcastle was First Lord of the Treasury, with the uncontrolled distribution of the patronage. In 1765, however, Pitt, on being invited to form a Ministry, refused to undertake the duty without *carte blanche,* which was conceded to him in 1766; and this appears to be the first instance in which such a concession was enforced. But he proceeded to form a Government much as the Duke of Cumberland (who had just before formed the Rockingham Government) may have done. He named the constituent parts including the First Lord of the Treasury, and (having become Lord Chatham) reserved merely the Presidency of the Council for himself. Nor did he make any sustained attempt to guide the counsels of the Cabinet thus constructed, the heterogeneous composition of which has been rendered memorable by Burke.[1] It is remarkable that the great commoner, in the height of his well-earned popularity, besides putting up with more than one personal slight, allowed a congenial colleague (Legge) to be ousted, and a most uncongenial one (Lord Bute) to be forced upon him; yet when he resigned (Oct. 1761) rather than be responsible for a policy which he was no longer allowed to guide, he is censured as guilty of an undue and extraordinary assumption of superiority.[1]

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[1] 'He made an administration so chequered and speckled: he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed: a cabinet so variously inlaid: such a piece of diversified mosaic: such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers: king's friends and republicans: whigs and tories: treacherous friends and open enemies: that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand upon.'—(*Burke*).

Till some years after the accession of George III. a member of the Government was frequently found voting against his chief. It was a surprise to Charles Fox when he was suddenly dismissed for an act of ministerial insubordination by Lord North; and Thurlow made no secret of his disappointment when he found that he, the Lord Chancellor, could not beard Pitt, the Premier, with impunity. 'Stick to Pitt,' was his advice to Scott (Lord Eldon). 'He has tripped up my heels; and I would have tripped up *his* if I could. I confess I did not think the King would have parted with me so easily.' This was in 1792. Ministerial discipline has been tolerably well observed since.

The conflicts between the two Houses, with their comparative weight and influence at different epochs, are replete with dramatic situations and details. Take, for example, the conflict in 1700, when the Commons brought in a Bill for annulling the royal grants of forfeited property, and sought to force it intact through the Lords by coupling it with a money Bill. The Lords passed amendments: the Commons rejected them: the Lords passed them a second time, and a second time received the Bill back again with a threatening intimation that it must pass. 'The House of Commons (says Macaulay) broke up with gloomy looks and in great agitation. All London looked forward to the next day with painful forebodings. The general feeling was in favour of the Bill. It was rumoured that the majority which had determined to stand by the amendments, had been swollen by several prelates, by several of the illegitimate sons of Charles II., and by several needy and greedy courtiers. The cry in all the public places of resort was that the nation would be ruined by the three B.'s—Bishops, Bastards, and Beggars.'

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[1] 'He (Pitt) and Lord Temple have declared against the whole Cabinet Council. Why, that they have done so before now, and yet have acted with them again, it is very true; but a little word has reached Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declaration; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's; nor any reformer's of modern or ancient times. He has happened to say he will *guide*. Now, though this Cabinet Council are mighty willing to be guided when they cannot help it, yet they wish to *have appearances* saved: they cannot be fond of being told that *they are to be guided, still less* that other people should be told so.' —(*Horace Walpole.*)

In every conflict of this kind the final appeal must be to the people, and the boldest champions of the peerage felt that they had no alternative but to give way. It is worthy of remark that the hero of Blenheim then acted the part so frequently acted in our time by the hero of Waterloo. The Duke of Marlborough counselled concession as the least of two evils. Better pass a bad Bill than provoke another revolution or civil war. This is substantially the same argument by which the Duke of Wellington persuaded the Lords to pass the Reform Bill, the same by which he satisfied himself that he was bound to carry Catholic Emancipation and support the Bill for the abolition of *the Corn Laws. According* to Lord Russell, he told a *Protectionist Peer, who* expressed a bad opinion of it:

'Bad opinion of the Bill, my Lord! You can't have a worse opinion of it than I have, but it was recommended from the throne; it was passed by the Commons by a large majority, and we must all vote for it. The Queen's Government must be supported.'

Has not this (the Great Duke's favourite) doctrine been carried much too far? The Queen's Government —meaning government as involving law and order— must be supported; but not any particular government or ministry, nor any particular policy in which their official existence may be wrapped up. Sound, well-considered legislation is an impossibility, if all honest judgment is to be waived in deference to a so-called public opinion, which we are to take on trust, forgetting that it is we ourselves who, by falling in with it whilst we dissent from it, give it weight. Let no man, either Peer or Commoner, support or vote for what he deems a bad Bill or measure. We shall then, at all events, be able to ascertain what is the real state of public opinion: we shall then have something firm and trustworthy to proceed upon, and the Constitution will work better than if, whenever the political horizon is troubled or clouded, we are content to sacrifice our convictions to expediency.

By a strange perversity of fortune, the Duke of Wellington was the unconscious instrument of accelerating that increase of popular power which has proved so detrimental to the influence of the hereditary assembly. 'When at the meeting of Parliament, November 3, 1830, the Duke of Wellington declared that the constitution of the House of Commons was perfect, and that the wit of man could not *à priori* have devised anything so good, the general feeling was one of dismay. The House of Lords, usually so calm, showed signs of amazement and perturbation. The Duke whispered to one of his colleagues, "What can I have said which seems to make so great a disturbance?" "You have announced the fall of your Government, that is all," replied his more clear-sighted colleague.'[1]

The Duke had taken his line deliberately before this Parliament met, and knew very well what he was saying. Moreover, it was the discontented Tories (who agreed with him about the constitution of the House of Commons) that turned the scale. But the demand for parliamentary reform, like a pent-up current, had acquired depth and volume through his dogged resistance, and the resulting measure of 1832 destroyed that balance of power between the two branches of the Legislature which so largely contributed to their harmonious action. It did so by severing the strongest of the connecting links between the two Houses, and by enabling the House of Commons to speak in the name of the people, which prior to 1832 would have been an idle pretension.

A list has been given in 'Notes and Queries' of fifty members in 1869, who, so far as could be ascertained, were the direct lineal descendants of those who sat for the same places respectively in the Long Parliament.

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[1] *Earl Russell—Introduction to Speeches.* The Duke lost a capital opportunity when he insisted on giving the forfeited franchise to East Retford. In the division on the Civil List (November, 1830), which caused his resignation, thirty Tories, headed by Mr. Bankes and Sir Charles Wetherell, voted in the majority.

Earl Stanhope, after enumerating thirty-five instances, remarks: 'These hereditary seats, combining in some degree the permanence of peerage with the popularity of elections—these bulwarks against any sudden and overwhelming tide of popular delusion—appear to me to have been one of the main causes of the good working of our ancient constitution, and still more of its long duration.' He also expatiates with well-founded enthusiasm on the number of eminent statesmen who owed to the smaller boroughs, now disfranchised, either their introduction into public life or their refuge during some part of it.[1] But the essential element of a popular assembly was proportionally diminished, and it was no Radical reformer of our day, but Mr. Pitt, speaking in 1783, who said: 'This House is not the representative of the people of Great Britain; it is the representative of nominal boroughs, of ruined and exterminated towns, of noble families, of wealthy individuals, of foreign potentates.'

He stated that one of these foreign potentates, the Nabob of Arcot, had eight nominees in the House. A well-known story authenticates the fact of a noble family having seven: a Whig Earl had as many when (in 1830) he patriotically bartered his boroughs for a marquisate, to be followed by a dukedom.[2] The counties, says Mr. Massey, were in the hands of the great landowners, who mostly settled the representation by previous concert. When they could not agree, or when there was a rivalry between two great families, the contest, which in former ages would have been decided in the field, was fought at the hustings; and at least as many ancient houses have been ruined in modern times by these conflicts as were formerly destroyed by private war. He adds that the great feud between the Houses of Lascelles and Wentworth, when they disputed the county of York for fourteen days, cost one hundred thousand pounds.[1] It cost more than treble that sum. Wellesley Pole spent eighty thousand pounds in contesting Wilts, of which four thousand pounds went in ribbons.

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[1] *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, &c., vol. i. chap. i.

[2] 'The Duke of Norfolk had eleven members; Lord Lonsdale nine; Lord Darlington seven; the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington six each.'—*May*. Three of these numbers include county members.

Unfortunately, the inherent corruption or perversity of poor human nature is such, that it has proved as difficult to convince the people at large of the wickedness of selling votes as of killing a pheasant or a hare. In some of the largest constituencies (Liverpool, for one), at the last general election, independent electors might have been bought by the hundred at five shillings a head. In one of his powerful speeches against Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Lowe, after reading a list of sums allowed as legitimate expenses (ranging from eight thousand pounds up to twenty-seven thousand), said: 'Now, I ask the House how it is possible that the institutions of this country can endure, if this kind of thing is to go on and increase?'

When, towards the commencement of the last century,

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[1] *History of England during the Reign of George III.*, vol. i. *chap. 9.*

Henley, member for Southampton, was called to account by his constituents for voting against their interests for the promotion of his own, he replied, 'I bought you, and, by G—d, I will sell you.' This was the practice, if not the language, of his time. Bribery was reduced to a system soon after the Restoration, and even the 'great and good' King William did not venture to depart from it. Speaking of Sir John Trevor, Speaker and First Commissioner of the Great Seal in 1690, Burnet says: 'Being a Tory in principle, he undertook to manage that party, provided he was furnished with such sums of money as might purchase some votes: and by him began the practice of buying off men, in which hitherto the King had kept to stricter rules. I took the liberty once to complain to the King of this method. He said he hated it as much as any man could do; but he saw it was not possible, considering the corruption of the age, to avoid it, unless he would endanger the whole.'

Trevor was afterwards expelled for receiving as well as giving bribes. Mr. Massey has found no trace of the practice after the Grenville administration. Up to that period, he says, money was received and expected by members from the Minister whose measure they supported, apparently without any consciousness of infamy, very much in the same manner as the voters in certain boroughs received head-money from the candidate as a matter of right and custom. There is a letter in the Grenville Correspondence showing that *the practice extended* to the Peers:

'London, November 26, 1763.

'Honoured Sir—I am very much obliged to you for that freedom of converse you this morning indulged me in, which I prize more than the lucrative advantage I then received. To show the sincerity of my words (pardon, sir, the, perhaps, over-niceness of my disposition) I return endorsed the bill for 300*l.* you favoured me with, *as good manners would not permit my refusal of it, when tendered by you.*

'Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

'SAY AND SELE.

'As a free horse wants no spur, so I stand in need of no inducement or douceur to lend my small assistance to the King or his friends in the present administration.'

Fancy the state of morals when good manners would not permit the direct oral refusal of a bribe. A parallel story is told by Dr. King. Sir Robert Walpole, meeting a member of the Opposition in the Court of Requests, took him aside and offered him a bank bill of 2,000*l.*, which he put into his hands, for his vote. The member replied: 'Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at Court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (putting the banknote into his pocket) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me.' The difference in amount may possibly account for the difference of conduct in the Commoner and the Peer.

The dispute between the Duke of Newcastle and Fox *touching the disposition* of the secret-service *money strikingly illustrates* the venality of the House of Commons in 1754. 'My brother,' said the Duke, 'when he was at the Treasury, never told anybody what he did with the secret-service money. No more will I.' Fox, who was differently situated from Pelham, replied: 'But how can I lead in the Commons without information on this head? How can I talk to gentlemen when I do not know which of them have received gratifications and which have not? And who is to have the disposal of places?' 'I myself,' said his Grace. 'How then am I to manage the House of Commons?' 'Oh, let the members of the House of Commons come to me.' Well may the historian call this conversation one of the most curious in English history. The Duke had precedent in his favour, for early in the preceding reign, Craggs had led the House of Commons (if it could be called leading) as the docile agent of Sunderland, and was called Sunderland's man.

The settled price for a vote in approval of the peace in 1763 was 200*l.*, and it is stated on good authority that not less than 20,000*l.* was paid to members on a single morning for their votes.

The latest of these pecuniary bargains (those which come nearest to our time) were no longer conducted by the leader. They fell within the province of the patronage Secretary of the Treasury or 'whip;' and although the boldest would now hardly risk the offer of a bank-note, it would be a hypocritical affectation of purity to assert that modern legislators are no longer open to a bribe.[1] The Secretary of the Treasury in

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[1] *The late Charles Buller* used to say that the votes of O'Connell's *original 'tail' might have* been had for ten pounds a vote, or two

Lord Grey's administration used to boast that he had promised between 250 and 300 peerages, or promotions in the peerage, besides baronetcies, to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill; and it is related to the credit of a successor, that, on a discontented supporter objecting to the ministerial policy in his hearing, he took him aside and bluntly asked, 'What do you want?'

Next to Lord Castlereagh, the person who was most instrumental in bringing undue influence to bear upon the last Irish Parliament, was the Under-Secretary and whip, Cooke; who was thus apostrophised by Flood as he crossed the House on one of his secret missions whilst the orator was on his legs:

> 'What is it that I see? Shall the temple of Freedom be still haunted by the foul fiend of bribery and corruption? I see personified before me an incarnation of that evil principle which lives by the destruction of public virtue.

On Fox's refusal to submit to the Duke of Newcastle's terms in 1754, his Grace conferred the leadership on Sir Thomas Robinson, the Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, whose qualifications may be guessed from the remark of Pitt on hearing of the nomination: 'Sir Thomas Robinson lead us! The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us.' Nothing more strongly illustrates the altered position and character of the House than the immeasurably enhanced importance of the leadership. The conversation at 'The Grove' (Lord Clarendon's) happening to turn on a probable

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hundred *pounds the session, provided the money was laid before them in gold.*

change of Ministry, 'Don't trouble yourself about the Prime Minister,' exclaimed the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis; 'you may always find one amongst the Peers: tell me who is to lead the House of Commons.' There arose no such difficulty in 1754. Thanks to the ducal distribution of the secret-service money and the patronage, the equivalent to the jack-boot got smoothly through a session, and was prepared to try another, when a European war compelled the avowal of his helplessness. A fresh negotiation was opened with Fox, and ended in the junction made famous by the comparison to the junction of the Rhone and the Saone. 'At Lyons,' said Pitt, 'I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet: the one gentle, feeble, languid and, though languid, yet of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent: but different as they are, they meet at last.'

From the accession of the House of Hanover till within living memory, the two Houses hardly ever differed about public matters, because they had the same objects in view and were subject to the same influences. The course taken by the House of Lords in 1783, when they threw out the India Bill, can hardly be considered an exception, for this was done by the express desire of the King; and the House of Commons which had passed the Bill was immediately dissolved and replaced by one that agreed with his Majesty. But these august assemblies sometimes quarrelled about minor matters, and on one occasion they *proceeded to* such extremities in the interchange of *rude and coarse language*, as to make it a subject of general congratulation that their proceedings were then conducted with closed doors. The scene on December 10, 1770, when the Commons were turned out of the House of Lords with the rest of the 'strangers,' was thus described by Colonel Barré:

'I also was a witness of the scene; and never shall I forget it. I was listening to a noble duke, who was speaking upon the important subject of Gibraltar and Minorca. I am not aware that he was in possession of any secret. If he was, he certainly did not disclose it. Suddenly the whole scene became changed. I could not suppose that a single peer remained in the House. It seemed as if the mob had broke in: and they certainly acted in a very extraordinary manner. One of the heads of this mob—for there were two—was a Scotchman. I heard him call out several times, "Clear the Hoose! Clear the Hoose!" The face of the other was hardly human; *for he had contrived to put on a nose of an enormous size, that disfigured him completely, and his eyes started out of his head in so frightful a way,* that he seemed to be undergoing the operation of being strangled. It was altogether the most violent mob I ever beheld. You would imagine that these leaders would have continued so throughout. But no! at the latter end of the day, these two men took their places as door-keepers, and executed the office with as much exactness as if it had been a well-regulated assembly.'

Sir Gilbert Elliott replied:

'Personal allusions, though occasionally met with in books, are not frequent in the debates of this House. In the "Spectator" we have an account of a club, to which the *length of a man's nose gave him* a claim to admittance; and *a whole volume of "Tristram* Shandy" is devoted to the same distorted feature. *The noses of the two lords alluded to certainly happen to be remarkably prominent.*'

The two lords were the Earls of Marchmont and Denbigh. The Commons immediately retaliated; and it so happened that the only peers below the bar on this first resort to reprisals, were those who had vainly resisted the exclusion of the Commons from the Upper House.

Two years afterwards, in 1772, Burke complained to the House that he had been kept three hours waiting at the door of the Lords with a Bill sent up from the Commons. The Commons were so indignant that, the next time a Bill was brought down from the Lords, it was rejected by an unanimous vote. The Speaker then tossed it across the table on to the floor, and a number of members rushed forward and kicked it out of the House.

The constitutional mode of dealing with a refractory House of Commons is by dissolution. When the House of Lords asserts its independence, the only mode of compelling its co-operation with the other branches of the Legislature is by the creation of new peers; as in 1712, when Oxford and Bolingbroke gazetted twelve in one day. On their taking their seats, Wharton inquired if they were to vote like a jury by their foreman; and Bolingbroke, on hearing that the question had been carried by a majority of one, exclaimed: 'If those twelve had not been enough, we would have given them another dozen.'

This is the solitary instance of a creation in mass *to carry a measure:* the purpose has been commonly effected by a threat, which has gradually become nugatory and impracticable; the Conservative majority in the Upper House being now roughly estimated at more than seventy. The only available mode, in the contingency of a decided split between the two Houses, would be an appeal to the country by a dissolution, upon an implied understanding that the Lords would be guided by the result. As regards votes of censure, a vote by the Upper House might be neutralised by the vote of the Lower. This was done in the Pacifico affair; and might be done again; as plainly intimated by the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hatherley) in the debate on the appointment of Sir Robert Collier. 'This (said the Lord Chancellor) is as clearly a party manœuvre as ever came before Parliament. . . . But, my lords, I tell you plainly, I will hold my ground. I will not quail till my profession tell me I ought, or, at all events, till the House of Commons shall censure me for what I have done.' More than one embarrassing collision has been averted by the graceful and judicious leadership of Lord Granville.

The true cause of the declining authority of the hereditary assembly is the increasing importance and authority of the Commons. It cannot be attributed to any falling off in personal qualifications, in dignity, patriotism, or ability. 'When (says Lord Russell) a great question arises which requires a display of more than ordinary knowledge of history, more accurate learning, *more constitutional* lore, and more practical wisdom than is to be found in the usual debates of Parliament, I know not where

> " the general debate,
> The popular harangue, the tart reply,
> The logic and the wisdom and the wit,"

are to be found in greater perfection than among the prelates on the episcopal bench, the peers of three centuries of nobility, and the recent occupants of the woolsack.'

It may be doubted whether the peers of three centuries of nobility, a small minority, are endowed, in proportion to their pedigrees, with the logic, the wisdom, or the wit, although this limit includes the house of Russell, ennobled in 1539. Peers of meaner blood are quite on a par with them in this respect. Nor should it be forgotten how many of those who reflect, or have reflected, most honour on their House, received their training, their baptism of debate, in the House of Commons, and left that assembly with foreboding or regret. 'When I have turned out Walpole,' said Pulteney, 'I will retire into that hospital for invalids, the House of Lords.' On entering it as Earl of Bath, he was thus addressed by his old adversary, who had recently become Earl of Orford: 'My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England.' When (in 1766) the citizens of London learned that the great commoner was to be First Minister, they were in transports of joy, and prepared for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed *round the Monument*, when the 'Gazette' announced *that he had become* an Earl. The lamps were taken down. The contemplated entertainments were countermanded, and (according to Macaulay) the clamour against him appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. 'The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.'

A few months after his elevation, the first Lord Holland wrote to Selwyn that his object in taking a peerage was to cut up any further views of ambition by the roots. Brougham, in the Lords, after three or four exciting years, was like Samson with his hair cut. There is a letter from Charles Fox to the first Earl Grey, earnestly condoling with him on the acceptance of a peerage by his father; and who would not condole with a man of energy, laudable ambition, eminent political ability and debating power, like Lord Salisbury, on his being excluded in the prime of life from the arena in which all the decisive battles of the Constitution must be fought?

The House of Lords is generally and justly regarded as a main pillar of the social edifice; but a political writer of authority has plausibly maintained that the peerage would gain instead of losing by a fusion: that the eminent members would exercise more influence in the long run by (so to speak) leavening the popular assembly than they can ever hope to exercise in their hereditary one.[1]

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[1] *England and the English.* By the late Lord Lytton. The noble author, who delivered *more than* one fine and effective speech *in the House of Commons, never* addressed the Lords, although he *carefully prepared five or six* speeches, left among his papers, for

Forms long outlive realities. The standing Order of the Lords for the regulation of conferences between the Houses runs thus:

> 'The place of our meeting with the Lower House upon conference is usually the Painted Chamber, where they are commonly before we come, and expect our leisure. We are to come thither in a whole body, and not some lords scattering before the rest, which both takes from the gravity of the lords, and besides may hinder the lords from taking their proper places. We are to sit there, and be covered; but they are at no committee or conference ever either to be covered or sit down in our presence, unless it be some infirm person, and that by connivance in a corner out of sight, to sit, but not to be covered.'

The 'Personal Anecdotes,' comprising three-fourths of the book before us, are arranged alphabetically and biographically, beginning Addington, Addison, Agnew, &c., and ending Wilberforce, Wilkes, Windham. This arrangement is fatal to generalisation of any kind. Epochs and subjects are thrown together without coherence or analogy, and a confused mass of desultory impressions is the result. To utilise the materials, we

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delivery in the Upper House. Lord Macaulay, also, never spoke as a peer. Yet surely the House of Lords offers the most congenial audience for speakers who shine by intellectual richness and brilliancy, who owe little or nothing to the exciting current of debate. It is unfortunate that a tacit convention or understanding excludes the episcopal bench from secular topics of debate; for it is rich in eloquence of a high order. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, meeting the late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce) soon after his celebrated speech on the Corn Laws, told him that such a display of episcopal eloquence in the House of Lords was altogether contrary to rule. The Bishop of Peterborough (Magee) has more than once laid himself open to a similar reproof.

must classify them; and, adding to them what we have procured from other sources, we will endeavour to illustrate a few more of the distinctive features of the British Parliament.

Prominent amongst them must be ranked the proneness to be swayed by eloquence, and the abundant supply of it, off the best quality, at all times. In England the oratorical ages, instead of being separated by long intervals like the literary ages, follow in unbroken succession. Whenever speaking was possible, there were able, forcible, and fine speakers. Although the fame of many has been preserved only by description or tradition, no rational doubt can be entertained of their excellence. Sir Thomas More's wit, readiness, and eloquence were universally recognised by his contemporaries. Ben Jonson writes thus of Bacon:

> 'There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, when he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was *lest he should make an end.*'

Clarendon's pages teem with proof that the period included in his history was marked by debating ability of the highest order. The leading speakers were then *earnest, plain, and practical,* rather than rhetorical or declamatory. They were rarely full and flowing, rarely what is commonly called eloquent, rarely imaginative in the highest sense of the term. Their greatest effects were produced by terse weighty sentences, apt homely metaphors, sudden turns, quaint allusions, condensed reasoning, and bold apostrophes. They cannot be acquitted of pedantry, and they were occasionally long-winded. Hume describes Pym as opening the charge against Strafford 'in a long-studied discourse, divided into many heads after his manner;' and contemptuously referring to an attempt to put the parliamentary champions in balance with the most illustrious characters of antiquity—with Cato, Brutus, Cassius—the historian exclaims: 'Compare only one circumstance and consider its consequences. The leizure of those noble antients were (*sic*) totally employed in the study of Grecian eloquence and philosophy, in the cultivation of polite letters and civilised society. The whole discourse and language of the moderns were polluted with mysterious jargon, and full of the lowest and most vulgar hypocrisy.'

This was partly true of Vane, Cromwell, and many others when the Saints were uppermost: during 'Barebones' Parliament or in the worst days of the 'Rump.' But it was not true of the parliamentary celebrities of the antecedent or immediately ensuing periods—of 1628, 1640, or 1659; not true of Hampden, Holles, Digby, Capel, Eliot, Hyde, Falkland, and a host of accomplished and highly-cultivated men, whose minds and memories fairly ran over with classical illustrations. Of the two principal speakers quoted by Hume, in

1628, one, Sir Francis Seymour, refers to Herodotus, and the other, Sir Robert Philips, to Livy.

Hume admits that the 'mysterious jargon' was occasionally lighted up by some sparks of the enthusiastic, which afterwards set the whole nation in combustion :

> 'If a man meet a dog alone,' said Rouse, 'the dog is fearful, tho' never so fierce by nature : But, if the dog have his master with him, he will set upon that man, from whom he fled before. This shows, that lower natures, being backed by higher, increase in courage and strength ; and certainly man, being backed with omnipotency, is a kind of omnipotent creature. All things are possible to him that believes ; and where all things are possible, there is a kind of omnipotency. Wherefore, let it be the unanimous consent and resolution of us all to make a vow and covenant from henceforth to hold fast our God and our religion ; and then shall we henceforth expect with certainty happiness in this world.'

It would be difficult to cite a more apposite retort than Lord Digby's to Lord Keeper Finch's figurative assertion that whatever supplies had been raised from the subject had been restored to him in fructifying showers :

> 'It has been a frequent metaphor with these ministerial oppressors that whatever supplies have been raised from the subject have been again restored to them in fructifying showers ; but it has been in hailstones and mildews to wither our hopes and batter and prostrate our affections.'

On carrying up the Bill of Attainder of Strafford to the Lords, St. John, the Solicitor-General, said : 'It is true, we give law to hares and deer, for they are beasts of *chase, but it was never accounted* either cruel or unfair to destroy foxes or wolves wherever they can be found: for they are beasts of prey.'[1]

The homeliness of Strafford's illustrations in his memorable defence is no less remarkable than their appositeness:

> 'Where has this species of guilt (constructive treason) been so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear, till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children? . . . . If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damage: but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? Where is the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, or human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.'

The language of the Royal Martyr bore no trace of the ambiguity or double-dealing with which he has been charged, and may be recommended, for idiomatic simplicity and force, to premiers and cabinets by whom royal speeches are composed or settled. 'You have taken the whole machine of government to pieces'—was his warning address to the Parliament of 1640—'a practice frequent with skilful artists when they desire to clear the wheels from any rust which may have grown upon them. The engine may again be restored to its former use and motions, provided it be put up entire, so as not a pin of it be wanting.' In the short speech which he delivered from the Speaker's chair on the occasion of the ill-advised attempt to seize the five members, he said: 'Well, since the birds are flown, I do expect that you will send them to me as soon as they return.'

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[1] Sir Walter Scott avowedly borrowed this apothegm (which would hardly go down at Melton) to place it in the mouth of Rhoderic Dhu:—

'Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapp'd and slain?'

In his apparently improvised reply to the message (March, 1642) inviting him to fix his residence in London, he said:

> 'For my residence near you, I wish it might be safe and honourable, and that I had no cause to absent myself from Whitehall: Ask yourselves whether I have not.
>
> 'What would you have? Have I violated your laws? Have I denied to pass any bill for the ease and security of my subjects? I do not ask, what you have done for me.
>
> 'Have any of my people been transported with fears and apprehensions? I offer as free and general a pardon as yourselves can devise. All this considered, there is a judgment of heaven upon this nation, if these distractions continue.
>
> 'God so deal with me and mine as all my thoughts and intentions are upright for the maintenance of the true protestant profession, and for the observance and preservation of the laws; and I hope God will bless and assist those laws for *my* preservation.'

Or, for dignified eloquence, take the definitive reply to the demands of the Commons which shortly preceded the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham:

> 'Should I *grant these demands,* I may be waited on bare-*headed: I may have my hand kissed*: the title of majesty be

continued to me; and *The King's authority, signified by both houses,* may be still the style of your commands: I may have swords and maces carried before me, and please myself with the sight of a crown and sceptre (tho' even these twigs would not long flourish, when the stock, upon which they grew, was dead): But as to true and real power, I should remain but the outside, but the picture, but the sign, of a King.'

The oratorical claims of the Restoration cycle were amply sustained by Shaftesbury and Halifax, who were placed in marked contrast by the Exclusion Bill. 'When it came to be debated,' says Hume, 'the contest was very violent. Shaftesbury, Sutherland, and Essex argued for it: Halifax chiefly conducted the debate against it, and displayed an extent of capacity and a force of eloquence which had never been surpassed in that assembly. He was animated as well by the greatness of the occasion as by a rivalship to his uncle Shaftesbury whom, during that day's debate, he seemed, in the judgment of all, to have totally eclipsed.'

In comparing these two, Macaulay, an enthusiastic admirer of Halifax, says: 'The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivalled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendency was felt.' Dryden paints Halifax—

> 'Of piercing wit and pregnant thought;
> Endued by nature and by learning taught
> To move assemblies.'

Such was the contemporary impression of Halifax, whose oratory is utterly lost; but we nowhere read that Shaftesbury was deemed a mob orator, and, judging from the tone and style of his printed speeches, as well as from the recorded effects of some of them, we should infer that what the brilliant historian says of his favourite is equally true of the peculiar object of his vituperation: that it was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that Shaftesbury's ascendency was felt. He is never vehement or declamatory. He never appeals to the passions of his audience: he appeals to their reason, or to their prejudices when these have gained the strength of reason, and appeals in a manner which it requires no small degree of refinement and culture to appreciate. His sound sense, his ample stores of knowledge and observation, his dexterity, his irony, his wit, would be lost upon a turbulent assembly as surely as his little person would be submerged in a crowd; and not a fragment of his composition has been preserved which does not bear the impress of a certain description of fastidiousness. Strange to say, these fragments manifest that very proneness to generalisation which Macaulay supposes distinctive of Halifax. Thus, in the speech against Cromwell's Peers:

> 'After their quality, give me leave to speak a word or two of their qualifications; which certainly ought, in reason, to carry some proportion with the employment they design themselves. The House of Lords are the King's great hereditary Council; they are the highest court of judicature; they have their part in judging and determining of the reasons for making new laws and abrogating old; from

amongst them we take our great officers of State : they are commonly our generals at land, and our admirals at sea. In conclusion, they are both of the essence and constitution of our old government ; and have, besides, the greatest and noblest share in the administration. Now, certainly, Sir, to judge according to the dictates of reason, one would imagine some small faculties and endowments to be necessary for discharging such a calling ; and those such as are not usually acquired in shops and warehouses, nor found by following the plough ; and what other academies most of their lordships have been bred in but their shops, what other arts they have been versed in but those which more required good arms and good shoulders than good heads, I think we are yet to be informed.'

'The wit of irony (says Sydney Smith, in his Lectures) consists in the surprise excited by the discovery of that relation which exists between the apparent praise and the real blame. I shall quote a noble specimen of irony, from the "Preface" of "Killing no Murder."' It would be difficult to find a better, if not nobler, specimen than a passage in the speech before us :

'But, Sir, I leave this argument ; and, to be as good as my word, come to put you in mind of some of their services, and the obligations you owe them for the same. To speak nothing of one of my Lords Commissioners' valour at Bristol,[1] nor of another noble lord's brave adventure at the Bear-garden,[2] I must tell you, Sir, that most of them have had the courage to do things which, I may boldly say, few other Christians durst so have adventured their souls to have attempted: they have not only subdued their enemies, but their masters that raised and maintained them: they have not only conquered Scotland and Ireland, but rebellious England too, and there suppressed a malignant party of magistrates and laws; and, that nothing should be wanting to make them indeed complete conquerors, without the help of philosophy they have even conquered themselves. All shame they have subdued as perfectly as all justice; the oaths they have taken they have as easily digested as their old General could himself: public covenants and engagements they have trampled under foot. In conclusion, so entire a victory they have over themselves, that their consciences are as much their servants, Mr. Speaker, as we are. But give me leave to conclude with that which is more admirable than all this, and shows the confidence they have of themselves and us: after having many times trampled on the authority of the House of Commons, and no less than five times dissolved them, they hope, for those good services to the House of Commons, to be made a House of Lords.'

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[1] Fiennes, condemned to death by a court-martial for cowardice.

[2] Colonel Pride, who endeavoured to suppress bear-baiting by a wholesale slaughter of bears.

'Upon the debate of this grand affair (the impeachment of Lord Danby) we are told of a very peculiar speech pronounced by the Earl of Carnarvon, a lord who is said never to have spoken before in that House, who, having been heated with wine, and more excited to display his abilities by the Duke of Buckingham (who meant no favour to the Treasurer, but only ridicule), was resolved before he went up to speak upon any subject that would offer itself. Accordingly he stood up and delivered himself to this effect:'

'My lords, I understand but little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of the English history, from which I have learnt the mischiefs of such prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many circumstances, and those very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign: at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships very well know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships know what became of Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon, and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde; but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell. But let me see that man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what will become of *him*.'

This being pronounced with a remarkable humour and tone, the Duke of Buckingham, both surprised and disappointed, after his way, cried out: 'The man is inspired, and claret has done the business.'[1]

The witty and profligate Lord Rochester was less fortunate when, to win a bet or stimulated by the taunts of his gay companions, he made a similar attempt and began thus: 'My lords, I rise this time. My lords, I divide my discourse into four branches.' Here he faltered and paused. 'My lords if ever I rise again in this House, I give you leave to cut me off, root and branch, for ever.'[2]

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[1] *Parliamentary Debates* for 1678.

[2] It was the author of the *Characteristics*, when Lord Ashley and a member of the House of Commons, that turned his temporary

Conspicuous among the debaters of the Lower House during the ten years preceding the Revolution of 1688, was Henry Booth, afterwards Earl of Warrington, eight of whose speeches are printed from notes supplied or corrected by himself. We give a specimen from 'A Speech against the Bishops voting in case of Blood:'

'It is strange the bishops are so jealous of their cause as not to adventure it on their great Diana, the canon law, by which they are expressly forbidden to meddle in case of blood. Perhaps they would do by the canon law as it is said of the idolaters in the Old Testament, that of part of the timber they made a god and fell down and worshipped it; the rest they either burnt in the fire, or cast it to the dunghill. For they tell you that the canon law was abolished by the Reformation, and that none but Papists yield obedience to it, and, therefore, now they are not tied up by the canon, but may sit and vote in case of blood if they please. I should be very glad if they were as averse to Popery in everything else, and particularly that they would leave ceremonies indifferent and not contend so highly for them, whereby they make the breach wider and heighten the differences amongst Protestants, in the doing of which they do the Pope's work most effectually. I wish they would consent to have a new code of canons, for those that are now extant are the old Popish canons. I like the bishops very well; but I wish that bishops were reduced to their primitive institution, for I fear that, whilst there is in England a Lord Bishop, the Church will not stand very steadily.'[1]

embarrassment into an oratorical success. He was speaking on the Bill for granting counsel to prisoners in cases of high treason, when he got confused, but after a short pause continued: 'If I, Mr. Speaker, who rise only to offer my opinion on the Bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I intended to say, what must be the condition of that man who without any assistance is pleading for his life?'

[1] *A Collection of the Parliamentary Debates in England.*

At the meeting of the Convention in 1688, we hear of Sir Thomas Littleton, 'gifted with a vehement and piercing logic, which had often, when, after a long sitting, the candles had been lighted, roused the languishing House, and decided the event of the debate.' There, too, was William Sacheverell, an orator whose great parliamentary abilities were many years later a favourite theme of old men who lived to see the conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney. There too were other veterans, but all were speedily to be thrown into the shade by two young Whigs, who then took their seats for the first time—Charles Montagu and John Somers.[1]

We are compelled to take the oratorical reputation of each of them upon trust. Lord Campbell says of Somers, that 'although he 'sat in Parliament from the beginning of the year 1689 till his death, not much short of thirty years, and during a considerable part of that period led a great party, first in the Lower and then in the Upper House, there is not extant as much of any one speech he delivered as would make half a column of a newspaper; and in the very scanty reports of parliamentary proceedings in the reign of William and Anne, his name is rarely mentioned.'

Macaulay says: 'His speeches have perished, but his state papers remain, and are models of terse, luminous, and dignified eloquence.' Amongst modern orators, the closest parallel would be Lord Lyndhurst. In no instance do the reports purport to give more than the

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From the year 1668 *to the present time.* Printed in 1741. Vol. ii. *p. 153.*

[1] *Macaulay's History*, chap. x.

substance of what Somers said; and the most successful efforts of Montagu have been similarly reduced to little better than a *caput mortuum*. Thus, we are assured by the historian that the extraordinary ability with which, at the beginning of the year 1692, he managed the conference on the Bill for regulating trials in cases of treason, placed him at once in the first rank of parliamentary orators; but the report of his speech, filling eight pages, is a dry abstract or abridgment of his argument.

One of the severest and best merited rebuffs received by King William was the opposition to the grant to the Earl of Portland in 1695 of sundry lordships with the royalties in Wales, forming a large proportion of the demesnes of the Principality. When this affair was brought before the House of Commons, Mr. Price, 'a gentleman of great parts,' since one of the Barons of the Exchequer, amongst other pointed things, is reported to have said:

> 'I shall make no severe remarks on this great man, for his greatness makes us little, and will make the Crown both poor and precarious. And when God shall please to send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a Crown made him as a Pope did to King John, who was surnamed *Sans Terre*, and was by his father, King Henry II., made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a crown of peacocks' feathers in derision of his power and the poverty of his revenue. I would have us to consider that we are Englishmen, and must, like patriots, stand by our country and not suffer it to become tributary to *strangers. We have rejoiced* that we have beat out of this *kingdom Popery and slavery*, and we do now with as great

joy entertain Socinianism and poverty, and yet we see our properties daily given away, and our liberties must soon follow.'[1]

The palm of eloquence in the next generation is, by universal consent, awarded to Bolingbroke, of whom not one spoken sentence has been preserved. There is a current story that when the company were speculating on what lost or missing production was most to be regretted, and one named the lost works of Livy, another those of Tacitus, Pitt at once declared for a speech of Bolingbroke. All accounts agree that his voice and person were eminently adapted for oratorical display; and his writings abound in indications of the qualities by which he won his admitted supremacy in debate.[2] Take, for example, what Lord Brougham calls 'a noble passage,' from the 'Dissertation on Parties:'

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[1] *Parliamentary Debates.* The entire speech was printed in 1702 under the title of '*Gloria Cambriæ*, or Speech of a Bold Briton against a Dutch Prince of Wales.' Macaulay referring to it remarks: 'Price was the bold Briton whose speech, *never, I believe, spoken*, was printed in 1702. He would have better deserved to be called bold if he had published his impertinence while William was living.' According to the reporter in the *Parliamentary Debates*, 'This short and eloquent speech made so great an impression that Mr. Price's motion was carried by an unanimous consent.' Smollett and Belsham both speak of the effect of the speech as delivered; and it is on record that equally strange language, or 'impertinence,' was hazarded by Mr. Price, as member of a deputation, before the Lords of the Treasury.

[2] 'Lord Bolingbroke's productions, with all their defects in argument, method, and precision, contain a force and energy which our orators rarely aim at, though it is evident that such an elevated style has much better grace in an orator than a writer, and is assured of more prompt and astonishing success.'—(Hume, *Essay on Eloquence.*)

'If King Charles had found the nation plunged in corruption; the people choosing their representatives for money, without any other regard; and these representatives of the people, as well as the nobility, reduced by luxury to beg the unhallowed alms of a court; or to receive, like miserable hirelings, the wages of iniquity from a minister; if he had found the nation, I say, in this condition, (which extravagant supposition one cannot make without horror), he might have dishonoured her abroad, and impoverished and oppressed her at home, though he had been the weakest prince on earth, and his ministers the most odious and contemptible men that ever presumed to be ambitious. Our fathers might have fallen into circumstances which compose the very quintessence of political misery. They might have "sold their birthright for porridge," which was their own. They might have been bubbled by the foolish, bullied by the fearful, and insulted by those whom they despised. They would have deserved to be slaves, and they might have been treated as such. When a free people crouch, like camels, to be loaded, the next at hand—no matter who—mounts them, and they soon feel the whip, and the spur of their tyrant; for a tyrant, whether prince or minister, resembles the devil in many respects; particularly in this: He is often both the tempter and tormentor. He makes the criminal and he punishes the crime.'

Or the following specimen of his imagery, which has been pronounced as rich and varied as Dryden's and more chaste:

'It is evident that a minister, in every circumstance of life, stands in as much need of us public writers as we of him: in his prosperity he can no more subsist without daily praise, than we without daily bread; and the farther he extends his views, the more necessary are we to his support. Let him speak as contemptuously of us as he pleases, for that is frequently the manner of those who employ us most, and pay us best; yet will it fare with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its root work into the dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished.'

After reading these passages, we can readily believe the tradition that he dictated his compositions to an amanuensis. His periods swell and amplify, as if the author was in the full fervour of declamation; and, so far as mere readers are concerned, his writings might be improved by a judicious retrenchment of their redundancies. The fulness and richness of St. John's printed language, however, leave no doubt that he amply fulfilled in his own person what he requires in the genuine orator, when he lays down that 'eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year.'

He was by no means a solitary instance, in the last century, of a very young man becoming the mouthpiece of a party, or taking the lead in the conduct of affairs, at his first entrance into public life. The Pitts, father and son, and Charles Fox, are remarkable examples of this description of precocity; and the phenomenon ceases to inspire wonder, if we reflect on the very different sort of training required for public life in their day: when political economy was in its infancy, and the multifarious social problems based on it, or on our complex system of commercial arrangements and internal administration, were unknown. To be at home in English history and the Latin classics—to be familiarly versed in the commonplaces of civil and religious liberty, prerogative, toleration, standing armies, the Protestant succession, and the balance of power—to have a copious and well-chosen vocabulary—to be well-born or well-connected—to be fluent, animated, and bold—was enough, and more than enough, to raise the hopes of an Opposition, or make a Minister look about him. A modern debater addresses the entire nation through the parliamentary reporters, and his reputation depends in a great measure on the estimate they may found on the substance of his speeches. St. John had only to satisfy those who were present when he spoke.

In his 'Spirit of Patriotism' he labours hard to prove from the examples of Demosthenes and Cicero, that all the powers of eloquence, unaided by study and experience, will prove unavailing in the long run; and if he means that they will not make a statesman, a patriot, an enlightened reformer or benefactor of his country, he may be right. But he has shown in another place how great and how baneful an influence might be acquired in the House of Commons by arts, acquirements, and expedients which have no apparent affinity to knowledge or judgment, comprehensiveness or solidity. 'You know the nature of that assembly,' he writes to Windham; 'they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose halloa they are used to be encouraged.' The Tory squires grew fond of St. John, much as their successors grew fond of Mr. Disraeli in our time, for giving voice to their antipathies and hunting down the most respectable of their opponents. In serious argument, and whenever an appeal could be made to reason, justice, or constitutional doctrine, he was invariably worsted by Somers; but his dashing oratory carried all before it in debate; and it was by slow degrees, and by dint of moral courage and unflinching energy, rather than by power of words, that Walpole succeeded in establishing a partial counterpoise.[1]

Bolingbroke had many contemporaries who attained distinction in the same walk: Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, for one; who, on the death of Queen Anne, offered to head a troop of horse in his lawn sleeves, and proclaim James III. at Charing Cross. In the debate on the Bill for the repeal of the Occasional Conformity and Schism Acts in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, it was very warmly opposed by Atterbury, who said, 'he had prophesied last winter this Bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet.' Lord Coningsby rose immediately after the bishop, and remarked, that 'one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The bishop, in reply: 'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'

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[1] Most of what is here said of Bolingbroke is reprinted from a review of Macknight's 'Life of Bolingbroke,' in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1863.

This may pair off with Rowland Hill's retort, who read from the pulpit an anonymous letter reproaching him with driving to chapel in his carriage, and reminding him that this was not our Blessed Lord's mode of travelling. He then said: 'I must admit that it is not. But if the writer of this letter will come here next Sunday bridled and saddled, I shall have great pleasure in following our Blessed Lord's example in that as in all other matters within my power.'

The famous Lord Peterborough was as ready for an encounter in the senate as in the field. Speaking in opposition to the Septennial Bill in 1716 he said, 'that if this present Parliament continued beyond the time for which they were chosen, he knew not how to express the manner of their existence, unless, begging leave of that venerable bench (turning to the bishops) they had recourse to the distinction used in the Athanasian Creed; for they would be neither made nor created, but *proceeding*.'

After Bolingbroke, or rather after his sudden fall, which he survived for thirty-seven years, we arrive at Walpole and the phalanx of assailants he provoked as if for the express purpose of encountering them single-handed and taking all their points upon his shield.

During the first fourteen years of his administration the most formidable was Pulteney, whom Macaulay calls the greatest leader of Opposition that the House of Commons had ever seen. Once, in answering a charge, Walpole laid his hand upon his breast, and said:

> '*Nil conscire sibi, nulli* pallescere culpæ.'

Pulteney objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, the correct reading being *nullâ pallescere culpâ.* A bet of a guinea was proposed and accepted.

A 'Horace' was sent for on the instant: Pulteney proved right, and holding up the guinea, which Walpole had thrown across the table, exclaimed, 'It is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last.' The identical guinea is now in the Medal Room of the British Museum, with a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney recording the incident, with this addition to the common version: 'I told him (Walpole) I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and receiver ought not both equally to blush.'

When Walpole first spoke in the House, his manner was ungraceful, he paused for want of words, and could only stutter and stammer. 'What future promise (it was asked) was there in that sturdy, bull-necked, red-faced young member for Castle Rising, who looked like the son of a small farmer, and seemed by his gait as though he had been brought up to follow the plough?'[1]

This was in 1701. Speaking of occurrences in 1713, Bishop Newton relates that, when Steele was to be expelled the House of Commons, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Addison were commissioned to go to him by the noblemen and members of the Kit-Cat Club, with the positive order and determination that Steele should not make his own speech, but Addison should make it for him, and he should recite it from the other's writing, without any insertion or addition of his own. 'Addison thought this a hard injunction, and said that he must be like a school-boy, and desire the gentlemen to give him a little sense. Walpole said that it was impossible to speak a speech in cold blood; but being pressed, he said he would try, and immediately spoke a very good speech of what he thought proper for Steele to say on the occasion; and the next day in the House made another speech as good, or better, on the same subject; but so totally different from the former, that there was scarce a single argument or thought the same.'

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[1] Macknight's *Life of Bolingbroke.*

Walpole's powers were displayed to advantage in the debate on the renewal of the Septennial Act in 1734;[1] especially when replying to Sir William Wyndham, who had thought proper 'to suppose a man devoid of all notions of virtue or honour, of no great family and of but mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of State by the concurrence of many whimsical events.'

Walpole, 'supposing' in his turn, made a bitter and telling attack on Sir William's friend, political ally and (it was more than suspected) prompter, Bolingbroke:

> 'But now, Sir, let me too suppose, and the House being cleared, I am sure no person that hears me can come within the description of the person I am to suppose—let us suppose in this, or some other unfortunate country, an anti-minister,

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[1] Sir John St. Aubyn, another speaker of note, said in this debate: 'For this reason, short Parliaments have been less corrupt n long ones: they are observed, like streams of water, always w more impure the greater distance they run from the head.'

who thinks himself a person of so great and extensive parts, and of so many eminent qualifications, that he looks upon himself as the only person in the kingdom capable to conduct the public affairs of the nation, and therefore christening every other gentleman who has the honour to be employed in the administration by the name of blunderer: suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts, of ancient families, and of great fortunes, and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts: all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him, and by him solely: all they say, either in private, or in public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths, and a spitting out of that venom which he has infused into them: and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any, even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind: we'll suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been, but by an effect of too much goodness and mercy; yet endeavouring with all his might, and with all his heart, to destroy the fountain from whence that mercy flowed.

'Let us farther suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it his trade to betray the secrets of every court where he had before been; void of all faith or honour, and betraying every master he had ever served. Sir, I could carry my suppositions a great deal farther; and, I may say, I mean no person now in being; but if we can suppose such a one, can there be imagined a greater disgrace to human nature than such a wretch as this?'

He was far from disdainful of imagery or classical illustration. Thus, in the debate on the Peerage Bill of 1719, enacting that the English peerage should not be enlarged beyond six above the present number, nor, except upon failure of male issue, be supplied by new creations:

> 'Among the Romans, the wisest people upon earth, the temple of Fame was placed behind the temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the former without going through the other. But if this bill should pass into law, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue would be taken away, since there would be no coming to honour but through the winding-sheet of an old decrepit lord and the grave of an extinct noble family.'

It was in 1736, five years before the fall of Walpole, that the voice of the 'great commoner,' heard for the first time within the walls of Parliament, in which he had sat silent for a session, elicited the well-known remark of the great minister, 'We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse.' He was rather unmuzzled than muzzled by being deprived of his cornetcy in the Blues—no extraordinary exertion of prerogative, for all members of either service (like the bishops within living memory) were prescriptively bound to vote with the ministers. When, in a preceding reign, several persons holding commissions from the Crown had gone out in a division against the Court, a Secretary of State, Lord Middleton, went down to the Bar to reproach them as they came in, and thus addressed a Captain Kendal, who was one of them: 'Sir, have you not a troop of horse in his Majesty's service?' 'Yes, my lord, but my brother died last night and has left me 700*l.* a year.'

Pitt's character was admirably drawn by Grattan, who says of his eloquence that it was an era in the senate: that it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music, of the spheres. Judged by its effects or according to the *action-action-action* theory, he must be deemed the greatest of English orators. No one ever came near him in the sway which he exercised over his audience, whilst the spell of his voice, his eye, his tones, his gestures, was upon them: as when he fixed upon Mr. Grenville the appellation of The Gentle Shepherd, or (as already mentioned) struck terror into the Chief Justice of Chester. It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with the words, 'Sugar, Mr. Speaker——' and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he pronounced again the word 'Sugar!' three times; and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, 'Who will laugh at sugar now?'[1] Several other instances are well known. It was his perfect acting that carried him through: without it some of his most applauded bursts would have been failures. No one else could have hazarded the apostrophe to the tapestried figure of Lord Howard of Effingham, with its overstrained application to the argument:

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[1] Boswell tells a story of Dr. Johnson's exercising a similar power over a distinguished company at Mrs. Garrick's, who presumed to smile at his saying that 'the woman had a *bottom* of good sense.' 'He glanced sternly round and called out in a strong tone, 'Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himself, and looking awful, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, "I say the woman was *fundamentally* sensible," as if he had said, Hear this word, and laugh if you dare. *We all sat* composed as at a funeral.'

> 'I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us.'

The crutch in his hands became an instrument of oratory, and he would with equal effect have idealised the dagger which Burke flung on the floor of the House, producing nothing but a smothered laugh and a joke from Sheridan: 'The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?' Chatham shone and impressed by boldness, vehemence, intensity, dignity, and grace. His imagination was not of the richest order. There is only one really fine and original image amongst the splendid fragments that have been preserved of him: 'America, if she falls, will fall like the strong man; she will embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her.' The very next sentence contains a commonplace and even coarse metaphor: 'Is this your boasted peace—to sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?' He relied as much as Danton on *l'audace*, as when he said, 'I rejoice that America has resisted; three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.' Or (stronger still), 'I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King.' On being called to order, he went on, 'What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, but I now retract the condition. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country.'

It was truly said of him that he lightened upon a subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eyes, were felt but could not be followed. He bore down all by his intensity, by reiterating blow upon blow as on an anvil: 'I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive Acts. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, degrading necessity.' Two of his best speeches were fortunately reported by Hugh Boyd, and one of these (Nov. 18, 1777) supplies examples of each description of excellence that distinguished him. His grace and felicity of transition are displayed in the exordium:

'I rise, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

'In the first part of the address, I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the

Protestant succession: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty. But I must stop here, my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures that have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

. . . . .

'You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little German Prince,—your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

. . . . .

'In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat; let them walk off; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.'

The simplicity of the language is no less remarkable than its strength. The swell and pomp are in the manner and the thought. He was wont to recommend the assiduous study of Barrow's Sermons for style.

If a cultivated American were asked to name the greatest American orator, he would name Patrick Henry, whom Jefferson declared to be the greatest orator that ever lived.[1] If a cultivated Frenchman were asked to name the greatest French orator, he would name Mirabeau. The fame of each rests upon precisely the same foundation as that of Chatham, upon the tradition of the electrical shocks which they produced on great occasions by the glow, the lightning flash, the intermittent splendour, the condensed vitality, of genius. Grandeur and sublimity are heightened by vagueness of outline. A mountain, a castle, or a line-of-battle ship, looms larger through the haze. It may be that Patrick Henry, Mirabeau, and Chatham, all three, stand better with posterity than they would stand had they been reported like the leading speakers of our time. Neither appears to have shone in a set speech. Chatham certainly did not. His elaborate panegyric on Wolfe has been declared the worst of his performances. He appears to have frequently acted on Sydney Smith's maxim for conversation: to begin with plain talk and take your chance of something rising out of it; or on that of Rousseau for the composition of a love-letter: to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said. 'I must sit still,' he once said aside to Lord Shelburne, 'for, when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out.'

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[1] Specimens of Patrick Henry's style and manner are given in the *Essay on American Orators and Statesmen* in the first Series of these Essays.

This habit of giving the rein to his impulsiveness and diverging from the argument at will, spoiled him for a debater; although it favoured the display of his unequalled powers of ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, when provoked by an interruption, an unguarded smile, or a gesture of dissent. His most telling replies were bitter personalities; like the celebrated one (paraphrased by Dr. Johnson) to old Horace Walpole, who had twitted him with his youth; or the terrible attack on Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, who, in reference to a comment on the ill-looks of a witness at the Bar, had said: 'It is unjust, ungenerous, and unmanly to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which therefore he could not by any means remedy or avoid.' Pitt started to his feet: 'I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow-member: it is forcible, it is judicious, it is true. But there are some (looking full at Fox) upon whose faces the hand of Heaven has so *stamped* the mark of wickedness, that it were impiety not to give it credit.' A reply of the higher and more comprehensive kind, embracing the whole course of the discussion and all the bearings of the subject—like his son's on the slave-trade, in April, 1792—was as much above and beyond his intellectual range as an epic poem or a history.

Applying what a Roman critic said of Cicero and his times, Mr. Charles Butler (writing in 1824) hazards the opinion that no member of either House of the British Parliament will be ranked among the orators of his country whom Lord North did not see or who did not see Lord North. Mr. Massey suggests that a contemporary of Lord North's might perhaps have said the same of Sir Robert Walpole; and we are far from clear that the saying would not hold equally good of Lord Palmerston. Let us come to particulars. Lord North saw or was seen by Lord Chatham and his son William Pitt, by the first Lord Holland and Charles James Fox, by Burke, Sheridan, Murray (Lord Mansfield), Dunning, Barré, Charles Townshend. Sir Robert Walpole saw or was seen by Lord Chatham, the first Lord Holland, Pulteney, Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Yonge, Carteret, Chesterfield, Murray. Lord Palmerston saw or was seen by William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Grattan, Plunket, Tierney, Grey, Grenville, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Copley, Sheil, O'Connell, Derby, Russell, Ellenborough (Earl of), Wilberforce (Bishop), Macaulay, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, with many others whom the noble Lord would have been glad to hail as colleagues or proud to encounter in debate. But the line must be drawn somewhere; and we wish it to be clearly understood that we are not here dealing with political inions or principles, with consistency or inconsistency, with public policy or statesmanship. We are critics, mere critics, of oratory, for the nonce; and the degree of excellence attained in eloquence, in rhetorical skill, or in the use of the recognised weapons of parliamentary warfare, is the sole criterion of merit we shall apply.

Oddly enough, the first reflection which a review of these three contrasted eras or groups forces upon us is that neither of the three centre figures, neither Walpole, North, nor Palmerston, attained or retained his position by oratory. Sound manly sense, broad views, a high estimate and thorough knowledge of their country and their countrymen, proud self-confidence, rectitude of purpose which more than half redeemed an inordinate love of place and power, equally characterised Walpole and Palmerston, although the fixed aim of the one was national honour at the risk of war, and that of the other a peace-at-any-price prosperity.

Like Walpole, Lord Palmerston had all the speaking and debating ability that was needed for the practical uses of a minister—*par negotiis, neque supra.* It is sufficient to refer to his speech on the Pacifico question; a speech which, embracing the whole foreign policy of the country, occupying four or five hours in the delivery, and spoken without a pause or a note, must take rank amongst parliamentary masterpieces, although it hardly ever rose to what is popularly called eloquence. Even the peroration, containing a now celebrated phrase, did not rise above the level of unimpassioned argument:

'I therefore fearlessly challenge the verdict which this

House, as representing a political, commercial, and constitutional country, is to give on the question now before it; whether the principles on which her Majesty's Government has been conducted, and the sense of duty which has led us to think ourselves bound to afford protection to our fellow-subjects abroad, are proper and fitting guides for those who are charged with the government of England : and whether, as the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.'[1]

Lord Palmerston had humour of the genial give-and-take kind, which, for a party leader, is often more serviceable than wit. He was told that Mr. Osborne, a popular speaker, whose dash and sparkle are enhanced by good feeling and sagacity, regretted a personal conflict, which he had provoked. 'Tell him,' said Lord Palmerston, 'that I am not the least offended, the more particularly because I think I had the best of it.'

Burke thus coarsely but graphically alluded to Lord North; 'The noble lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth.' The noble lord's figure was certainly ill fitted for oratorical effect, but by dint of tact, temper, and wit, he converted even his personal disadvantages into means of persuasion or conciliation.

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[1] It was on the fourth night of the same debate (June 28, 1850) that Sir Alexander Cockburn (now Chief Justice of England) established a reputation for eloquence, which has gone on steadily increasing, although the scene of its display, and consequently its character, have been changed. At the conclusion of his speech—to use the words of Sir Robert Peel who followed him—'one half of the Treasury benches were left empty, whilst honourable members ran one after another, tumbling over each other in their *haste, to shake hands* with the honourable and learned member.'

> 'One member,' he said, who spoke of me, 'called me "that thing called a minister." To be sure,' he said, patting his large form, 'I am a thing; the member, therefore, when he called me a "thing," said what was true; and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, "that thing called a minister," he called me that thing which of all things he himself wished most to be, and therefore I took it as a compliment.'

With equal adroitness he turned his incurable sleepiness to account. When a fiery declaimer, after calling for his head, denounced him for sleeping, he complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed—that of having a night's rest before their execution. And when a dull prosy speaker made a similar charge, he retorted that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to blame him for taking the remedy which he himself had been so considerate as to administer. Alderman Sawbridge having accompanied the presentation of a petition from Billingsgate with an invective of more than ordinary coarseness, Lord North began his reply in the following words: 'I cannot deny that the hon. alderman speaks not only the sentiments but the very language of his constituents.'

Lord Chatham properly belongs to the preceding generation. The chief illustrations of Lord North's era were William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, *magis pares quam similes:* indeed, it would be difficult to name four men of nearly equal eminence presenting so many points of contrast. Pitt was a born orator. Directly after his maiden speech, some one said, 'Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament.' 'He is so already,' answered Fox. It was by slow degrees that Fox himself attained his unrivalled excellence as a debater, and he attained it at the expense of his audience. 'During five whole sessions,' he used to say, 'I spoke every night but one; and I regret that I did not speak on that night too.'

Pitt's style was stately, sonorous, full to abundance, smooth and regular in its flow: Fox's free to carelessness, rapid, rushing, turbid, broken, but overwhelming in its swell. Pitt never sank below his ordinary level, never paused in his declamation, never hesitated for a word: if interrupted by a remark or incident, he disposed of it parenthetically, and held on the even and lofty tenor of his way. Fox was desultory and ineffective till he warmed: he did best when he was provoked or excited: he required the kindling impulse, the explosive spark: he might be compared to the rock in Horeb before it was struck. He began his celebrated speech on the Westminster scrutiny by saying that 'far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for fair justice from the House.' This raised a cry of order, and gave him occasion for repeating and justifying the obnoxious words in a succession of telling sentences which went far towards making the fortune of the speech. Mr. T. Grenville told Rogers, 'His (Fox's) speeches were full of repetitions: he used to say that it was necessary to hammer it into them; but I rather think he could not do otherwise.' His carefully prepared speech (of which he corrected the report) in honour of the Duke of Bedford, may pair off with Lord Chatham's eulogy of Wolfe.

'Magna eloquentia, sicut flamma, materiâ alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.' This passage from the dialogue of Tacitus 'De Oratoribus' was quoted in Pitt's presence and declared to be untranslatable, on which he immediately replied: 'No, I should translate it thus:—"It is with eloquence as with a flame. It requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns."' This passage (which Pitt has rather paraphrased than translated), whilst exactly describing the eloquence of Fox, is only partially applicable to his own; for he brought his own fuel: he stood in no need of adventitious excitement; and the same lambent flame burnt clearly and equably from the exordium of his best speeches to the close. The best in all probability of his speeches (says Lord Brougham) is that upon the Peace of 1783 and the Coalition, when he closed his magnificent peroration by that noble yet simple figure: 'and if this inauspicious union be not already consummated, in the name of my country I forbid the banns.'

In the first place, the noble and learned lord has weakened the passage, which runs thus: 'If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnised, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.' In the second place, it is divided by three pages of the report from the peroration, which ends with a no less celebrated passage. After remarking that no vote of the House could deprive him of the consciousness of having done his duty, he said :

> 'And with this consolation, the loss of power, Sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I soon shall be able to forget :
>
> 'Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
> Pennas, resigno quæ dedit—
> . . probamque
> Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'

'Why did he omit *et meâ virtute me involvo*?' eagerly asked a young man, afterwards a distinguished member of Opposition, of Bishop Tomline, who was under the gallery during the delivery of this speech—'an omission,' adds the Bishop, 'generally considered as marking the modesty and good sense of Mr. Pitt.'[1]

The same quotation was appropriately introduced by Canning. After beginning *Laudo manentem*, he went on, 'or to adopt the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden :

> 'I can enjoy her while she's kind,
> But when she dances in the wind,
> And shakes her wings and will not stay,
> I puff the prostitute away.'

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[1] It was just before this speech (not before that on the Slave Trade) that Pitt was vomiting. The incident is thus recorded in Wilberforce's Diary :—'Pitt's famous speech . . . . Stomach disordered, and actually holding Solomon's porch door open with one hand whilst vomiting during Fox's speech, to which he was to reply.' Solomon's porch was the portico behind the old House of mmons.

To give another instance in which Canning used the same quotation as Pitt:

> 'Stetimus tela aspera contra
> Contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
> In clipeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.'

This was applied to Fox by Pitt, by Canning to Brougham, and by Palmerston to Stanley. Indeed, it is one of the stock quotations which were constantly recurring, like

> 'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?'

The altered constitution of the House since 1832 and still more, we fear, since 1867, has been in no respect more marked than in the absence of that familiarity with the Latin classics, which renders it comparatively dead to quotations or illustrations drawn from them. The time is gone when (as Sydney Smith declared) a false quantity in a man was much the same thing as a *faux pas* in a woman. Ignorance of more important matters then went for little or nothing. When Sir Robert Walpole was accused in the House of attempting to revive the worst practices of Empson and Dudley, he turned to Sir Philip Yorke, and asked who Empson and Dudley were. He was not ashamed of this; but he was sorely nettled by Pulteney's exulting correction of his Latin. The late Lord Derby carried off with a laugh his mistake, during the discussion of the Corn Laws, about Tamboul; but Lord Clarendon, with all his varied knowledge, high cultivation and accomplishment, was obviously piqued when, as ill luck would have it, in a debate on public schools in the Lords with a numerous attendance of head-masters below the Bar, he slipped into a false quantity by the transposition of a word:

> 'Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt plūra mălā.'

'*Măla plūra*,' maliciously insinuated Lord Derby in an audible aside; and by a common instinct up went the right hands of the head-masters in fancied application of the birch. Lord Clarendon's misfortune lay in his audience. In the House of Commons neither felicity nor infelicity of this sort tells upon or is noticed by the majority. We remember the 'a phenomena' of a metropolitan member raising only a partial titter; and when general effect is the object, it is hardly safe to go beyond Virgil and Horace, if so far.

A county member, Sir William Bagot, rose whilst Burke was speaking, under an impression that he had done; and on Burke's angrily complaining of the interruption, apologised for it on the ground of country habits:

> 'Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

Pitt's mind was so thoroughly imbued with classical literature, that it colours his speeches like the shifting, varying, yet constantly prevalent hue in shot-silk. Thus, in his great speech on the Slave Trade, after expressing a fervent hope that even 'Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world—

> 'Nos . . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
> *Illic* sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.'

'I have heard it (says Lord Stanhope) related by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.'

Curran was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. 'It is as clear as' (at this moment the sun shone into the court)—'clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations.' An equally effective use was made by Patrick Henry of a storm which broke upon the building in which the Convention was sitting when he was in the very act of appealing to 'those celestial beings who are hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involves the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.'

The dependence of oratory on physical requisites—on voice, manner, figure, gesture—was never more strikingly exemplified than by Burke. Delivery apart, he was indisputably the greatest of modern orators, and the one who will best stand a comparison with the ancient masters of the art. There is no variety of merit—merit of the highest order—which may not be found in his printed speeches on India and America; nay, which is not comprised in two of them, that on American taxation in April, 1774, and that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts; exuberant fancy, rich imagery, wide views, deep thoughts, beauty and force of diction, vivid description, and (what Hume calls the distinctive features of Grecian eloquence) 'disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument.' The beauties of these consummate orations must be familiar to every cultivated reader, who has only to suppose them delivered by Bolingbroke, Chatham, or the silver-tongued Murray, to have before him the *beau idéal*, the finest possible conception, of oratory. To strip Burke of his so-called redundancies under the notion of their overlaying the sense, would be like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage, with the view of bringing out the massive roundness of the trunk. Take the passage in which he expands the simple image of the Greek:

> 'Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he (Hyder Ali) drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivity of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which darkened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell.'

Surely this is an immeasurable improvement, at least for the English House of Commons, on the 'like a cloud' (ὥσπερ νέφος) of Demosthenes. Earl Stanhope sufficiently accounts for the sole deficiency in his *excellent* 'Life of Pitt,' the paucity of extracts from the speeches, by the inferiority of the reporting of the period. Burke's greatest speeches were published with the advantage of his own correction and revision, but although carefully meditated, they were not composed beforehand, and some of the happiest bursts were thrown off on the spur of the occasion. A preceding speaker, Lord Carmarthen, had argued that the Americans, being our children, were guilty of rebellion against their parents, and that Manchester, not being represented, had as much right to complain as the colonies. Burke replied:

> 'True, they are our children, but when children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone? When they wish to assimilate to their parents, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn towards them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength?—Our opprobrium for their glory?—And the slough of slavery, which we are not able to shake off, to serve them for their freedom?'

It was during the delivery of this speech that Lord John Townshend involuntarily exclaimed, 'Good God! what a man this is! how could he acquire such transcendent powers?' Nor is there any reason to suppose that he did not frequently command the rapt attention of his audience. He acquired the name of the Dinner Bell, from his habit of speaking too often and too long, and losing all sense of the relative importance of great and small subjects from excitability. His want of delicate taste, too, fully bears out the criticism of Wilkes, who, recalling what was said of Apelles' Venus, that her flesh seemed as if she had fed on roses, said of Burke, 'his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky.'

Lord Byron maintained that whatever Sheridan had done or chosen to do was always the best of its kind: 'to crown all, he delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Burke, Fox, Pitt, Windham, Wilberforce, all spoke of it in the same unqualified terms of eulogy; and within twenty-four hours of the delivery Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright if he would correct it for the press. That he refused was probably fortunate for his fame. The most ambitious passages, which were carefully reported—the one on Filial Piety, and the one beginning, 'O faith! O justice!'—read like laboured efforts to gild and elevate commonplace. There are parts in which the author of the 'School for Scandal' stands confessed. For example:

> 'He remembered to have heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there was something in the frame and constitution of the Company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedlar and the profligacy of pirates—alike in the political and military line, could be observed auctioneering ambas-
> ors and trading generals;—and thus we saw a revolution
> t about by affidavits; an army employed in executing
> st; a town besieged on a note of hand; a prince de-
> d for the balance of an account. Thus it was, they
> ted a government which united the mock majesty of a

bloody sceptre, and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other.'

His parliamentary reputation could hardly have been maintained by his set speeches, although he devoted infinite pains to the preparation of them. Where he shone pre-eminent was in wit and humour. Pitt clearly got the worst of it when, by a contemptuous reference to the theatre, he provoked the comparison of the Angry Boy in the 'Alchymist;' and this was far from the only instance when Sheridan's light artillery opened with effect after the more powerful guns of his adversary had been ill-directed or missed fire.

It will be found most convenient to divide the Palmerstonian epoch or cycle into three: taking Canning, Brougham, and Plunket for the first; the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Lord Derby, and Sheil for the second; Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Gladstone for the third. Of the first of these triumvirates, we can say little or nothing that has not been said already and very recently. Almost the only question touching them that has not been exhaustively treated, is this: will they bear a comparison with the illustrations of the Walpole and North cycles? Do they show any falling off in form or substance, in declamation or argument, in brilliancy or force?

Plunket was never surpassed as a debater. Equal in cogency, he was superior in sustained closeness of reasoning to Fox. He often rose without effort to the loftiest heights of oratory. It is sufficient to refer to his

Union speeches, to his speech on Catholic Emancipation in 1813, and his reply to Lord Lyndhurst in 1825.[1]

Brougham's greatest orations are models of magnificent invective, fierce irony, and fervid argumentation; in which the passions and the reason are alternately or simultaneously addressed. They are streams of burning lava, scorching and destroying whatever comes across them in their course. To the many familiar examples, Lord Russell adds Brougham's speech on the conduct of the Continental Powers towards Spain, terming it 'certainly one of his brightest flights.' The allusion to the protest of the Russian Minister at Madrid, who had declared with horror that blood had been shed in the Royal Palace, was at once (remarks Lord Russell) a withering invective and a just condemnation of despotism. 'If I had been one of the counsellors of the Emperor,' he said, 'the last subject I would have advised my master to touch upon would have been that of blood shed in the Royal Palace.' At the epoch of the Emperor's coronation, a lady, writing from St. Petersburg, had described the ceremony in these terms: 'The Emperor entered the church preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, surrounded by the assassins of his father, and followed by his own.'

Canning was not equal in declamatory power to Pitt, in debating power to Fox, or in wit to Sheridan: he wanted the reasoning powers of Plunket, as well as the tremendous energy, the all-embracing capacity, of Brougham. But from the meridian of his career to its untimely end, he was, by common consent, the most eloquent, most accomplished, most popular, of contemporary speakers; and his speeches abound in passages which we are disposed to name as the most finished specimens of spoken rhetoric in our tongue. Thus, in supporting the vote of thanks to the Duke (then Marquis) of Wellington for the victory of Vittoria:

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[1] See the *Essay on the Lord Chancellors of Ireland* (Second Series), for specimens of Plunket's eloquence and wit. His fame might rest on his speeches in the English Parliament. Grattan's could not. Grattan properly belongs to that constellation of Irish orators that flourished during the last quarter of the eighteenth *century*.

> 'How was their prospect changed! In those countries where, at most, a short struggle had been terminated by a result disastrous to their wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, they had now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouched no longer trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintained a balanced contest. The mighty deluge by which the Continent had been overwhelmed is subsiding. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments are beginning to reappear above the subsiding waves.'

Or in the speech at Plymouth, in 1823, before the invention of ironclads:

> 'The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume

the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of those magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.'

Another striking example is his reply to the speaker who eulogised Pitt for a temporary departure from his principles:

'Such perverse worship is like the idolatry of barbarous nations, who can see the noonday splendour of the sun without emotion, but, when he is in eclipse, come forward with their hymns and cymbals to adore him. And thus there are those who venerate Mr. Pitt less in the full meridian of his glory than under his partial obscurations, and gaze upon him with the fondest adoration when he has accidentally ceased to shine.'

The specimen Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) gives of his humour (the sketch of Lord Nugent and his equipment) is confessedly open to the objection of being too laboured and too long. One of his happiest hits was the comparison of Brougham to Dennis claiming the thunder; from which Brougham did not recover for some weeks.

It was John Wilson in 'Blackwood,' we believe, who at Canning's death said or wrote: —'There died George Canning, the last of the rhetoricians.' Nothing of the kind. The rhetorical spirit has survived and transmigrated. It animated the insignificant figure, it lighted up the intelligent eye, it swelled the shrill voice of Sheil.

If to wield at will the fierce democracy be the highest triumph of oratory, O'Connell was the first orator of his generation; but the scene of his glory was the public meeting. It was as the Irish Rienzi, as the representative of Roman Catholic Ireland, that he entered the House of Commons; and the position he held in it was principally won without its walls.

'Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed—
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in Senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest.'

Sheil, distrusted by the 'tail' and discredited by their chief (as the affair of 'Who's the Traitor?' proves) won his way to the front by his rhetoric, and a few specimens will show that it was of the finest quality in its line. Lord Lyndhurst, adopting the very language of O'Connell, had spoken of the Irish as 'aliens in blood, language, and religion.' He was under the gallery on the peers' bench on February 22, 1837, during the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill, when Sheil caught up and commented on the phrase:

'Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?" "The battles, sieges, fortunes he has passed," should have come back upon him. . . . Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimeira through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajoz? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory —Vimeira, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest——. Tell me, for you were there —I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked, was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?'

The wave of his hand towards the peers' bench was the signal for vociferous cheering: still more spiriting was the appeal to Sir Henry Hardinge; and the most enthusiastic applause burst forth at the conclusion.

There was not a worn-out or exhausted topic that Sheil could not freshen and adorn; as that of a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy:—

> 'The Catholics of Ireland know that, if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the establishment, they would become a profligate corporation, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and that poverty of which they are now as well the practisers as the teachers. They know that, in place of being, as they now are, the indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, their consolers in affliction, their resource in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, their visitors in sickness, and their companions at the bed of death; they would become equally insolent to the humble, and sycophantic to the great: flatterers at the noble's table and extortioners in the poor man's hovel: slaves in politics, and tyrants in demeanour: who from the porticoes of palaces would give their instructions in humility: who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons in abstinence; and from the primrose path of dalliance point out the steep and thorny way to heaven.'

This covert attack upon the Church, whom Burke exhorts to raise her mitred head in palaces, may be compared with the fell onslaught of Brougham in his defence of Ambrose Williams.

Stanley's (the late Lord Derby's) prominent features are accurately hit off in 'The New Timon:'

'The brilliant chief irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!

> Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
> And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yet who not listens with delighted smile
> To the pure Saxon of that silver style?'

The epithet 'Rupert of Debate,' if not originated, was interpreted by Mr. Disraeli: 'His charge is irresistible, but when he has driven the force directly opposed to him off the field, he returns to find his camp in the possession of the enemy.' Macaulay said of him that his knowledge of the science of parliamentary defence resembled an instinct. 'The year 1833 was in my opinion,' observes Lord Russell, 'the most distinguished and the most memorable of Lord Derby's political career.' It was in 1833, after Lord Althorp had brought in the Irish Coercion Bill, that Stanley, finding no impression had been made, turned to Lord Russell, and said: 'I meant not to have spoken till to-morrow night, but I find I must speak to-night.' He took Lord Althorp's box of official papers, and went upstairs to a room where he could look them over quietly. After the debate had proceeded for two or three hours longer with no change of temper in the House, he rose and laid before them so complete and appalling a picture of the condition of Ireland, that they became deeply interested:—

> 'When (says Lord Russell) he had produced a thrilling effect by these descriptions, he turned upon O'Connell, who led the opposition to the measure, and who seemed a short time before about to achieve a triumph in favour of sedition and anarchy. He recalled to the recollection of the House of Commons that, at a recent public meeting, O'Connell had spoken of the House of Commons as 658 scoundrels. In a *tempest* of scorn and indignation, he excited the anger of the

men thus designated against the author of the calumny. The House, which two hours before seemed about to yield to the great agitator, was now almost ready to tear him to pieces. In the midst of the storm which his eloquence had raised he sat down, having achieved one of the greatest triumphs of eloquence ever won in a popular assembly by the powers of oratory.'

Turning to the report of this speech, we find that the effect was produced by extracts and letters pointed and applied with great declamatory force. Stanley never thought of shining, and it may be doubted whether he ever prepared any of the most telling passages in his speeches. His luminous points were sparks from a working engine, not fireworks thrown up for display. He was a desperately hard hitter, as both Sheil and O'Connell (who invented the epithet of Scorpion Stanley) found to their cost. It was O'Connell who, in ridicule of the tenuity of Stanley's personal following after quitting the Whigs, made the well-known quotation :

> 'Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
> The Derby Dilly carrying *six* insides.'[1]

The reins of the Derby Dilly were soon afterwards in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, and it is no slight testimony to his reputation and position that such men as Stanley and Graham were content to act under him. 'And, in truth, Sir Robert Peel is a remarkable man, confessedly a *puissance* in himself, confessedly the leading member of the representative, yes, even of your reformed assembly. It is a current mistake in the provinces to suppose that he is rather sensible than eloquent. If to persuade, to bias, to soothe, to command the feelings, the taste, the opinions of an audience often diametrically opposed to his views, if this be eloquence, which I, a plain man, take it to be, then Sir Robert Peel is among the most eloquent of men.'[1]

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[1] *The Anti-Jacobin.* It is *three* in the original.

What people are wont to call eloquence is that which gives pleasure or excites emotion independently of the subject or the aim; and in following Sir Robert Peel the mind was exclusively bent on the train of reasoning, the lucidity of statement, or the comprehensiveness of view. To call him a parliamentary middle-man was preposterous. He was the greatest member of Parliament, bred in and formed by it, that the House of Commons had known since Walpole. Its forms, its ways, its temper, its opinions, were familiar to him. He had every description of knowledge that could be made available in debate, the business-like habits which please men of business, and the high cultivation by which the fastidious are conciliated. He was anything but a dry prosaic speaker. There are touches of sensibility in his speeches that deepen into genuine pathos, of conscious self-vindicating worth that rise to dignity, of concentrated scorn that explodes to the dismay and confusion of the scorner, as in the speech in which, as descriptive of his own mental sufferings, he introduced the fine lines of Dryden:

> ''Tis said with ease; but, oh! how hardly tried—
> By haughty souls to human honour tied—
> Oh! sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride.'[2]

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[1] *England and the English.*

[2] *Sir Lawrence* Peel, in his able and discriminating 'Sketch' of

Or the scornful defiance of Cobbett (who had moved to strike his name off the list of the Privy Council), concluding with a grand passage from Cowley. But he shone where such a man would be least expected to shine, in humour, which was one of his most effective weapons in the unequal fight which he waged with the Opposition during his short administration of 1834. He also excelled in quiet sarcasm. In the debate on Commercial Distress (Dec. 3rd, 1847), Alderman Reynolds, one of the members for Dublin, had asked: 'Did not everybody know that the profit and advantage of banking consisted very much in trading on your credit in contradistinction to your capital?' In the course of the masterly reply with which Peel closed the debate, he said:

> 'I have the greatest respect for bankers in general and Irish bankers in particular, and among Irish bankers, I well know the position enjoyed by the honourable gentleman. Now, with all the respect to which he is entitled, and with all suavity and courtesy, I will tell him, that, in his banking capacity, I would rather have his capital than his credit.'

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the Life of his distinguished relative, thinks it necessary to palliate a supposed charge of poverty of thought based on his habit of clothing his thoughts in the language of other men. But surely quotations such as his imply rather richness than poverty of mind; and the charge might be brought with equal plausibility against most of the great modern orators. It is much to be regretted that the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel* (of which three parts have been published), by the trustees of his papers, Earl Stanhope and Lord Cardwell, are confined to correspondence and dry matters of fact. We have ample proof how entertaining Earl Stanhope can make history or biography; and we know no one who has a choicer collection of political anecdotes than Lord Cardwell or who relates them better.

When this speech was delivered, the Protectionist fury against him was at its height; and the Bank Charter Act, which he upheld, was especially obnoxious to the mercantile interest. Yet when he sat down, an adjournment was moved on the ground taken by Pitt in moving an adjournment after Sheridan's Begum speech: that the House was not in a state to vote dispassionately. Sir William Heathcote turned to a friend and colleague of Peel's (Lord Cardwell) and said: 'It is of no use for any of us to talk. No one else can approach him.' The next day the friend repeated this expression to Peel. He looked astonished and replied: 'You surprise me very much: you know I left out nearly everything I meant to say.'

In 1848 Feargus O'Connor was charged in the House with being a Republican. He denied it, and said he did not care whether the Queen or the Devil was on the throne. Peel replied: 'When the honourable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve, the confidence of the crown.'

Sheil had learnt and forgotten the exordium of a speech which began with the word 'necessity.' This word he had repeated three times, when Sir R. Peel broke in—'is not *always* the mother of invention.'

The most formidable competitor for power whom Peel had to encounter during his leadership of the Conservative party, was Lord John (Earl) Russell: a statesman who has played too important a part in the constitutional history of England to be passed over: who, moreover, became as good a speaker as it was well possible to become with hardly any of the physical requisites, by high spirit, high training, clearness and depth of view, thought, feeling, knowledge, and accomplishment. His arrival at the goal marked out for him in early youth by one poet, has been hailed and celebrated by another:

'With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height
Which sparkle and foam and in vapour are o'er,
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the filt'ring recesses of thought and of lore.

'Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade:
If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name!'

These are two of some spirited stanzas by Moore, headed, 'Remonstrance: after a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.' The following verses form part of his lordship's portrait in 'The New Timon:'—

'But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,
Lights the pale cheek and swells the generous breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!'

He particularly excelled in a comprehensive reply at the end of an important debate; and one of the most telling retorts ever uttered in either House was his, when Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory and becoming a member of the Carlton Club, thought proper to sneer at the 'cant of patriotism:'

'I quite agree with the honourable baronet that the cant of patriotism is a bad thing. But I can tell him a worse—the *re*cant of patriotism—which I will gladly go along with him in reprobating whenever he shows me an example of it.'

It has always seemed unaccountable to us that Peel, who had joined battle, without losing heart or ground, with such antagonists as Brougham, Canning, Stanley, and Lord Russell, should have quailed before Mr. Disraeli; or if quailed be too strong a term, should have allowed himself to be so ruffled and annoyed. *Contempsi Catilinæ gladios: non pertimescam tuos.* He was so irritated on the night of the third reading of the Corn-Law Bill that he came after the debate to Lord Lincoln (the late Duke of Newcastle) at Whitehall Place, and insisted on his carrying a hostile message to Mr. Disraeli. On Lord Lincoln's positive refusal, Sir Robert was going off in search of another second, and was with difficulty driven from his purpose by the threat of an application to a magistrate. The most plausible explanation is that he was maddened by the clamorous cheers of his quondam friends and followers:

> 'Non me tua fervida terrent
> Dicta, ferox: Dii me terrent—'

the *Dii* being understood in the theatrical sense: the gods that thunder their applause or censure from the gallery. It must be remembered also that there was twice over some foundation for the charge so pointedly levelled at him, of having acted like the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet under his command *straight into the* harbour of the enemy; and that Mr.

Disraeli was in his happiest vein. This was the night (May 15, 1846) when he declared Peel's life to be 'one great appropriation clause,' termed the Treasury Bench 'political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market and sold us in the dearest;' and compared the conversion of the Peelites to that of the Saxons by Charlemagne, 'who, according to the chronicle, were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons.'

Sheil's mode of accounting for Mr. Disraeli's want of spirit and freshness after Peel's death is well known. He compared him to a dissecting surgeon or anatomist without a corpse. His best speeches—and two or three of them are of rare excellence—were those which he spoke when, as leader of the young England party, he first opened the trenches against Peel. His later and more elaborate speeches are deficient in substance, soundness, spontaneity, and flow. They neither convince nor move. As Cicero says of Epicurus, 'Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit.' They do not make his hearers wiser or better! nor would he gain by it if they did. It is only when his fertile fancy supplies an allusive pleasantry, or when he can indulge his genius for sarcasm, that he brightens up or seems at home. Rogers said of Lord Aberdeen's (the Premier) dancing, when obliged to stand up with an ambassadress, that he danced as if he was hired for the purpose and was not sure of being paid. Mr. Disraeli has commonly spoken since 1846 as if he was under an engagement to do a given amount of work for his party, and was not sure of their approval when he had completed it.

What his biographer deems the most presentable bit of his rhetoric is the warning to the Manchester School: 'that there is no reason why they should form an exception to that which history has mournfully recorded; why they, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces.' But surely some happier passages might be discovered by those who cared to look for them. He made a capital hit in his speech at Manchester:

> 'As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench, the Ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.'

'Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!' was the exulting shout of Cedric on hearing the name of a Saxon knight who had been victor in the lists. 'Genuine Saxon!' will be the exclamation of every critical listener to Mr. Bright. His look, his tone, his choice of words and illustrations, his stubborn independence, his boldness, his pugnacity, are all redolent of race. A Foxite adduced Pitt's preference of Latin compounds as an all-sufficient proof of habitual ambiguity. Apply a similar test to Mr. Bright and no further proof will be needed of his straightforwardness. His diction is drawn exclusively from the pure wells of English undefiled. Milton and the Bible are his unceasing study. There was a time when it was rare to find him without 'Paradise Lost' in his hand or his pocket. The use of scriptural imagery is a marked feature of his orations, and no imagery can be more appropriately employed to illustrate his views; for Mr. Bright, in all his grand efforts, rises far above the loaded unwholesome atmosphere of party politics into the purer air and brighter skies of patriotism and philanthropy. We may differ about his means or measures, but no one can differ about the aim when he puts forth his strength to raise Ireland or India in the scale of civilisation, to mitigate the evils of war, or to promote the spread of toleration and Christian charity throughout the world. He wound up a speech on Ireland in these words:

> 'The noble Lord (Palmerston), towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king, and bard, and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says, "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us try in this manner to be upright. Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire.'

The speech in which he is commonly thought to have reached the culminating point of his oratory, the one to which he himself reverts with most pleasure, is that deprecating a continuance of the Crimean war. The most successful passage was this:

> 'I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in

actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.'

Although Mr. Bright is a ready speaker, he is understood (like the great orators of Greece and Rome) to devote much time and labour to the preparation of his orations; which may account for their comparative fewness and brevity. His voice is all that could be desired as an orator, and his delivery is impressive, although so distinct, slow, and calm as to sound more like recitation than declamation, and it is suspected that his more ambitious passages are fairly written out on the paper which he holds with seeming carelessness in his hand.

One of the best specimens of his racy humour is the speech in which he introduced the cave of Adullam, and, in allusion to the alliance between two of the principal occupants, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, said: 'This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.' His *epithets* are as adhesive as [illegible] when he termed that right honourable gentleman the 'mystery man' of his party. There was point as well as quaintness in one of his arguments against the Crimean war:

> 'The property-tax is the lever, or the weapon, with which the proprietors of land and houses in this kingdom will have to support the "integrity and independence" of the Ottoman Empire. Gentlemen, I congratulate you that every man of you has a Turk upon his shoulders.'

His eloquence is (or was) more convincing than persuasive; and the House of Commons for many years rarely went willingly along with him. He defied and confronted, instead of conciliating, an opponent; and when he encountered what he thought prejudices and others might think principles, his massive understanding passed over them like a steam-roller crushing and pulverising stones.

The 'unadorned eloquence' of Richard Cobden, the fellow-labourer of John Bright in the same high mission, has left its indelible mark on British legislation, but the House of Commons was not the arena in which its persuasive and convincing qualities were most triumphantly displayed.

The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. It is Eclipse first and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction, impressive by its simplicity, or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's

His foot is ever in the stirrup: his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced. He is a great debater, a great parliamentary speaker: with a shade more imagination, he would be a great orator. Much that we have said of Sir Robert Peel might be repeated of Mr. Gladstone. Inferior to the founder of his school in judgment and self-control, he is superior in moral courage, warmth, range, grasp, fertility, versatility, passion, power. If he has committed mistakes which Peel would not have committed, he has achieved triumphs which Peel could not have achieved. He can not only persuade and convince senates: he can sway popular assemblies by voice, look, bearing, and moral force, as well as by sonorous periods and ringing words. See him in the cold grey mist of that October afternoon advance to the front of the platform at Blackheath, bareheaded, pale, resolute:

> 'Now one glance round, now upwards turns his brow,
> Hushed every breath: he rises—mark him now.'

Unluckily every breath was not hushed. From that surging sea of heads and faces arose an angry murmur that presaged a storm. The audience was the reverse of favourable: the reserved seats had been invaded by the populace, including many of the discharged dockyard labourers; and political emissaries were busy among the crowd. But a love of fair play, stimulated by curiosity, procured him his opportunity. His distinct articulation and finely-toned voice, 'loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,' commanded a wide circle, which widened as he went on: an English audience is more easily won by firmness than by flattery; and such was the influence of his manly self-assertion, combined with a judicious choice of topics, that the heath far and near resounded with plaudits when he wound up by devoting himself, 'according to the measure of his gifts,' to the service of the country and the Queen. In little more than an hour he had recovered his waning popularity and set up his government.

Let us now accompany him to another arena. During several months prior to the introduction of the budget in 1853, the most influential portion of the press, headed by the 'Times,' had bent all their strength to compel the modification of the Income Tax, with a view to lighten the burthen thrown on trades and professions by Schedule D. A strong pressure was put upon Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to fall in with the current of opinion, which was deemed irresistible. The day before the financial statement, there was a large dinner company (ministerialists) assembled at Sir William Molesworth's, when a member of the Government came in with a face of dismay to announce that Gladstone was obstinate, and that they should all be out within the week. Such was the general expectation. Within twenty-four hours after the delivery of his speech (April 18) every rational person was obliged to confess that the proposed modification was impracticable: and from that hour to this it has never been seriously entertained or formally proposed again. Another striking instance of the same kind is the revolution he effected in public and parliamentary opinion (May 4, 1863) by his speech against the exemption of charities from Income Tax.

The extreme subtlety of his mind, whilst supplying him with an inexhaustible store of replies and rejoinders, causes him to rely too much on over-refined distinctions and on casuistical modes of reasoning. During Garibaldi's visit to London it was suggested that a noble and richly jointured widow, who was much about with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living, the ready answer was, 'Oh, he must get Gladstone to explain her away.' He has also Burke's habit of attaching undue importance to secondary topics. But the same liability to exaggeration which occasionally impairs the effect of a great speech, not unfrequently elevates an ordinary one, and enables him to compel attention to what may really be an important matter, although an impatient or fastidious House may deem it small. The compound householder, whom he rescued from unmerited neglect, is an example.[1]

'And now, gentlemen'—he was speaking at Chester—'shall I say a word to you about the Dee and Mersey Railway? That is a great descent, is it not? But I have not the smallest objection to discuss the Dee and Mersey Railway, or any other subject whatever.' In one of the Cattle Plague debates he discussed the dues of the River Weaver with a spirit, a breadth, and a felicity of application, that will associate that river in oratorical reminiscences with the Rhone and the Saone.

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[1] 'Qu'est que c'est que votre "compound householder," dont M. Gladstone parle si souvent?' inquired a foreign lady of distinction. 'Madame, c'est le mari de la femme incomprise,' was the reply.

Another memorable occasion when he elevated a prosaic subject, was in the debate on the Overend and Gurney prosecution. He spoke unexpectedly at about half-past nine, when there was a lax attendance of reporters; and the reports, consequently, conveyed to the outside public only an incomplete impression of his speech.

The most memorable passage of arms between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli came off in the debate on the budget (Nov. 1852), when the Derby Government was defeated by a majority of nineteen. It had lasted four nights. Mr. Gladstone had not spoken. Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert were anxious that he should not speak after Mr. Disraeli, who rose at a late hour. Indeed it was understood that Mr. Disraeli was to close the debate. He fought his losing cause with spirit and dexterity, till (an unusual thing with him) he lost his temper and broke through all bounds of conventional decorum. Strong language may have been justified by the provocation, but he went too far when he told Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax) that petulance was not sarcasm, nor insolence invective; and said he viewed Sir James Graham with regard, but not with respect.

The moment he ceased, before he had well time to resume his seat amidst the loud acclamations of his party, Mr. Gladstone bounded to the floor. He was encountered by menacing and derisive cheers: he was twice interrupted by an Irish member making unseemly noises in the gallery. But he was irrepressible: he stood firm as Guizot uttering his famous '*Oui, j'ai été* *à Gand.*' 'This speech,' he repeated, 'is one which must be answered, and answered at the moment. The character of England, involved in that of her public men—the character of England is at stake.' After indignantly repelling Mr. Disraeli's charges and invectives, he ended a masterly analysis of the budget by describing it as based on principles against which all true Conservatives stood pledged.

Mr. Gladstone is more Ciceronian than Demosthenic. Amplification, not condensation, is his forte; but he can be fanciful or pithy on occasions; as when in a budget speech he compared his arrival at the part in which the remissions of taxation were to be announced, to the descent into the smiling valleys of Italy after a toilful ascent of the Alps; or when he said that it was the duty of the minister to stand 'like a wall of adamant' between the people and the Crown.

Nor is pathos beyond his range. In the course of his speech on Parliamentary Reform, April 27, 1866, he turned to the Liberal party and said:

> 'I came amongst you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from their ranks, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service: you received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas:
>
> "... ejectum littore, egentem
> Excepi—"
>
> And I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me:
>
> "—et regni, demens! in parte locavi."

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of your confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must be for ever in your debt.'

An old and highly esteemed member of the Liberal party (Mr. Philips, member for Bury) said that the delivery of this passage brought tears into his eyes; and he added: 'I was not ashamed to own it, when I observed that several friends near me were similarly moved.'[1]

We must stop here. The walls of our portrait gallery are covered. We are like the Hanging Committee of the Academy, driven to exclusion by selection; and we shall doubtless be suspected of prejudice or partiality, like them. The high claims of the excluded, however, form one among many reasons for looking hopefully to the future, after reverting proudly to the past. There are no rising orators, it is true; nor (as we recently noticed) are there any rising poets, painters, or actors, any rising men of first-rate genius of any kind. Yet England is replete with intellectual life: it must still contain hearts pregnant with celestial fire: and there never existed a more appreciating public; so appreciating, indeed, that in default of real genius, it is often content to put up with counterfeits.

With a rich soil and good seed, why should there be no harvest, or a blighted one? The destiny of the rising generation may be that of Banquo: 'Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.' If Gray might ennoble his country churchyard with the dust of imaginary departed worthies, why may we not people our senate with the animated forms of worthies to come? It is good not to despair of the commonwealth, and we do not despair of it. The scene at St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day has indefinitely postponed the arrival of the New Zealander to sketch its ruins. Whatever may become of the Manchester School, British eloquence, statesmanship, patriotism, and loyalty will not fade like the Tyrian dye: the British Houses of Parliament will not moulder like the Venetian palaces; nor (for it all comes to that) have 'the people of this little isle' shown the slightest symptom of abandoning or forfeiting the grand position which Mr. Gladstone claimed for them at Blackheath, 'among the small and select company of great nations that have stamped their names on the page of history, as gifted with the qualities that mark the leaders of mankind.' This recals the fine lines of Goldsmith:

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[1] Since this was written, Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a parliamentary speaker and statesman has rather advanced than declined. Instance upon instance might be cited in which he has shone preeminent in debating power as well as in elevation and comprehensiveness of view.

> 'Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by.'

Have they in any respect degenerated since then?

University of

THE PEARLS AND MOCK PEARLS OF HISTORY.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, APRIL 1861.)

1. *L'Esprit des Autres, recueilli et raconté* par Édouard Fournier. Troisième édition. Paris, 1857.
2. *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire. Recherches et Curiosités sur les Mots historiques.* Par Édouard Fournier. Deuxième édition, revue et considérablement augmentée. Paris, 1860.

MANY years before 'aerated bread' was heard of, a company was formed at Pimlico for utilising the moisture which evaporates in the process of baking, by distilling spirit instead of letting it go to waste. Adroitly availing himself of the popular suspicion that the company's loaves must be unduly deprived of alcohol, a ready-witted baker put up a placard inscribed '*Bread with the Gin in it*,' and customers rushed to him in crowds. We strongly suspect that any over-scrupulous writer who should present history without its pleasant illusions, would find himself in the condition of the projectors who foolishly expected an enlightened public to dispense (as they thought) with an intoxicating ingredient in their bread.

> 'Pol, me occidistis, amici!
> Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
> Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.'[1]

'A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?' So says Lord Bacon; and few aphorisms in prose or verse are more popular than Gray's 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' The poet may have been true to his vocation when he rhymed, rather than reasoned, in this fashion; but the philosopher would have been lamentably untrue to *his*, had he seriously propounded a doctrine which any looseness of interpretation could convert or pervert into an argument against truth, knowledge, or intelligence. Fortunately, the context shows that he was speaking of what is, not what ought to be; that he was no more prepared to contend that credulity and falsehood are legitimate or lasting sources of mental gratification, than that the largest amount of physical enjoyment may be ensured by drunkenness. After speculating a little on the prevalent fondness for delusion, he concludes: 'Yet howsoever these things are in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.'

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[1] *Horace.* Epistles, Lib. 2, Ep. 2, thus translated by Francis:

> 'My friends, 'twere better you had stopped my breath;
> Your love was rancour, and your cure was death;
> To rob me thus of pleasure so refined,
> The dear delusion of a raptur'd mind.'

This last emphatic sentence should be kept constantly in mind during the perusal of the books named at the head of this article. The object of the first, 'L'Esprit des Autres,' is the unsparing exposure of literary plagiarism in France. In the second, 'L'Esprit dans l'Histoire,' the learned and ingenious author gallantly undertakes to investigate the title of the leading characters in French history to the wisest and wittiest sayings, and some of the noblest doings, recorded of them. Kings, generals, and statesmen are all thrown into the crucible, and in many instances we are unable to say of them (what Dryden said of Shakespeare), that burn him down as you would, there would always be precious metal at the bottom of the melting-pot. Not a few subside into a mere *caput mortuum*, or emerge 'poor shrunken things,' with no future hold on posterity beyond what long-indulged error may maintain for them. On the other hand, the value of the genuine gem is ineffably enhanced by the detection of the counterfeit; and there is more room to walk about and admire the real heroes and heroines in the Pantheon or Walhalla when the pretenders are turned out.

At the same time, we cannot help wondering at the favour with which M. Fournier's disclosures have been received by his countrymen; and we might be disposed to admire rather than emulate his courage, if analogous results were likely to ensue from an equally rigid examination of the recorded or traditional claims of Englishmen. But, in the first place, there is good reason to believe that he carries scepticism to an undue extent, and insists on an amount of proof which, by the nature of things, is commonly unattainable. In the second place, our English habit of fully and freely canvassing assumed or asserted merit at its rise, and of immolating instead of pampering our national vanity, if (as in the case of the Crimean War) occasionally detrimental to our credit and influence abroad, carries at least one compensation with it:—We have little cause to tremble lest our long-established idols should be thrown down.

We propose, therefore, besides profiting by M. Fournier's discoveries, to extend our researches to general history and biography, ancient and modern. Most especially let us see whether the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts owe as much to borrowed plumes as the Capets and Bourbons: whether the stirring and pithy sentences of Wolfe and Nelson are as much a myth as those of Desaix and Cambronne: whether our English worthies, civil and military, have been pourtrayed with the same exclusive reference to artistic effect, and the same noble independence of strict accuracy, as the French.

Before setting to work in right earnest on his more limited task, M. Fournier throws out a strong intimation, that he could shatter the foundations of many a fair structure of Greek and Roman heroism if he *thought* fit. Nor would it be altogether safe for the worshippers of classical antiquity to defy him to the proof.

> 'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished;
> They live no longer in the faith of reason.'[1]

Most of the associated traditions have necessarily vanished with them, or cut a sorry figure without their mythological costume. What are Romulus and Remus without their descent from Mars and their wet-nurse of a wolf? or what is Numa without Egeria? If one part of a story is palpably and confessedly fiction, can the rest be admitted without hesitation to be fact? Until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, the earlier portions of Greek and Roman history were as implicitly believed as the later, and, from their exciting character, naturally sank deeper into the popular mind. In ignorance or forgetfulness of occasional hints thrown out by riper scholars, writers like Echard, Vertot, Rollin, Hooke, and Goldsmith, persevered in copying and amplifying the narratives of Herodotus, Livy, and Plutarch, as confidently as those of Thucydides, Cæsar, and Tacitus. The spell was not effectually broken till Niebuhr (improving on MM. De Pouilly and De Beaufort) undertook to show, principally from internal evidence, that nearly the whole of the received history of Rome for the first four or five hundred years was apocryphal. An able review of the ensuing controversy will be found in the introduction to 'An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History,' by Sir G. C. Lewis, who objects to Niebuhr's method, and insists that external proof or testimony is the only trustworthy source or test:

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[1] Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein.* These seven lines are a beautiful amplification of two:

> Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr;
> Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert.

> '"Historical evidence," he says, "like judicial evidence, is founded on the testimony of credible witnesses. Unless these witnesses had personal and immediate perception of the facts which they report, unless they saw and heard what they undertake to relate as having happened, their evidence is not entitled to credit. As all original witnesses must be contemporary with the events which they attest, it is a necessary condition for the credibility of a witness that he be a contemporary, though a contemporary is not necessarily a credible witness. Unless, therefore, a historical account can be traced, by probable proof, to the testimony of contemporaries, the first condition of historical credibility fails."'

No historical account of Rome or the Romans for more than 400 years after the foundation of the city fulfils this condition; and the first book of Livy, containing the regal period, can lay claim (when thus tested) to no higher authority than Lord Macaulay's 'Lays.' Livy states that whatever records existed prior to the burning of Rome by the Gauls (365 years after its foundation) were then burnt or lost. We are left, therefore, in the most embarrassing uncertainty whether

Tarquin outraged Lucretia; or Brutus shammed idiotcy and condemned his sons to death; or Mutius Scævola thrust his hand into the fire; or Curtius jumped into the gulf (if there was one); or Clœlia swam the Tiber; or Cocles defended a bridge against an army; or Brennus flung his sword into the scale. Livy confesses his inability to fix the respective nationality of the Horatii and Curiatii; and Sir George Lewis presses the absurdity of supposing that Coriolanus acted a twentieth part of the melodramatic scenes assigned to him; as, for example, that, with Tullus Aufidius at his side, he was permitted, at his mother's intercession, to lead back the Volscians thirsting for revenge.

Herodotus has fared even worse than Livy at the hands of some modern critics (although, by the way, the tenor of recent discoveries has been much in his favour); and Mr. Gladstone's argument for converting Homer into a veridical historian on the strength of the minuteness of his descriptions and details, would serve equally well to prove that Robinson Crusoe actually inhabited his island, or that Gulliver was really wrecked at Lilliput.

> 'But over and above the episodes which seem to owe their place in the poem to the historic aim, there are a multitude of minor shadings, which, as Homer could have derived no advantage from feigning them, we are compelled to suppose real. They are the parts of the graceful finish of a true story, *but they have not the showy character of what has been invented for effect.* Why, for instance, should Homer say of Clytemnestra that, till corrupted by Ægysthus, she was good. Why should it be worth his while to pretend

that the iron ball, offered by Achilles for a prize, was the one formerly pitched by Ætion? Why should he occupy eight lines in describing the dry trench round which the chariots were to drive? Why should he tell us that Tydeus was of small stature? Why does Menelaus drive a mare? Why has Penelope a sister Iphthine, who was wedded to Eumetus, wanted for no other purpose than as a *persona* for Minerva in a dream? These questions, everyone will admit might be indefinitely multiplied.'[1]

The parallel questions might be multiplied as fast. Why does Robinson Crusoe tell us that he was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, and had two elder brothers, 'one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart?' Why does Joseph Andrews, in the battle with the hounds, grasp a cudgel, 'which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present on that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other master can equal'? Why does Gulliver relate that he was the third of five sons; that he was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon of London; that, when he set up on his own account, he took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; then removed to Fetter Lane, and afterwards to Wapping, 'hoping to get business among the sailors'? Why does Hotspur ride 'a roan, a cropear, is it not?'

The reason, obvious enough, is given in a sentence from Dunlop's 'History of Fiction,' quoted by Scott: 'Those minute references immediately lead us to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they were true.' *Ars est celare artem.* The effect would fail if they *had* a showy character, as if invented for effect. Homer's employment of such details simply proves that he was a master of his art, and it is one of his highest triumphs to have produced on the distinguished statesman and scholar an effect analogous to that which Swift produced on the rude sailor, who declared that he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but that he lived at Queenhithe, not at Wapping.

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[1] *Studies on Homer*, &c., vol. i. p. 28.

We can fully sympathise with this learned and accomplished critic in his eagerness to rehabilitate Helen, socially and morally, by showing in what high esteem she was held by Priam; but unless she was superior to all female weakness, there was a matter which occasioned her more anxiety than her character. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he never despaired of restoring a woman's placability, unless she had been called old or ugly. Now the age of this respected matron has been discussed with more learning than gallantry; and the prevalent opinion of erudite Germany seems to be that she was past sixty when Homer brings her upon the stage.

We could fill pages with the sceptical doubts of scholiasts who would fain deprive Diogenes of his lantern and his tub, Æsop of his hump, Sappho of her leap, Rhodes of its Colossus, and Dionysius the First of his ear; nay, who pretend that Cadmus did not come from Phœnicia, that Belisarius was not blind, that Portia did not and could not swallow burning coals, and that Dionysius the Second never kept a school at Corinth. Others, without incurring any suspicion of paradox, have exposed the monstrous exaggerations of the Greeks in their account of the invasion of Xerxes, whose host is computed by Lemprière (that unerring guide of the ingenuous youth of both sexes) at 5,283,220 souls. 'This multitude, *which the fidelity of historians has not exaggerated*, was stopped at Thermopylæ by 300 Spartans under King Leonidas.'[1] The Persian commissariat must have been much better regulated than the French or English before Sebastopol, if half a million of fighting men were ever brought within fifty miles of Thermopylæ. Still there may have been enough to give occasion for the remark of the Spartan, that, if the Persian arrows flew so thick as to intercept the sun, they should fight in the shade; enough also to elicit the touching reflection of Xerxes as he gazed upon the assembled host; if, indeed, this should not be rejected as out of keeping with the mad pranks he played on the first occurrence of a check.

This is one of the instances in which, with deference to Sir George Lewis, internal evidence is superior to external. Herodotus was four years old when the Persian invasion commenced; he was only thirty-nine when he recited his History at the Olympic Games. He must have conversed with many who had been personally engaged in the war; he was truthful, if superstitious and credulous; and contemporary testimony might doubtless have been procured, that, to the best of the deponents' belief, the Persian army drank up rivers on their march. Internal probability or improbability must also be allowed considerable weight, when we have to deal with the records of a later age. Modern chemists have been unable to discover how Hannibal could have pierced rocks, or Cleopatra dissolved pearls, with vinegar. Napoleon, at St. Helena, occasionally read and commented on the alleged traits of ancient valour and virtue:

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[1] Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*. Last edition. Title *Xerxes*. 'To admit this overwhelming total, or anything near to it, is obviously impossible.'—*Grote*, vol. v. p. 46. Mr. Grote accepts the *tradition of the 300 Spartans*, whom respectable authors have comuted *at 7,000, and even at 12,000*,

> 'He strongly censured what he called historical sillinesses (*niaiseries*), ridiculously exalted by the translators and commentators. These betrayed from the beginning, he said, historians who judged ill of men and their position. It was wrong, for example, to make so much of the continence of Scipio, or to expatiate on the calmness of Alexander, Cæsar, and others, for having slept on the eve of a battle. None but a monk excluded from women, whose face glows at their approach, could make it a great merit in Scipio not to have outraged one whom chance placed in his power. As to sleeping immediately before a battle, there are none of our soldiers, of our generals, who have not repeated this marvel twenty times; and nearly all their heroism lay in the foregoing fatigue.'

Napoleon might have referred to Aulus Gellius, who, after a mocking allusion to the continence of *Scipio and a similar* instance of self-restraint practised by Alexander towards the wife and sister of Darius, adds:

> 'It is said of this Scipio, I know not whether truly or otherwise, but it is related that when a young man he was not immaculate; and it is *nearly* certain (*propemodum* constitisse) that these verses were written by Cn. Nævius, the poet, against him:
>
> "Etiam qui res magnas manu sæpe gessit gloriose;
> Cujus facta viva nunc vigent; qui apud gentes solus
> Præstat; eum suns pater cum pallio uno ab amica abduxit."
>
> I believe that these verses induced Valerius Antias to express himself concerning the morality of Scipio in contradiction to all other writers, and to say that this captive maid was not restored to her father.'[1]

It is hard on Scipio to be deprived of his prescriptive reputation for continence on no better testimony than this. But 'be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' A German pedant has actually ventured to question the purity of Lucretia. By way of set-off, Messalina has been brought upon the French stage as the innocent victim of calumny. A Roman courtesan, so runs the plot, so closely resembled her as to impose upon the most charitable of her contemporaries, and make them believe that she was engaged in a succession of orgies, whilst she was spinning with her maids. She is killed just as the terrible truth dawns upon her, without being allowed time to clear herself. The combined part of the courtesan and the empress was one of Rachel's masterpieces.

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[1] *The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius*, B. iv. c. 8 (translated by *loe), vol. ii. p. 23.*

It has been thought odd that so wise a king as Philip should have exclaimed, on witnessing Alexander's Rarey-like adroitness in taming Bucephalus, 'Seek another kingdom, my son, for Macedon is too small for thee;' and Cæsar's exhortation to the pilot, *Cæsarem vehis* ('Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes'), has been discredited by Napoleon and others [1] on the ground that the incident is not mentioned in the 'Commentaries.' Neither is the voyage during which it is supposed to have happened, which was an ill-advised and unsuccessful attempt to reach Brundusium by sea. Although the pilot recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to mind the helm, the vessel was obliged to put back, and the entire adventure was one which Cæsar had little cause to remember with complacency. He is equally silent as to another rash expedition, in which he ran imminent risk of being taken prisoner by the Gauls. If his mere silence is decisive, we must also reject the story of his crossing the Rubicon, told with striking and minute details by both Plutarch and Suetonius. According to Suetonius, his words were: 'Let us go where the divine portents and the iniquity of enemies call. Let the die be cast.' According to Plutarch, he cried out: 'The die is cast,' and immediately crossed the river.

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[1] 'In reading, Napoleon leant to scepticism and paradox; as, for instance, he ridiculed as improbable the story of Cæsar's escape in the boat, and his speech to the boatman, and was much inclined to disparage the talents, and more particularly the military skill, of that extraordinary man.'—Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*, p. 295. The Duke of Wellington always professed the highest admiration for Cæsar's military talents.

The most remarkable incident of his death is one of the most puzzling instances of popular faith which we are acquainted with. How, and when, came the *Et tu, Brute*, to be substituted for the more touching reproach set down for him by the only writers of authority who pretend to give his precise words? According to Plutarch, Casca having struck the first blow, Cæsar turned upon him and laid hold of his sword. 'At the same time they both cried out—the one in Latin, "Villain Casca, what dost thou mean?" and the other in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help!" Some say he opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus; then he drew his robe over his face, and yielded to his fate.'[1] Nicolas Damascenus mentions no one as speaking except Casca, who, he says, 'calls to his brother in Greek, on account of the tumult.'[2]

The statement of Suetonius is, that Cæsar was pierced with twenty-three wounds, without uttering a sound beyond one groan at the first blow; 'although some have handed down, that, to Marcus Brutus, rushing on, he said Καὶ σὺ τέκνον. In some editions of Suetonius, the words, καὶ σὺ εἶ (or εἶς) ἐκείνων are added, which would make, 'And you, my son, and you are one of them.' Dr. Merivale, who, in the text of his valuable work, 'The Romans under the Empire,' adopts the current story, says in a note, 'Of course no reliance can be placed on such minute details. The whole statement of the effect of the sight of Brutus upon Cæsar may be a fiction suggested by the vulgar story of the relation between them.' The 'vulgar story,' that Brutus was his son, derives some confirmation from Suetonius, who, after naming several Roman ladies with whom Cæsar had intrigued, adds: Sed ante alias dilexit M. Bruti matrem, Serviliam.' ('But before others he loved the mother of Marcus Brutus, Servilia.')

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[1] Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*. In the *Life of Brutus*, nothing is said of the effect of Brutus's appearance.

[2] *Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum*, vol iii. p. 445.

It was the adoption of the Latin words by Shakspeare that made them popular and familiar. 'His authority,' says Malone, 'appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled "The True Tradgedie of Richard, Duke of York," &c., printed in 1600, on which is formed his third part of "Henry VI.":

> "*Et tu Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"'

The history of modern Europe is susceptible of the same threefold division as that of Greece and Rome. It comprises the fabulous, the semi-fabulous, and the historic, period. We regret to say that Arthur and his Round Table belong to the first: so indisputably belong to it, that archæologists are still disputing whether the bevy of knights and dames, on whom poetic genius has recently shed fresh lustre, are the creation of French Brittany, or the veritable progeny of the ancient Britons, whose Welsh descendants claim them as the brightest ornaments of their race.[1] Charlemagne belongs to the second period, and, as regards him and his court it is astounding what a superstructure of fiction has been erected on the slenderest basis of fact. Thus Milton:

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[1] See Wright's edition of *La Mort d'Arthure*, in three volumes. London, 1858. As to the worthlessness of the earliest histories of Arthur and Charlemagne, on which the later are mainly based, see *Buckle's History*, vol. i. 292, 297, and vol. ii. p. 484.

> 'When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,
> By Fontarabia:'

or the lines given to Francis Osbaldiston in 'Rob Roy':

> 'O for the voice of that wild horn
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> The dying hero's call,
> That told imperial Charlemagne,
> How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
> Had wrought his champion's fall.'

His champion, we need hardly say, was Roland, the Orlando of Boyardo and Ariosto, who, besides a horn which was heard at an incredible distance, has been invested by poetry or tradition with a sword, bright Durandal, with which he clove a pass through the Pyrenees, still called 'la brèche de Roland,' although he could not cleave a path through his foes. Then, again, Mat Lewis:

> 'Sad and fearful is the story
> Of the Roncesvalles fight;
> On that fatal field of glory
> Perished many a gallant knight.'

'That field of glory' was a defile in which the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army was cut off and put to the sword by an irregular force of Spanish Basques or (some say) a marauding party of Gascons led by their Duke, Lupo, 'in which conflict,' says Eginhard, 'there fell, with many others, Anselm, Count of the Palace, and Roland, Prefect of the Marches of Brittany.' We have the high authority of M. Teulet, the learned editor of Eginhard's works, for adding that 'this passage is the only one in which any mention is made of the famous Roland, who plays so great a part in all the Carlovingian romances.'

Earl Stanhope, who has brought together all the available information in his 'Legends of Charlemagne,' fairly gives up the twelve Paladins or Peers; declaring that the idea is quite imaginary, and appears to take its rise from the supposition that every man of might ought to be attended by certain followers of commensurate renown; the number twelve having, probably, been suggested by the Gospel History. But he has a weakness for the champion of Roncesvalles; and after recapitulating the gifts or qualities with which fable has endowed him—including the horn, the sword, and a beautiful bride, Lady Alda—continues:

> 'As it appears to me, there is here a striking similarity between the Roland of France and the William Wallace of Scotland. The exploits of both are unrecorded in the meagre chronicles of the times. These exploits live only in tradition and in song. *But, taken as a whole, they have, in my judgment, a just claim to be believed. All that tradition has done is to confound the dates and exaggerate the circumstances.* We may be sure that so great and so general a fame could not in either case have arisen, had not the living hero impressed his image on the public mind. I should therefore entirely agree with Sismondi, who, in the second volume of the history of France, contends that, although Roland may not have been pre-eminent at Ronces-

valles, he must have performed achievements and acquired renown in former years, when warring against the Saracens.'[1]

Probably enough; but how does this establish a striking similarity between the Roland of France, of whom absolutely nothing is recorded or ascertained but that he was slain in a mountain pass, and the champion of Scotland, whose life and career are so indissolubly blended with the history of his country that they cannot be discredited without cancelling many of its brightest pages. If Wallace is to be deemed mythical, because his personal prowess has been exaggerated by tradition, why not Robert Bruce? Their exploits rest on identically the same description of authority; and if the historical evidence of the thirteenth or fourteenth century is not fuller or more trustworthy than that of the eighth, it follows that Cambuskenneth, Falkirk, and Bannockburn are no better known than Roncesvalles. To descend to domestic matters, can it be contended that Wallace's wife, Marion, is as apocryphal as the Lady Alda of Roland?

People well acquainted with Ireland contend that Sir Jonah Barrington has conveyed a correct impression of his countrymen on the whole; that all he has done is (like tradition) to confound the dates and exaggerate the circumstances. This application of Earl Stanhope's argument is plausible enough, for Sir Jonah's stories are within the range of possibility; but the exploits of Roland are not; and, whether taken individually or as a whole, have no better claim to belief than those of Lancelot or Amadis. We differ from Lord Stanhope with deference and regret; but if we admitted the soundness of his reasoning in this instance, a large proportion of the judgments which we have hazarded in the following pages must be reversed.

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[1] *Miscellanies: Second Series.* The paper originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, 1866.

So prodigious an amount of learning and acuteness, German and English, has been brought to bear on Anglo-Saxon history, that no excuse is left for illusion, however pleasant. Dr. Reinhold Pauli has carefully examined the authorities for the popular stories of Alfred the Great, and reluctantly admits that they are far from satisfactory. We are not prepared to give up the story of the burnt cakes because it is not to be found in the extant fragments of his life by his friend Asser, but our faith is somewhat shaken in that of his venturing into the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel, when we learn that it is not told of him by any of the old Saxon writers, that it is told of another Saxon monarch, and that it breathes more of the Scandinavian-Norman than of the Saxon spirit.[1]

The Chancellor Lord Eldon, who took his bachelor's degree in 1770, used to say, 'An examination for a degree at Oxford was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in history:—"What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded it. "Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."' If Alfred founded the oldest college, he, in one sense, founded the University; but the sole authority for the hypothesis is a passage in Asser, which is no longer to be found.[1]

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[1] *König Aelfred und seine Stelle in der Geschichte Englands, von Dr. Reinhold Pauli.* Berlin, 1851, pp. 130–132.

We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his 'Irish Melodies'—

> 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore;'

that during the reign of Brian, king of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told in honour of Alfred, of Frothi, king of Denmark, and of Rollo, duke of Normandy.

Another romantic anecdote, fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen thick during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders, and carried him to some distance from her bower, to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma; and a hundred years before the appearance (in 1600) of the 'Chronicle' which records the adventure, it had been related in print of a German emperor and a damsel unknown. Let us hope, for the honour of the fair sex, that it is true of somebody. Fielding, after recording an instance in which Joseph Andrews' muscular powers enable him to ensure the safety of Fanny, exclaims—'Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you;' and he exhorts them not to match themselves with spindle-shanked beaux and *petits-maîtres*. Could we put faith in Emma's exploit, it might justify an exhortation to the male sex to give the preference to ladies strong enough to carry a husband or lover, on an emergency; especially when we remember the story of the women of Weinberg, who, when that fortress was about to be stormed, obtained permission to come out carrying with them whatever they deemed most valuable, and surprised the besiegers by issuing from the gate each carrying her husband on her back.

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[1] See Gough's edition of *Camden's Britannia*, fol. 1799, p. 299, and *Thorpe's Translation of Lappenberg's History*, Preface, p. 38. Mr. Hallam says, in his Introduction to the *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 16 (6th edit.), 'In a former work I gave more credence to its (the college's) foundation by Alfred than I am now inclined *to do.*'

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the death of the Danish monarch. Hume treats the popular legend of Fair Rosamond as fabulous. According to Lingard, instead of being poisoned by Queen Eleanor, she retired to the convent of Godstow, and, dying in the odour of sanctity, was buried with such marks of veneration by the nuns as to provoke a rebuke from their diocesan, who reminded them that 'religion makes no distinction between the mistress of a king and the mistress of any other man.'

Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, is clearly a fancy-picture; for the seizure and imprisonment of Richard were matters of European notoriety. What is alleged to have befallen him on his way home has found its appropriate place in 'Ivanhoe;' and the adventures of monarchs in disguise, from Haroun Alraschid downwards, so frequently resemble each other that we are compelled to suspect a common origin for the majority. Tradition has distinctly fixed the locality of the ballad, 'King James and the Tinker,' pronouncing 'The Royal Blackbirds' to be the scene of the carousal, and New Lodge, Windsor Forest, the place where the tinker was knighted. But an almost identical adventure is ascribed to Henry IV. of France.

The statement of a Welsh writer of the sixteenth century, that Edward the First gathered together all the Welsh bards, and had them put to death, is implicitly adopted by Hume, and made familiar by Gray:

> 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;
> Confusion on thy banners wait.'

It is glaringly improbable and rests on no valid testimony of any sort.

Miss Aikin was, we believe, the first to demolish the credibility of the celebrated story, that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazelrig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England (in 1638), when they were stopped by an

Order in Council. The incident is not mentioned by the best authorities, including Clarendon; and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition, which, after a brief delay, was permitted to proceed with its entire freight of Pilgrims.

'As for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed,' says Voltaire, 'including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth, to Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors. It is in this sense only that one may say "nothing new under the sun."'[1] He does not stop to give examples, but there is no difficulty in finding them. Thus the current story is, or was, that Baudesson, mayor of Saint Dizier, was so like Henry the Fourth that the royal guards saluted him as he passed. 'Why, friend,' said Henry, your mother must have visited Bearn?' 'No,' replied the mayor, 'it was my father who occasionally resided there.' This story, which is also told of Louis the Fourteenth, is related by Macrobius of Augustus.

Dionysius the tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laerte, treated his friends like vases full of good liquors, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers.

The epigrammatic remark given by H. Say to Christina of Sweden, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth, 'He has cut off his left arm with the right,' belongs to Valentinian. That of the peasant to the same monarch, 'It is useless to enlarge your park at Versailles; you will always have neighbours,' is copied from Apuleius, and has been placed in the mouth of a Norfolk labourer in reference to the lordly domain of Holkham. Henry the Fourth, when put on his guard against assassination, is reported to have said, 'He who fears death will undertake nothing against me; he who despises his own life will always be master of mine.' This recals Seneca's '*Contemptor suæmet vitæ, dominus alienæ.*'

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[1] 'À M. du M——, Membre de Plusieurs Académies, sur Plusieurs Anecdotes.' (1774).—*Voltaire's Works.*

Fabricius, in conference with Pyrrhus, was tempted to revolt to him, Pyrrhus telling him that he should be partner of his fortunes, and second person to him. But Fabricius answered in scorn to such a motion, 'Ah! that would not be good for yourself, for if the Epirotes once knew me, they will rather desire to be governed by me than by you.'[1] Charles the Second told his brother, afterwards James the Second, who was expressing fears for his safety, 'Depend upon it, James, no one will kill me to make you king.'

There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, veiled and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the king whether he had not been told that his Majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning, 'Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase dressed in green.' A similar story is told of Demetrius and his father.

The Emperor Adrian, meeting a personal enemy the day after his accession to the throne, exclaimed, '*Evasisti*' ('thou hast escaped'). Philip, Count of Bresse, becoming Duke of Savoy, said, 'It would be shameful in the Duke to revenge the injuries done to the Count.' Third in point of time is the better-known saying of Louis the Twelfth, 'The King of France does not revenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans.' Instead of being uttered in this laconic form to the Duc de la Trémouille, it formed the conclusion of an address to the deputies of the city of Orleans, who were told 'that it would not be decent or honourable in a King of France to revenge the quarrels of a Duke of Orleans.'

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[1] Bacon's *Apothegms.*

The three last are amongst the examples adduced by M. Suard [1] in support of his theory, very different from Voltaire's, respecting the causes of the similarity between striking sayings and doings, which, he contends, is too frequently accepted as a proof of plagiarism in the later speaker or actor, or as affording a presumption of pure fiction. We agree with M. Suard; and an apt analogy is supplied by the history of invention. The honour of almost every important discovery, from the printing-press to the electric telegraph, has been vehemently contested by rival claimants; and the obvious reason is, that, whenever the attention of the scientific world has been long and earnestly fixed upon a subject, it is as if so many heaps of combustible materials had been accumulated, or so many trains laid, any two or three of which may be simultaneously exploded by a spark. The results resemble each other, because each projector is influenced by the same laws of progress; and as the human heart and mind retain their essential features, unaltered by time or space, there is nothing surprising in the fact of two or more persons, similarly situated, acting on similar impulses or hitting on similar relations of ideas.

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[1] *Notes sur l'Esprit d'Imitation*, published after his death, with additions by M. Le Clerc, in the *Revue française*, Nouvelle Série, tom. vi. On the subject of coincidences in fact and fiction, see also *Keightley's Tales of Popular Fictions*, chap. i.; and the Preface to his *Fairy Mythology*.

This theory, which we believe to be true in the main, has one great recommendation. It is productive, not destructive. It doubles or trebles the accumulated stock of originality; and whenever we light upon a fresh coincidence in nobility of feeling, depth of reflection, readiness or terseness of expression, we may exclaim, 'Behold a fresh instance of a quality that does honour to mankind.' We have collected some striking specimens in addition to those already mentioned; and if many of them, individually taken, are familiar enough, their juxtaposition may prove new. Sydney Smith says of Mackintosh, 'The great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting, in his conversation.' We may at least assist in purifying and utilising, if we do not greatly augment, the store of these invaluable elements of entertainment and instruction.

The right wing of Hyder Ali's army, in an action against the English under Colonel Baillie, was commanded by his son, and intelligence arrived that it was beginning to give way. 'Let Tippoo Saib do his best,' said Hyder; 'he has his reputation to make.' This closely resembles the reply of Edward the Third when exhorted to succour the Black Prince at Crecy.

Commodore Billings, in his account of his Expedition to the Northern Coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Main were on the river Kobima, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him, 'What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?' 'Sir,' said the youth, 'you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife; and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing more to you.' These recal the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: 'Swear to me,' said Queen Margaret, 'that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me.' 'Willingly,' replied the knight; 'I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived.'

Florus, describing the battle in which Catiline fell, says, '*Nemo hostium bello superfuit.*' The day after the battle of Rocroy, a French officer asked a Spaniard what were the numbers of their veteran infantry before the battle. 'You have only,' replied he, 'to count the dead and the prisoners.'[1] A Russian officer being asked the number of the troops to which he had been opposed, pointed to the field of death, and said, 'You may count them; they are all there.'

The *veni, vidi, vici,* of Cæsar has given rise to an infinity of imitators. John Sobieski, after relieving Vienna in 1683, announced his victory over the Turks to the Pope in these words: '*Je suis venu, j'ai vu, Dieu a vaincu*'—'I came; I saw; God conquered.' Cardinal Richelieu acknowledged the receipt of a Latin work dedicated to him thus: '*Accepi, legi, probavi*' (I have received, read, approved).

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[1] *The Life of Condé.* By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), p. 22.

When Cæsar slipped and fell, on landing in Africa, he is reported to have exclaimed: 'Land of Africa, I take possession of thee.' Thierry, in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' says:

> 'The Duke (the Conqueror) landed the last of all; the moment his foot touched the sand, he made a false step, and fell on his face. A murmur arose, and voices cried, "Heaven preserve us! a bad sign." But William, rising, said directly, "What is the matter? What are you wondering at? I have seized this ground with my hands, and by the brightness of God, so far as it extends, it is mine, it is yours."'

Froissart relates that Edward the Third fell with such violence on the sea-shore at La Hogue that the blood gushed from his nose, and a cry of consternation was raised, but the king answered quickly and said, 'This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me,' of the which answer his men were right joyful.

When Mirabeau exclaimed, 'I know how near the Tarpeian Rock is to the Capitol,' he may have been thinking of Pope Alexander the Sixth's words, 'Vide mi *fili, quam leve* discrimen patibulum inter et statuam.' *But no parallel* has been found for Chancellor Oxenstiern's famous remark to his son, although the reflection, a constantly recurring one, is precisely what we should have expected to find in some ancient cynic or satirist—'Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

The anecdote-mongers of antiquity relate of Pompey, that, when the danger of a meditated voyage (to bring provisions for Rome in a scarcity) was pressed upon him, he said, 'This voyage is necessary, and my life is not.' Maréchal Saxe, starting for the campaign of Fontenoy, at the risk of his life, said to Voltaire: '*Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir.*' Voltaire put aside the remonstrances of his friends against his attending the rehearsal of 'Irène' with the remark: '*Il n'est pas question de vivre, mais de faire jouer ma tragédie.*' Racine had anticipated both Voltaire and the Maréchal by a line in Bérénice: '*Mais il ne s'agit plus de vivre, il faut régner.*'

Voltaire, speaking highly of Haller, was told that he was very generous in so doing, since Haller said just the contrary of him. 'Perhaps,' remarked Voltaire, after a short pause, 'we are both of us mistaken.' Libanius writes to Aristænetus: 'You are always speaking ill of me. I speak nothing but good of you. Do you not fear that neither of us shall be believed?'

Themistocles in his lower fortune leaned to a gentleman who scorned him; when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought to him. Themistocles said: 'We are both grown wise, but too late.'[1] If all the good sayings attributed by Plutarch to Themistocles really belonged to him, they would suffice to place him amongst the wisest and wittiest men of antiquity. But Plutarch, like Voltaire, seldom resists the temptation of a good story; and even the celebrated 'Strike, but hear!' is shaken by the fact that Herodotus, the earliest reporter now extant of the debate of the admirals, makes no mention of the saying, and represents Adeimantus, the Corinthian admiral, as the person with whom Themistocles had an altercation upon that occasion. Plutarch puts the Lacedæmonian admiral, Eurybiades, in the place of Adeimantus; and adds the incident of the intended blow arrested by the words, 'Strike, but hear!'[1]

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[1] Bacon's *Apothegms*.

The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce, is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane.

'When Columbus,' says Voltaire, 'promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it could not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time.' It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested.

The anecdote of Southampton reading 'The Faery Queen,' whilst Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvements of Versailles with Le Nôtre, the sight of each fresh beauty or capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance; till the architect cries out, that, if their promenade is continued in this fashion, it will end in the bankruptcy of the State. Southampton, after sending Spenser first twenty and then fifty guineas on coming to one fine passage after another, exclaims 'Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined.'

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[1] 'C'était un plaisant historien,' says Paul-Louis Courier, speaking of Plutarch. 'Il se moque des faits. . . . Il ferait gagner à Pompée la bataille de Pharsale, si cela pouvait arrondir tant soit peu sa phrase. Il a raison. Toutes ces sottises qu'on appelle histoire ne peuvent valoir quelque chose qu'avec les ornements du goût.'

The following lines form part of the animated description of the Battle of Bannockburn in the 'Lord of the Isles':

'"The Rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled."
"Ay, but they kneel to other powers,
And other pardon ask than ours.
See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die or win the field."'

A note refers to Dalrymple's 'Annals,' which state that the abbot was Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray; and the knight to whom the king's remark was addressed, Ingleram de Umfraville. The same mistake is attributed to Charles the Bold, before the battle of Granson, to the Duc de Joyeuse before the battle of Courtray, and to the Austrians at Frastenz.

In the scene of 'Henry VI.,' where Lord Say is dragged before Cade, we find:

'*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?
Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.'

On the morning of his execution, Charles I. said to his groom of the chambers, 'Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death.'[1] Stafford called for a cloak for the same reason. As Bailly was waiting to be guillotined, one of the executioners accused him of trembling. 'I am cold' ('*J'ai froid*'), was the reply.

Frederic the Great is reported to have said, in reference to a troublesome assailant; 'This man wants me to make a martyr of him, but he shall not have that satisfaction.' Vespasian told Demetrius the Cynic, 'You do all you can to get me to put you to death, but I do not kill a dog for barking at me.' This Demetrius was a man of real spirit and honesty. When Caligula tried to conciliate his good word by a large gift in money, he sent it back with the message: 'If you wish to bribe me, you must send me your crown.' George III. ironically asked an eminent divine, who was just returned from Rome, whether he had converted the Pope. 'No, sire, I had nothing better to offer him.'

Lord Macaulay relates of Clive, that 'twice, whilst residing in the Writers' Buildings at Madras, he attempted suicide, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really loaded, he burst out into an exclamation that "surely he was reserved for something great."' Wallenstein's character underwent a complete change from the accident of his falling from a great height without hurting himself. Pascal's narrow escape at the bridge of Neuilly (1654) produced a complete revolution in his ideas, and gave a new direction to his views and conduct.

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[1] *Memoirs of the Two Last Years of the Reign of King Charles I. By Sir Thomas* Herbert, Groom of the Chambers to his Majesty. *London, 1813.*

Cardinal Ximenes, upon a muster which was taken against the Moors, was spoken to by a servant of his to stand a little out of the smoke of the arquebuss, but he said again 'that was his incense.' The first time Charles XII. of Sweden was under fire, he inquired what the hissing he heard about his ears was, and being told it was caused by the musket-balls, 'Good!' he exclaimed, 'this henceforth shall be my music.'

Pope Julius II., like many a would-be connoisseur, was apt to exhibit his taste by fault-finding. On his objecting that one of Michel Angelo's statues might be improved by a few touches of the chisel, the artist, with the aid of a few pinches of marble dust, which he dropped adroitly, conveyed an impression that he had acted on the hint. When Halifax found fault with some passages in Pope's translation of Homer, the poet, by the advice of Garth, left them as they stood, told the peer at the next reading that they had been retouched, and had the satisfaction of finding him as easily satisfied as his Holiness. Louis XIV. adopted a safer *method of supporting* his character as a connoisseur. *Having to decide* between a copy and the original of a beautiful picture, he asked to be secretly informed beforehand on the subject: 'Il ne faut pas qu'un roi soit exposé à se tromper.'

When Lycurgus was to reform and alter the state of Sparta, in the consultation one advised that it should be reduced to an absolute popular equality; but Lycurgus said to him, 'Sir, begin it in your own house.'[1] Had Dr. Johnson forgotten this among Bacon's 'Apothegms' when he told Mrs. Macaulay, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing, and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us'?

In allusion to Napoleon's shaving, Talleyrand observed to Rogers—'A king by birth is shaved by another. He who makes himself king shaves himself.' A prince by birth, the great Condé, was shaved by another, and one day, when submitting to this operation, he remarked aloud to the operator—'You tremble.' 'And you do not,' was the retort. M. Suard supplies a curious parallel to this anecdote by one of an old and infirm *Milord Anglais*, who was going through the marriage ceremony with a young and lovely girl, and held her hand in his—'You tremble?' 'Don't *you*?'

The French 'Ana' assign to Maréchal Villiers, taking leave of Louis XIV., the familiar aphorism (founded on a Spanish proverb), 'Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself against my enemies.' Canning's lines—

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[1] Bacon's *Apothegms.*

> 'But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend'—

are a versified adaptation of it. Lord Melbourne, on being pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right, retorted—'That's just when I don't want his help. Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong.'

Louis XIV. is reported to have said to Boileau, on receiving his 'Epistle' on the passage of the Rhine—'This is fine, and I should praise you more had you praised me less.' Unluckily, Queen Marguerite (La Reine Margot) had already paid the same compliment to Brantome; and the palm among courtly repartees must be given to Waller's, on Charles II.'s asking him how it happened that his poetical panegyric on Cromwell was better than his verses on the Restoration—'Poets, your Majesty, succeed better in fiction than in truth.'

On Lord Thurlow's exclaiming—'When I forget my king, may my God forget me,' Wilkes muttered—'He'll see you d——d first.' Lord Russell states that Burke's comment on the same occasion was—'And the best thing God can do for him.' One of Bacon's apothegms is—'Bion was sailing, and there fell out a great tempest, and the mariners, that were wicked and dissolute fellows, called upon the gods; but Bion said to them—"Peace, let them not know you are here."'

Care must be taken to distinguish the cases in which, from failure of collateral proof or internal evidence or from the character of the narrator, the repetition or reappearance of the story raises a reasonable suspicion of its authenticity; and it unluckily happens that quaint instances of ill-nature, absurdity, stupidity, or worse, are even more likely to be produced in duplicate or triplicate than heroic actions and generous impulses.

Mummius told the commissioners who were employed in carrying the plunder of Corinth, including many masterpieces of Grecian art, to Rome, that he should insist on their replacing any that were destroyed or injured. An Englishman, on hearing of Canova's death, asked the great sculptor's brother if he meant to carry on the business.

One of the petty tyrants of Italy, during the Middle Ages, was met on the middle of a bridge by the bearer of a sentence of excommunication. He asked the messenger whether he would eat or drink, and cut short his astonishment by explaining that the alternative thereby proposed was whether he would eat up the Papal bull, seal and all, or be flung over the parapet into the river. Martin of Galway, 'Humanity Dick,' made nearly the same proposal to an Irish process-server, who was foolish enough to venture into a district where the royal writs never ran.

'In such partial views of early times,' says Savigny, 'we resemble the travellers who remark with great astonishment that in France the little children, nay, *even the* common people, speak French with perfect fluency.'[1] There is not a country in Europe, and hardly a county in England, where they are not ready to name some individual traveller by whom the same astonishment was expressed. The echo which politely replies, 'very well, I thank you,' to the ordinary inquiry after health, may be heard in Gascony as well as at Killarney. Who has not laughed at the story of the letter-writer who concludes—'I would say more but for an impudent Irishman who is looking over my shoulder, and reading everything I write'—with the self-betraying denial of the Irishman, 'that's a d——d lie?' A similar story may be read in Galland's 'Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux.' It is not impossible that this comic incident or fiction gave Frederic the Great the hint for the terrible *coup de théâtre* in the tent of the officer who, when all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, was found finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper:—'Add a postscript. Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders;' and shot he was. Mrs. Norton has based a beautiful song upon this event, which is only too well attested.

The same spirit of inquiry which may rob us of some cherished illusions, may also relieve human nature from an unmerited stigma of barbarism or cruelty. Thus, Heyne absolves Omar from the crime of burning the library of Alexandria; and serious doubts have assailed the authenticity of the order attributed to the Legate at the sack of Beziers in 1209—'Kill them all. God will recognise his own.' M. Fournier has devoted an entire section to the charge against Charles IX., of firing on the Huguenots with an arquebuss from the window of the Louvre during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and his verdict, after collating the authorities, is 'not proven.' In the 'Journal' of Barbier the scene is laid in the balcony of the palace of the *Petit Bourbon*, pulled down in 1758.

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[1] *The Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence,* chap. ii.

Shenstone defined good writing to consist in or of 'spontaneous thought and laboured expression.' Many famous sayings comprise these two elements of excellence; the original writer or speaker furnishing the thought, and the chronicler the expression. When the omission, addition, or alteration of a word or two will give point and currency to a phrase, or even elevate a platitude into wit or poetry, the temptation to the historian or biographer seems irresistible.

Châteaubriand, in his 'Analyse raisonnée de l'Histoire de France,' relates that Philip the Sixth, flying from the field of Crecy, arrived late at night before the gates of the Castle of Broye, and, on being challenged by the chatelaine, cried out, '*Ouvrez; c'est la fortune de la France!*' 'a finer phrase than that of Cæsar in the storm; magnanimous confidence, equally honourable to the subject and the monarch, and which paints the grandeur of both in the monarchy of Saint Louis.' The received authority for this phrase was Froissart, and it will be found faithfully reproduced in the old English translation of Lord Berners. The genuine text is now admitted to be—'*Ouvrez, ouvrez; c'est l'infortuné roi de France!*' Buchon, the learned editor of the French Chronicles, hastened to Châteaubriand with the discovery, and suggested the propriety of a correction in the next edition of his book, but found the author of the 'Genius of Christianity' bent on remaining *splendide mendax* and insensible to the modest merit of truth.

Châteaubriand was no less zealous for the authenticity of Francis the First's famous note to his mother after the battle of Pavia: '*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*,' which, till recently, rested on tradition and popular belief. The real letter has been printed by M. Champollion from a manuscript journal of the period, and begins thus:

> 'Madame,—Pour vous advertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses n' m'est demouré que l'honneur *et la vie qui est saulvé*, et pour ce que en nostre adversité cette nouvelle vous fera quelque resconfort, j'ay prié qu'on me laissât pour escrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agréablement accordé.'

M. Fournier suggests that the current version may be traced to the Spanish historian, Antonio de Vera, who translates the alleged billet: '*Madama, toto se ha perdido sino es la honra*.'

In a note to the 'Henriade,' Voltaire says that Henry the Fourth wrote thus to Crillon:

> 'Pends-toi, brave Crillon: nous avons combattu à Arques, et tu n'y étais pas. Adieu, brave Crillon; je vous aime à tort et à travers.'

The real letter to Crillon was written from the camp before Amiens seven years after the affair of Arques, and is four times as long. It begins:

> 'Brave Crillon, Pendes-vous de n'avoir este près de moy, lundi dernier, à la plus belle occasion,' &c. &c.

Henry seems to have been in the habit of telling his friends to hang themselves, for there is extant another billet of his, in the same style, to one who had lost an eye.

> 'Harambure, Pendes-vous de ne vous être trouvé près de moy en un combat que nous avons eu contre les ennemys, où nous avons fait rage,' &c. 'Adieu, Borgne.'

In the same sympathising spirit of generous emulation, 'See!' cried Nelson at Trafalgar, pointing to the Royal Sovereign as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it, and engaged a three-decker, 'see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action.' Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, 'What would Nelson give to be here!'

Strange to say, the French historians have once given credit for an honourable action, which was never performed, to Englishmen. The President Hénault relates that an English governor had agreed with Du Guesclin to surrender a place on a given day if he was not relieved, and that, Du Guesclin's death occurring in the interval, the governor came out with his principal officers at the time fixed and laid the keys on the coffin of the Constable. Unluckily a contemporary chronicle has been produced, in which it is stated that the garrison tried to back out, and were brought to reason by a threat of putting the hostages to death.

Froissart relates in touching detail the patriotic self-devotion of Eustache de Saint-Pierre and his five companions, who (he says) delivered up the keys of Calais to Edward the Third, bareheaded, with halters round their necks, and would have been hanged forthwith but for the intervention of the Queen. The story had been already doubted by Hume on the strength of another contemporary narrative, in which the King's generosity and humanity to the inhabitants are extolled; when (in 1835) it was named as the subject of a prize-essay by an antiquarian society in the north of France, and the prize was decreed to M. Clovis Bolard, a Calais man, who took part against Saint-Pierre. The controversy was revived in 1854, in the 'Siècle,' by a writer who referred to documents in the Tower as establishing that Saint-Pierre had been in connivance with the besiegers and was actually rewarded with a pension by Edward.

On the other hand, the account given by Froissart of the return of the French King John (the captive at Poitiers) to England, by no means bears out the chivalrous turn given to it in the 'Biographie Universelle.' On hearing that his son, the Duke of Anjou, left as hostage, had broken faith, the King, says the writer, resolved at once to go back, and constitute himself prisoner at London; replying to all the objections of his council, that 'if good faith were banished from the rest of the world, it should be found in the mouths of kings.' Froissart attributes the journey to a wish to see the King and Queen of England. 'Some,' remarks M. Michelet, 'pretend that John only went to get rid of the *ennui* caused by the sufferings of France, or to see some fair mistress.'

The adoption of the Garter for the name and symbol of the most distinguished order of knighthood now existing, is still involved in doubt. The incident to which it is popularly attributed was first mentioned by Polydore Virgil, who wrote nearly 200 years after its alleged occurrence. The age of the Countess of Salisbury (sixty at the time) is objected by M. Fournier, and it is worthy of remark that her husband died in consequence of bruises received at the jousts preceding the foundation of the order. It is not at all likely that such an incident would have been suppressed by Froissart, who makes no allusion to it, although it is entirely in his line and he is the principal authority for her amour with the King. Polydore Virgil's history appeared in 1536. In 1527, at the investiture of Francis the First, John Taylor, Master of the Rolls, in his address to the new knight, stated that Richard Cœur de Lion had once, on the inspiration of Saint George, distinguished some chosen knights by causing them to tie a thong or garter round the leg. Camden and others suggest that Edward the Third, in remembrance of this event, gave the garter as the signal for a battle, probably Crecy, in which he proved victorious. But the very number and variety of these speculations show that the real origin of the symbol cannot be traced. The motto is equally unaccountable, although as fit for the purpose as any other maxim or apothegm, whether connected with a tale of gallantry or not.[1]

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[1] *See Memorials of the Order of the Garter*, &c. By G. F. Beltz, *Lancaster Herald.* London, 1841.

As numerous questions of authenticity are made to turn on the want of contemporary testimony when it might reasonably be expected to be forthcoming, it may be as well to call attention to what Varnhagen von Ense notes in his 'Diary.'

> 'Humboldt confirms the opinions I have more than once expressed, that too much must not be inferred from the silence of authors. He adduces three important and perfectly undeniable matters of fact, as to which no evidence is to be found where it would be most anticipated:—In the archives of Barcelona, no trace of the triumphal entry of Columbus into that city; in Marco Polo, no allusion to the Chinese Wall; in the archives of Portugal, nothing about the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, in the service of that Crown.'[1]

In Grafton's Chronicles, comprising the reign of King John, there is no mention of Magna Charta. But it has been suggested that the period of publication (1562) and his office of printer to Queen Elizabeth may account for the omission.

Humboldt's remarks refer to a reading at Madame Récamier's, in which he had pointed out some inaccuracies in the received accounts of the discovery of America. Robertson states that 'Columbus promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request (to turn back), provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if during that time land were not discovered he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.' A closer examination of the authorities has shown that no such promise was given or required.[1] Robertson accepts, without questioning, the traditional account of Charles the Fifth celebrating his own obsequies in his lifetime, as well as that of his fondness for mechanical contrivances.

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[1] *Briefe von Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen von Ense,* &c., 3rd edit., p. 57. 'We have read books called Histories of England, under the Reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned.'—(*Macaulay.*)

> 'He was particularly curious in the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the mere vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion.'[2]

Mr. Stirling (Sir W. Stirling Maxwell) and M. Mignet are at issue as to the credibility of the alleged obsequies; and although they both state the predilection of the retired Emperor for mechanics, it is very unlikely that the variations in his clocks led him to any reflection bordering on toleration or liberality; for almost with his dying breath he enjoined the persecution of heretics; and we learn from Mr. Stirling, that 'in taking part in the early religious troubles of his reign, it was ever his regret that he did not put Luther to death when he had him in his power.' At all events, the tradition may have suggested Pope's couplet, although he has given a different turn to the thought—

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[1] See Humboldt's *Géographie du Nouveau Continent*, vol. i.

[2] Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*, book xii. Compare Stirling's *Cloister Life of the Emperor*, and Mignet's *Charles Quint.* Earl Stanhope has printed in the first series of his *Miscellanies* a letter from Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, and a letter from Lord Macaulay, on the subject of the clocks.

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own.'

It is related of Raleigh, that, having vainly endeavoured to ascertain the rights of a quarrel that fell out beneath his window, he exclaimed against his own folly in endeavouring to write the true history of the world. We have found no authority for this anecdote, and the famous one of his cloak first occurs in 'Fuller's Worthies.' When Sir Robert Walpole, on being asked what he would have read to him, replied: 'Not history, for that I know to be false,' he was probably thinking less of the difficulty that struck Raleigh, than of the presumption of some writers of his day, in pretending to be at home in the councils of princes and perfectly acquainted with the hidden springs of his own measures or policy.

In France, writers of eminence have openly professed their indifference to strict accuracy. Besides the memorable *mon siège est fait* of Vertot, we find Voltaire, on being asked where he had discovered a startling fact, replying, 'Nowhere; it is a frolic (*espièglerie*) of my imagination.' The frolic was, that, when the French became masters of Constantinople in 1204, they danced with the women in the sanctuary of the church of Saint Sophia. Some modern French historians have not disdained to follow in his track.

'Like old Voltaire, who placed his greatest glory
In cooking up an entertaining story,
Who laughed at Truth whene'er his simple tongue
Would snatch amusement from a tale or song.'

The decisive turn in the battle of Fontenoy, which converted it into a French victory, was cooked up by him with such success that subsequent historians of the highest eminence have been misled.[1]

We should like to know whether M. Lamartine had any warrant beyond his own rich imagination for these passages in his description of the battle of Waterloo:

'He (Wellington) gallops towards two of his dragoon regiments drawn up on the edge of the ridge. He has the curbs of the bridles taken off, so that the animal, carried away by the descent and the mass, without the hand of the rider being able even involuntarily to check it, may throw itself with an irresistible rush and weight on the French cavalry—a desperate manœuvre, worthy of the Numidians against the Romans, and which the size and impetuosity of the British horse rendered more desperate still. He has brandy served out to the riders to intoxicate the men with fire, whilst the trumpet intoxicates the horses, and he himself hurls them, at full speed, on the slopes of Mont St. Jean.'[2]

A little further on, we find the Duke on his eighth and wounded horse, although it is notorious that Copenhagen carried him freshly through the entire battle; and towards the end—

'He sends from rank to rank to his intrepid Scotch the order to let themselves be approached without firing, to pierce the breasts of the horses with the point of the bayonet, to slip even under the feet of the animals, and to rip them up (*éventrer*) with the short and broad sword of these children of the North. The Scotch obey, and themselves on foot charge our regiments of horse.'

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[1] See the *Essay on Marshal Saxe* (Second Series).

[2] *Histoire de la Restauration*, vol. iv. p. 246.

M. de Lamartine is a poet, and may have imported in his own despite a flight or two of original invention into his prose. But M. Thiers is a grave statesman, as well as a brilliant and picturesque narrator. His information is derived principally, almost exclusively, from French sources. His point of view is essentially and invariably French, and his works afford an unimpeachable test of the kind of history most esteemed by his countrymen. The scene is the channel before Boulogne, where, on the 26th August, 1804, a squadron of French gunboats were engaged against an English squadron of frigates and other vessels.

'The Emperor, who was in his barge (*canot*) with Admiral Bruix, the Ministers of War and Marine, and several Marshals, dashed into the middle of the gunboats engaged, and, to set them an example, had himself steered right upon the frigate which was advancing at full sail. He knew that the soldiers and sailors, admirers of his audacity on land, sometimes asked one another whether he would be equally audacious at sea. He wished to edify them on this point, and to accustom them to brave recklessly the large vessels of the enemy. He had his barge taken far in advance of the French line, and *as near as possible to the frigate.* The frigate, seeing the imperial flag flying in the barge, and guessing, perhaps, its precious cargo, had reserved its fire. The Minister of Marine, trembling for the result to the Emperor of such a bravado, tried to throw himself upon the bar of the rudder to change the direction; but an imperious gesture of Napoleon stopped the movement of the minister, and they continued their course towards the frigate. Napoleon was watching it, glass in hand, when all of a sudden it discharged its reserved broadside, and covered with its projectiles the boat which carried Cæsar and his fortune. *No one was wounded, and they were quit for the splashing of the shot.* All the French vessels, witnesses of this scene, had advanced as fast as they could to sustain the fire, and to cover, by passing, the barge of the Emperor. The English division, assailed in its turn by a hail of balls and grape, began to retrograde, little by little. It was pursued, but it returned anew, tacking towards the land. During this interval a second division of gunboats, commanded by Captain Pevrieu, had raised anchor and borne down upon the enemy. Very soon the frigate, much damaged and steering with difficulty, was obliged to gain the open sea. The corvettes followed this movement of retreat, several much shattered, and the cutter so riddled that it was seen to go down. Napoleon quitted Boulogne enchanted with the combat in which he had taken part, the rather that the secret intelligence coming from the coast of England gave him the most satisfactory details on the moral and material effect this combat had produced.'[1]

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[1] *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. v. p. 229. Compare James's *Naval History*, vol. iii. p. 333. This writer deduces from the affair that the gunboats could not face the cruisers, adding, 'None knew this better than Napoleon. The affair of 25th August, of which he had *unintentionally* been an eye-witness, convinced him.' M. Thiers told the writer that the authority for his account of the affair was a document in the *Archives de la Marine*, drawn up and deposited there by the command of the Emperor, whose well-known practice it was to concoct or falsify the *pièces justificatives* of history. He did all in his power to mystify the battle of Marengo. After writing three varying and false accounts, he caused *the original* documents to be destroyed.

According to the English version, the damage to our ships arose from their pursuing the French under the fire of the batteries. But the internal evidence of the narrative is enough. By way of *pendant* to Napoleon attacking an English frigate in his barge, M. Thiers should reproduce, as the representation of an historical fact, the picture, once in high favour for snuff-boxes, of a line of English soldiers recoiling from a wounded French grenadier, who flourishes his sword with one knee upon the ground.

Beyle (Stendhal), who was with the French army during the whole of the Russian campaign of 1812, ridicules the notion of speeches on battle-fields, and declares that he once saw a French colonel lead a gallant charge with a piece of ribaldry, '*Suivez-moi, mes enfans; mon derrière est rond!*' adding, that it answered the purpose perfectly well. It is certain that most of those reported by historians were never made at all. The Duke of Wellington did not say 'Up Guards and at them!' at Waterloo: he never took refuge in a square; and his 'What will they say in England if we are beat?' was addressed to some officers of his staff, not to a shattered regiment. The best of his biographers, the Chaplain-general, relates that, in the battle of the Nivelle (November, 1813) the Duke rode up to the 85th regiment and said in his (the subaltern's) hearing, 'You must keep your ground, my lads, for there is nothing behind you.'

'Follow my white plume,' the traditional rallying cry of Henry IV., is quite consistent with Brantome's description of him at Coutras, 'with long and great plumes, floating well, saying to his people, *Ostez vous devant moy, ne m'offusquez pas, car je veux paroistre.*' The noble speech given to Henri de La Rochejacquelin is too finished and antithetical for the unpretending character of the man: *Si j'avance, suivez-moi: si je tombe, vengez-moi: si je recule, tuez-moi.* This young hero had no quality of a leader beyond chivalrous gallantry and courage, and looked to no higher reward for his services, if the royalist cause had triumphed, than the command of a regiment of hussars. The real hero of the Vendean insurrection was the Marquis de Lescure. His widow married Henri's brother before the publication of her Memoirs, and thus the name of La Rochejacquelin has become imperishably associated with the most brilliant episode of the Revolution.

Voltaire makes Condé throw his baton of command over the enemy's palisades at Fribourg. Other accounts say 'his marshal's baton.' He was not a marshal: he did not carry a baton; and what he threw was his cane. A finer trait is told of Douglas, who, on his way to the Holy Land with Bruce's heart, took part with the Spaniards against the Moors, and lost his life in a skirmish:

> 'When he found the enemy press thick round him, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the king had he been alive, he said, "Pass first in fight as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die." He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was slain. His body was found lying above the silver case.'[1]

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[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. i. ch. xi.

An attentive bystander reports a very sensible speech made by Condé at Lens. 'My friends, take courage; we cannot help fighting to-day; it will be useless to draw back; for I promise you, that, brave men or cowards, all shall fight, the former with good will, the latter perforce.'

For more than a century the authenticity of the pithy dialogue between the spokesmen of the French and English Guards at Fontenoy was generally allowed. Lord Charles Hay, hat in hand, steps forward, and says with a bow, 'Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire.' M. d'Auteroche advances to meet him, and saluting him with the sword, says, 'Monsieur, we never fire first, do you fire.' Unfortunately for this story, a letter (first brought to light by Mr. Carlyle) from Lord Charles Hay to his brother, Lord Tweeddale, written or dictated less than three weeks after the battle, has been preserved, in which he says, 'It was our regiment that attacked the French guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our regiment, drank to them, and told them we were the English guards, and hoped they would stand still until we came up to them and not swim the Scheld as they did the Mayn at Dettingen. Upon which I immediately turned about to our own regiment, speeched them, and made them huzzah—I hope with a will. An officer (d'Auteroche) came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzzah; however, there were not above three or four in their brigade that did.' This certainly puts a different complexion upon the matter, by converting a chivalrous intercourse of courtesy into 'chaff.'

The 42nd Highlanders played a distinguished part at Fontenoy. As the regiment was going into action, Sir Robert Monro, the commanding officer, was astonished to see the chaplain (Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian) at the head of the column, with a drawn broadsword in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons; a proposal which Ferguson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be there. 'D—n my commission,' said the chaplain, throwing it towards the Colonel. The authority for this story is Sir Walter Scott. A critic like Fournier might object that the chaplain was not likely to have his commission in his pocket; and the family tradition is that he flung his Bible into the air and seized a neighbour's sword to charge with his flock.

Lord Macaulay tells a parallel anecdote of Michael Godfrey, the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, who was standing near King William and under fire at the siege of Namur. 'Mr. Godfrey,' said William, 'you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here.' 'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your Majesty.' 'Not so,' said William; 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you'—. While they were talking a cannon-ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

When Charles XII. of Sweden was entering his barge to lead the attack on Copenhagen, he found the *French* ambassador, the Comte de Guiscard, at his side.

'Monsieur,' he said, 'you have no business with the Danes: you will go no farther, if you please.' 'Sire,' replied the Comte, 'the King, my master, has ordered me to remain near your Majesty. I flatter myself you will not banish me to-day from your court, which has never been so brilliant.' So saying, he gave his hand to the King, who leaped into the barge, followed by Count Piper and the Ambassador.

Two curious anecdotes of Wolfe have been opportunely rescued from oblivion or neglect by Earl Stanhope. The one is, that, at a dinner with Lord Chatham and Earl Temple just before he sailed for the Quebec expedition, he drew his sword and flourished it over his head, vowing that he would make minced meat of the French. The other, that, as the troops were floating up the river with the tide for the night-surprise on the heights of Abraham, Wolfe repeated the whole of Gray's 'Elegy' in a low voice to the officers in his boat, and said at the close—'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' The first of these anecdotes is a reminiscence of the late Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who had it from Lord Temple. The second is confirmed by Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh, who began life as a midshipman and was in the boat with Wolfe.

The dying words of Wolfe are well known and well authenticated. On hearing an officer exclaim—'See how they run!' he eagerly raised himself on his elbow, and asked—'Who run?' 'The enemy,' answered the officer; 'they give way in all directions.' 'Then God be praised,' said Wolfe, after a short pause; 'I shall die happy.' His antagonist, the Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal wound whilst endeavouring to rally his men, and expired the next day. When told that his end was approaching, he answered—'So much the better; I shall not live then to see the surrender of Quebec.'

Napoleon stated at St. Helena that Desaix fell dead at Marengo without a word. Thiers makes him say to Boudet, his chief of division: 'Hide my death, for it might dishearten the troops'—the dying order of the Constable Bourbon at the taking of Rome. The speech ordinarily given to Desaix, and inscribed on his monument, is confessedly a fiction. What passed between him and Napoleon, when they first met upon the field, has been differently related. One version is that Desaix exclaimed—'The battle is lost;' and that Napoleon replied—'No; it is won: advance directly.' That of M. Thiers is, that a circle was hastily formed round the two generals, and a council of war held, in which the majority were for retreating. The First Consul was not of this opinion, and earnestly pressed Desaix for his, who then, looking at his watch, said—'Yes, the battle is lost; but it is only three o'clock; there is still time enough to gain one.' For this again a parallel may be found. The Baron de Sirot, who commanded the French reserve at Rocroy, was told that the battle was lost. 'No, no!' he exclaimed, 'it is not lost; for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought.' Desaix, it will be remembered, had turned back without waiting for orders on hearing the firing; and M. Thiers thinks that, if Grouchy had done the same at Waterloo, the current of the world's history might have been reversed. He is welcome to think so; but the Hero of a Hundred Fights thought differently. A drawn battle and a short respite were the very utmost Grouchy's timely arrival could have gained for his Imperial master.

All the flashes of instinctive heroism and prescient thirst for glory which are commonly ascribed to Nelson are indisputable. It has been vaguely rumoured, indeed, that the signal originally proposed by him at Trafalgar was—'*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty,' and that *England* was substituted at the suggestion of Hardy or Blackwood. According to the authentic narrative of Southey, Nelson asked Captain Blackwood if he did not think there was a signal wanting. 'Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. The words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure.' Nelson's last intelligible words were—'Thank God, I have done my duty.'

Dying words and speeches present an ample field for the inventive faculties of biographers and historians.[1]

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[1] Montaigne is the first who gave the impulse in that direction. 'Il n'est rien,' says he in his Essays (liv. i. ch. xix.), 'de quoy je m'informe si volontiers que de la mort des hommes, quelle parole, quel visage, quelle contenance ils y ont eu. . . . Si j'estois faiseur de livres, je feroy un registre commenté des morts diverses.' Since then many volumes have been written on the subject in France, in Holland, in Germany, and in England. *Last Words of Eminent Persons*, compiled by Joseph Kaines (London, 1866), is a sort of general *résumé*.

It is reported that Louis XIV.'s to Madame de Maintenon were—'We shall soon meet again;' and that she murmured, 'A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me: that man never loved anyone but himself.' Of Talleyrand, M. Louis Blanc relates—'When the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris, "I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand," he replied—"He might make a better use of it," and expired.'

Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederic Schlegel with *aber* (*but*) in his mouth? or Chesterfield just after telling the servant, with characteristic politeness—'Give Dayrolles a chair'? or Locke remarking to Mrs. Masham—'Life is a poor vanity'? Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he might learn 'how a Christian could die'? Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz, and were the last words he uttered—'My country, oh, my country'? George Rose, who had access to the best information, says they were; and says also that the news of the armistice after the battle of Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the extremities to the stomach.[1] Lord Chatham made his son William read to him, a day or two before he died, the passage of Pope's 'Homer' describing the death of Hector, and when he had done, said—'Read it again.'

The peculiar taste and tendencies of our neighbours across the Channel have produced a plentiful crop of melodramatic scenes, with words to match. Their revolutionary annals abound in them; many true, many apocryphal, and not a few exaggerated or false. The crew of *Le Vengeur*, instead of going down with the cry of *Vive la République*, shrieked for help, and many were saved in English boats. The bombastic phrase, *La garde meurt et ne se rend pas*, attributed to Cambronne who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him, and when, notwithstanding his denial, the town of Nantes was authorised by royal ordinance to inscribe it on his statue, the sons of General Michel laid formal claim to it for their father. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, and printed in the *Indépendant.*[1]

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[1] Since this was written, Earl Stanhope has cleared up both questions. Pitt's death was clearly accelerated by the continental news; and his last intelligible words were: 'Oh, my country! How I *ove my country*!'

The Comte Beugnot, provisional Minister of the Interior, was the author of the eminently-successful hit in the Comte d'Artois' address at the Restoration—'Plus de divisions; la paix et la France! Je la revois enfin! et rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve un Français de plus.' His Royal Highness, who had extemporised a few confused sentences, was as much surprised as anyone on reading a neat little speech comprising these words in the 'Moniteur.' On his exclaiming, 'But I never said it,' he was told that there was an imperative necessity for his having said it; and it became history. It was parodied in a clever caricature, made at the accession of Charles X., when the giraffe was first imported into France. The giraffe is represented with the well-known cocked hat and feathers of the king on its head and surrounded by the astonished animals of the *Jardin des Plantes.* 'Mes amis,' are the words put into its mouth, 'il n'y a rien de changé? il n'y a qu'une *Bête* de plus.'

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[1] When pressed by a pretty woman to repeat the phrase he really did use, Cambronne replied—'Ma foi, Madame, je ne sais pas au juste ce que j'ai dit à l'officier anglais qui me criait de me rendre; mais ce qui est certain est qu'il comprenait le français, et qu'il m'a répondu *mange.*' The surrender of the whole Imperial Guard (16,000 strong) at Metz forms an awkward comment on *La garde meurt et ne se rend pas.*

M. Séguier denied—*La cour rend des arrêts et non pas des services.* M. de Salvandy claimed—*C'est une fête Napolitaine, Monseigneur: nous dansons sur un volcan*—addressed to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) at a ball given to the King of Naples on the eve of the Revolution of July.

It has been the fashion of late years in France to depreciate the capacity and the wit of Talleyrand, in forgetfulness, that, if the good sayings of others have been frequently lent to him, *on ne prête qu'aux riches.* M. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur français*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bons-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it,—amongst others, *C'est le commencement de la fin.* The theory of royal shaving, already mentioned, was Napoleon's; and the remark on the emigrants, that they had neither learnt nor forgotten anything, has been found almost verbatim in a letter from the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pan in 1796. When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took—

> 'He cast off his jokes as a huntsman his pack,
> For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.'

Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the 'Nain Jaune' the phrase: 'speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.' In one of Voltaire's dialogues, the capon says of men: 'They only use thought to sanction their injustice, and only employ words to disguise their thoughts.' There is also a couplet by Young:

> 'Where Nature's end of language is disguised,
> And men talk only to conceal their mind.'

The germ of the conceit has been discovered in one of South's Sermons; and Mr. Forster puts in a claim for Goldsmith on the strength of Jack Spindle's remark (in the 'Citizen of the World'), that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. He also claims for Goldsmith a well-known joke, attributed to Sheridan, on his son's saying that he had gone down a mine to be able to say he had done so: 'Why not say you had, without going down?' The embryo of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander has been discovered in a letter from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, 'At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.' The New Zealander first came upon the stage in 1840, in a review of Ranke's 'History of the Popes;' but the same image in a less compact shape was employed by Lord Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's Greece.'[1]

Talleyrand had frequently the adroitness or good luck to get credit for saying of others what was said against himself. Thus, *Qui ne l'adorerait?—Il est si vicieux*—was said by Montrond of him, not by him of Montrond. Again, when he told a squinting politician, who asked how things were going on, *de travers, comme vous voyez*, he can hardly have forgotten 'the frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear,' with the accompaniment of *Vil émigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.*[2] Both Rogers and Lord Brougham give him the interrogatory to the sick or dying man, who cried out that he was suffering the torments of the damned—'*Déjà?*' M. Louis Blanc says:

> 'It is also related—and it is by priests that the fact, improbable as it is, has been silently propagated—that the king (Louis Philippe) having asked M. de Talleyrand if he suffered, and the latter having answered, "Yes, like the damned," Louis Philippe murmured this word, *Déjà*—a word that the dying man heard, and which he revenged forthwith by giving to one of the persons about him secret and terrible indications."'

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[1] 'When travellers from some distant region shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chaunted over some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple.'—*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. i. p. 188.

[2] Words addressed by Rewbell to Talleyrand at the Council Board, quoted in a note to Canning's *New Morality*, in the *Antijacobin.*

The repartee, one of Le Brun's, has been attributed to many: to the Regent at the death-bed of Dubois; to the confessor of the Abbé de Terray; and to the medical adviser of De Retz.

The French have a perfect frenzy for *mots:* No event is complete without one, bad, good, or indifferent. When Armand Carrel and Emile Girardin had taken their ground, and the seconds were loading the pistols, Carrel says to Girardin, 'If the fates are against me, Monsieur, and you write my biography, it will be honourable, won't it—that is to say, true?' 'Yes, Monsieur,' replied Girardin. This is related by M. Louis Blanc ('Histoire des Dix Ans'), with apparent unconsciousness of its extreme discourtesy or absurdity: 'If you kill me, you won't write what is false of me?' 'No.'

On the fate of Louis Seize being put to the vote, Siéyès, provoked by the urbanity of some of his colleagues, is reported to have exclaimed *La Mort—sans phrase.* He always denied the *sans phrase*, and Lord Brougham proves from the 'Moniteur' that he was guiltless of it. M. Mignet relates of him, that, on being asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, he made answer, '*J'ai vécu*'—'I lived.' This also he indignantly denied. Victor Hugo (in 'Marion de Lorme') has versified another similar *mot*:

> '*Le Roi à L'Angely.* Pourquoi vis-tu?
> *L'Angely.* Je vis par curiosité.'

During the same epoch, Siéyès, in correcting the proof sheets of a pamphlet in defence of his political conduct, read 'I have *abjured* the republic,' printed by mistake for *adjured*! 'Wretch,' he exclaimed to the printer, 'do you wish to send me to the guillotine?'

As regards the famous invocation to Louis XVI. on the scaffold, *Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au ciel*, the Abbé Edgeworth frankly avowed to Lord Holland, who questioned him on the subject, that he had no recollection of having said it. It was invented for him, on the evening of the execution, by the editor of a newspaper.

During more than forty years, no one dreamed of questioning Mirabeau's apostrophe to M. de Dreuz Brezè: 'Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will not depart otherwise than at the point of the bayonet' ('*et que nous n'en sortirons que par la force des baïonnettes*'). On March 10, 1833, M. Villemain having pointedly referred to it in the Chamber of Peers, the Marquis de Dreuz Brezè rose and said:

> 'My father was sent to demand the dissolution of the National Assembly. He entered with his hat on, as was his duty, speaking in the king's name. This offended the Assembly, already in an agitated state. My father, resorting to an expression which I do not wish to recal, replied that he should remain covered, since he spoke in the king's name. Mirabeau did not say, *Go, tell your master*. I appeal to all who were in the Assembly, and who may happen to be present now. Such language would not have been tolerated. Mirabeau said to my father, "We are assembled by the national will; we will only go out by force (*nous n'en sortirons que par la force*)." I ask M. de Montlosier if that is correct' (M. de Montlosier gave a sign of assent). 'My

father replied to M. Bailly, "I can recognise in M. Mirabeau only the deputy of the bailiwick of Aix, and not the organ of the National Assembly." The tumult increased; one man against five hundred is always the weakest. My father withdrew. Such is the truth in all its exactness.'[1]

Another of Mirabeau's grand oratorical effects (April 12, 1790) was based upon a plagiarism and a fable: 'I see from this window, from which was fired the fatal arquebuss which gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.'[2] He borrowed the allusion from Volney. Charles IX. did not fire from the window in question, if he fired on the Huguenots at all. The extent to which Mirabeau was indebted to others in the composition of his set speeches appears from the 'Souvenirs sur Mirabeau,' by Dumont.

Horne Tooke is believed to have written the speech inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue at Guildhall, purporting to be the reply extemporised by the spirited magistrate to George III. He himself had no distinct recollection of the precise words; and contemporary accounts differ whether his tone and manner were becoming or unbecoming the occasion.

It is well known that the great commoner's celebrated reply to Horace Walpole (the elder), beginning, 'The atrocious crime of being a young man,' is the composition of Dr. Johnson, who was not even present when the actual reply was spoken.

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[1] *Moniteur*, March 11, 1833. In Bailly's *Memoirs*, published in 1804, there is a third version.

[2] The speech is somewhat differently reported by Thiers, *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, vol. i. p. 148.

When the great Duke of Marlborough was asked his authority for an historical statement, he replied, 'Shakspeare; the only History of England I ever read.' Lord Campbell, whose reading is not so limited, remarks that Shakspeare, although careless about dates, is scrupulously accurate about facts, 'insomuch that our notions of the Plantagenet reigns are drawn from him rather than from Holinshed, Rapin, or Hume.' Accordingly he requires us to put implicit faith in the immortal bard's version of the affair between the Chief Justice and Prince Hal, even to the order or request put into the Prince's mouth on his accession to the throne:

> 'Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.'

'I shall prove to demonstration,' says Lord Campbell, 'that Sir William Gascoigne survived Henry IV. several years, and actually filled the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench under Henry V.' 'The two records to which reference has been already made,' says Mr. Foss, in his 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' 'contain such conclusive proof that Sir William Gascoigne was not re-appointed to his place as Chief Justice, that it seems impossible that anyone can maintain the contrary.' In one of these, an Issue Roll of July 1413 (four months after the accession of Henry V.), Gascoigne is described as 'late Chief Justice of the Bench of Lord Henry, father of the present King,' and the date of his successor's appointment turns out to be March 29, 1443, just eight days after Henry V.'s ac*cession; from* which Mr. Foss infers his especial eagerness to supersede his father's old and faithful servant. Both Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss are convinced of the occurrence of the main incidents, the blow or insult and committal. But the story did not appear in print till 1534. Hankford, Hody, and Matcham have been started as candidates for the honour of this judicial exploit by writers of respectability; and the late Mr. Henry Drummond proved from an ancient chronicle that identically the same story was told of Edward II. (while Prince of Wales) and the Chief Justice of Edward I.

Whether Richard II. was slain by Sir Pierce of Exton or starved to death in Pontefract Castle, is still a question. Zealous antiquaries have doubted whether he died there at all. Halliwell, after alluding to the authorities, remarks: 'Notwithstanding this exposure (of the body) the story afterwards prevailed, and is related by Hector Boece, that Richard escaped to Scotland, where he lived a religious life, and was buried at Stirling. The probability is that the real history of Richard's death will never be unravelled.'[1]

Rabelais has co-operated with Shakspeare in extending the belief that Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey at his own special instance and request; and in a deservedly popular compilation, the precise manner of immersion is brought vividly before the mind's eye of the rising generation by a clever woodcut.[2]

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[1] Halliwell's *Shakspeare*, vol. ix. p. 220.

[2] *Stories selected from the History of England, from the Conquest to the Revolution, for Children.* Fifteenth edition, illustrated with twenty-four wood-cuts. By the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

Mr. Bayley, in his 'History of the Tower,' can suggest no better foundation for the story than the well-known fondness of Clarence for Malmsey. 'Whoever,' says Walpole, in his 'Historic Doubts,' 'can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard (the Third) helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated.'

Well might Dryden say that 'a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.' Learned antiquaries will labour in vain to clear the memory of Sir John Falstolfe, identified with Falstaff, from the imputation of cowardice, yet there is strong evidence to show that he was rather hastily substituted for Sir John Oldcastle, whose family remonstrated against the slur cast on their progenitor in 'Henry the Fourth;' and that, instead of running away (as stated in the first part of 'Henry the Fourth') at the battle of Patay, Falstolfe did his devoir bravely.[1]

'When history,' remarks M. Van de Weyer, 'does not succeed in disfiguring the character of a great man, the dramatic authors take charge of it, and they rarely miss their aim.'[2] This tendency is not confined to the lower class of dramatists. Shakespeare's Joan of Arc is an embodiment of English prejudice; yet it is not much farther from the truth than Schiller's transcendental and exquisitely poetical character of the Maid.

London, 1854. The plan of the *Tales of a Grandfather* was suggested by this book.

[1] *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. xiv. pp. 230-236. The paper was contributed by Mr. Pettigrew.

[2] *Opuscules* (Première Série) *Pensées Diverses*, p. 36.

Schiller has also idealised Don Carlos to an extent that renders recognition difficult; and he has flung a halo round William Tell which will cling to the name whilst Switzerland is a country or patriotism any better than a term. Yet more than a hundred years ago (in 1760), the eldest son of Haller undertook to prove that the legend, in its main features, is the revival or imitation of a Danish one, to be found in Saxo Grammaticus The canton of Uri, to which Tell belonged, ordered the book to be publicly burnt, and appealed to the other cantons to co-operate in its suppression: thereby giving additional interest and vitality to the question, which has been at length pretty well exhausted by German writers. The upshot is, that the episode of the apple is relegated to the domain of fable; the bare existence of Gesler, the Austrian oppressor, is deemed apocryphal at best; and Tell himself is grudgingly allowed a commonplace share in the exploits of the Swiss patriots. Strange to say, his name is not mentioned by any contemporary chronicler of the struggle for independence.[1]

Popular faith is ample justification for either poet or painter in the selection of a subject; and for this very reason we must be on our guard against the prevalent habit of confounding the impressions made by artistic skill or creative genius with facts. We cannot believe that Mazarin continued to his last gasp surrounded by a gay bevy of ladies and gallants, flirting and gambling, as represented in a popular engraving;[1] and a double alibi flings a cold shade of scepticism over 'The last Moments of Leonardo da Vinci, expiring at Fontainebleau in the arms of Francis the First,' as a striking picture in the Louvre was described in the catalogue. Sir A. Callcott's picture of 'Milton and his Daughters,' one of whom holds a pen as if writing to his dictation, is in open defiance of Dr. Johnson's statement that the daughters were never taught to write.

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[1] *Die Sage von dem Schuss des Tell. Eine historisch-kritische Abhandlung, von Dr. Julius Ludwig Ideler.* Berlin, 1836. *Die Sage vom Tell aufs Neue kritisch untersucht, von Dr. Ludwig Häusser. Eine von der philosophischen Facultät der Universität Heidelberg gekrönte Preisschrift.* Heidelberg, 1840. *Conversations-Lexicon*: Title: *Tell.* Another learned German, Pollacky, in his *History of Bohemia,* has placed Ziska's skin in the same category with Tell's apple.

At one time a portrait at Holland House was prescriptively reverenced as a speaking likeness of Addison, and a bust was designed after it by a distinguished sculptor. It turned out to be the copy of a portrait of Sir Anthony Fountayne, still in the possession of his descendant, who has miniatures placing the identity beyond a doubt.

The picture of paramount importance in an historical point of view, which indeed might be confidently cited as a *pièce justificative* or proof, is the fresco painting in the Palace of Westminster of the alleged meeting between Wellington and Blücher at *La Belle Alliance*, by Maclise. It was commenced, if not completed, with the full sanction of the Committee of the Fine Arts; and their acting President, the Prince Consort, personally assured the artist that the popular belief in the place of meeting was well founded. Now, the Duke says in his despatch of the 19th June:

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[1] Shortly before his death, after looking round on his pictures and other treasures of art, he said to his physician, '*Et il faut quitter tout cela.*'

> 'I continued the pursuit *till long after dark*, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, *and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher*, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy through the night.'

In a letter, dated Paris, June 8, 1816, to Mr. Mudford, after instancing the supposed meeting at *La Belle Alliance* as the sort of error to which writers were prone, he says:

> 'It happens that the meeting took place *after ten at night* in the village of Genappe, and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the two armies, will see that it could not be otherwise. The other part is not so material, but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve at night.'[1]

The Duke must have been mistaken in the name of the place, for Blücher himself did not get farther than Genappe, which is eight or nine miles from the battlefield and was not abandoned by the French before eleven. But there is a host of concurring evidence as to the lateness of the hour of meeting, which is quite irreconcilable with the notion that it took place at *La Belle Alliance*.

In the People's Edition of Dr. Gleig's 'Life of the Duke of Wellington,' based on information supplied by the Duke, it is stated that 'indifferent to the thousand risks which surrounded him, he pushed on and drew bridle only when he and Blücher met at the *Maison du Roi.* Here it was arranged that the Prussians, who had fallen in upon the same road with the English, should continue the pursuit.' If the Prussians had fallen in upon the same road with the English at *La Belle Alliance*, this would go far towards establishing the point for which M. Bernardi, in common with other German writers, contends:—namely, that the flank attack of the Prussians decided the day, and that the rout was already complete when the simultaneous advance of the whole English line, which he deems superfluous, took place.[1] *Maison du Roi* (or *Maison Rouge*, as it is sometimes called), is between two and three miles from the field of battle. *La Belle Alliance* formed a central point in the position occupied by the French when the battle began.

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[1] *Supplementary Despatches*, vol. x. p. 508.

Each branch of the Fine Arts has contributed its quota to the roll of unexpected successes and sudden bounds into celebrity. There is the story of Poussin impatiently dashing his sponge against the canvas, and producing the precise effect (the foam on a horse's mouth), which he had been long and vainly labouring for; and there is a similar story told of Haydn, the musical composer, when required to imitate a storm at sea. 'He kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz (the author of the libretto) was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and, bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed—"The deuce take the tempest; I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing," exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the *truth* of the representation.' Neither Haydn nor Curtz, adds the author from whom we quote, had ever seen the sea.[1]

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[1] *Staatengeschichte*, vol. vii. This question, as well as that of the first arrival of the news of the victory in London, are fully discussed in notes to *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, 2nd. ed., pp. 167, 291.

The touching incident of Chantrey working for Rogers as a journeyman cabinet-maker at five shillings a day, was related by himself; and a mould for butter or jelly was the work which first attracted notice to the genius of Canova.

The romance of the bar diminishes apace before the severe eye of criticism. Erskine went on telling everybody, till he probably believed what he was telling, that his fame and fortune were established by his speech for Captain Baillie, made a few days after he had assumed the gown. 'That night,' were his words to Rogers, 'I went home and saluted my wife, with sixty-five retaining fees in my pocket.' Retaining fees are paid to the clerk at chambers, and the alleged number is preposterous. At a subsequent period we find him hurrying to his friend, Reynolds, with two bank notes for 500*l.* each, his fee in the Keppel case, and exclaiming—'*Voilà* the nonsuit of cowbeef.' Cowbeef must have been already nonsuited if the sixty-five retaining fees, or half of them, had been paid.

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[1] Hogarth's *Musical History*, vol. i. p. 293.

Equally untenable is the notion that Lord Mansfield dashed into practice by his speech in Cibber *v.* Sloper, in reference to which he is supposed to have said that he never knew the difference between no professional income and three thousand a year. From the printed reports of the trial it is clear that Serjeant Eyre, instead of being seized with a fit and so giving Murray his opportunity, made a long speech, and that Murray was the fourth counsel in the cause. It was tried in December 1738, the year after the publication of Pope's couplet—

'Blest as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured in the House of Lords,'

rendered more memorable by Cibber's parody—

'Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks;
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.'

In these and most other instances of the kind, it has been truly said, *the* speech was a stepping stone, not the key-stone. Patient industry and honest self-devotion to the duties of a profession are the main elements of success.

There is no valid ground for disputing the '*Anche io sono pittore*' ('I too am a painter') of Correggio on seeing a picture by Raphael, although it has been given to others; nor the '*E pur si muove*' ('It moves notwithstanding') of Galileo, which he muttered as he rose from the kneeling posture in which he had been sentenced by the Inquisition to recant his theory of the earth's motion. Lord Brougham, M. Biot, and other admirers of this great man, however, thinking the story derogatory to him, have urged the want of direct evidence on the point.

It is related by Walpole, of Crowle, a barrister, who, for contempt to the House of Commons, was reprimanded kneeling at the bar by the Speaker, that, on rising, he said, half aloud, wiping his knees, 'it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in!'

'I could prove by a very curious passage of Bulwer's,' says M. Fournier, 'how Archimedes could not have said, "Give me a *point d'appui*, and with a lever I will move the world." He was too great a mathematician for that.' We are not informed where this very curious passage is to be found; and Archimedes, according to Plutarch, asked for a place to stand on, not a fulcrum, nor did he specify the instrument to be employed.[1]

Sir David Brewster, in his 'Life of Newton,' says that neither Pemberton, nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself the history of his first ideas of gravity, records the story of the falling apple. It was mentioned, however, to Voltaire by Catherine Barton, Newton's niece, and to Mr. Green by Mr. Martin Folkes, the President of the Royal Society. '*We saw the apple tree in* 1814, *and brought away a portion of one of its roots.*'[2] The concluding remark reminds us of

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[1] 'Archimedes one day asserted to King Hiero, that, with a given power, he could move any given weight whatever; nay, it is said, from the confidence he had in his demonstrations, he ventured to affirm that if there was another earth besides this we inhabit, by going into that, he would move this wherever he pleased.'—Langhorne's *Plutarch.*

[2] *Life of Newton*, vol. ii. p. 27, note.

Washington Irving's hero, who boasted of having parried a musket bullet with a small sword, in proof of which he exhibited the sword a little bent in the hilt. The apple is supposed to have fallen in 1665.

Sometimes an invented pleasantry passes current for fact, like the asparagus and '*Point d'huile*' of Fontenelle, invented by Voltaire as an illustration of how Fontenelle would have acted in such a contingency.[1] One day when Gibbon was paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), she asked why he did not go down on his knees to her. 'Because you would be obliged to ring for your footman to get me up again.' This is the sole foundation for the story of his actually falling on his knees, and being unable to get up. There is another mode in which a mystification, or a joke, may create or perpetuate a serious error. Father Prout (Mahony) translated several of the 'Irish Melodies' into Greek and Latin verse, and then jocularly insinuated a charge of plagiarism against the author. Moore was exceedingly annoyed and remarked to the writer, who made light of the trick: 'This is all very well for you London critics; but, let me tell you, my reputation for originality has been gravely impeached in the provincial newspapers on the strength cf these very imitations.' Lauder's fraud imposed on Johnson, and greatly damaged Milton for a period. Diligent inquiry has brought home to a M. de Querlon the verses attributed to Mary Queen of Scots, beginning—

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[1] Fontenelle is supposed to be supping with a friend who liked oil, which Fontenelle disliked. It was agreed that half the asparagus should be dressed with oil and half without. The friend falls down in an apoplectic fit, and Fontenelle's first care is to hurry to the door and call out '*Point d'huile!*'

> 'Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
> Oh, ma patrie,
> La plus chérie,
> Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance,' &c.

Cicero complained that funeral panegyrics had contributed to falsify the Roman annals, and *éloges* have done the same ill service to the French. From the absence or incapacity of the devil's advocate (avvocato del Diavolo) at the canonisation of saints, the number has been so recklessly multiplied that scores of them may be knocked over like ninepins by any duly qualified inquirer who cares to investigate their claims. De Launoy, the famous doctor of the Sorbonne, applied himself to the good work with such a will and such efficiency, that he acquired the title of Le Grand Dénicheur des Saints. Bonaventura d'Argonne said of him: 'He was an object of dread to heaven and to earth. He has dethroned more saints from paradise than ten Popes have canonised. Everything in the martyrology stirred his bile. . . . The curate of St. Eustache of Paris said: "When I meet the Doctor de Launoy, I bow to him down to the very ground, and I speak to him only hat in hand and with the deepest humility; so afraid am I of his depriving me of my St. Eustache, who hangs by a thread."'

Party malice has poisoned the streams of tradition, whilst carelessness, vanity, or the wanton love of mischief, has troubled them. Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption on the strength of his alleged maxim: 'All men have their price.' What he really said was: 'All *these* men have their price,' alluding to the so-called 'patriots' of the opposition. Many still believe Lord Plunket to have denounced history as an old almanac, although his real expressions notoriously were, that those who read history like certain champions of intolerance, treat it as an old almanac. Torn from the context, Lord Lyndhurst's description of the Irish as 'aliens in blood, language, and religion,' sounded illiberal and impolitic. Taken with the context, it was merely a rhetorical admission and application of one of O'Connell's favourite topics for Repeal, when he wound up every speech by reminding his 'hereditary bondsmen' that they had nothing in common with their Saxon and Protestant oppressors.

Hero worship pushed to extravagance, as it recently has been by one popular writer (Mr. Carlyle), is quite as mischievous as the spirit of depreciation and incredulity. 'The world knows nothing of its greatest men;' or, rather, the world is required to accept no proof of greatness but success. Voltaire illustrates the matter by three examples. 'You carry Cæsar and his fortunes;' but if Cæsar had been drowned. 'And so would I, were I Parmenio;' but if Alexander had been beaten. 'Take these rags, and return them to me in the Palace of St. James;'[1] but Charles Edward was beaten. Nelson's early boast, that some time or other he would have a gazette to himself, would be remembered (if remembered at all) as a mere display of youthful vanity, if he had been killed at the commencement of his career; and to all outward seeming, the ebullition of conceit is rarely distinguishable from the prompting of genius or the self-assertion of desert. In strange contrast to Nelson, Wellington had so little of either quality, that, when a captain, he applied to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Camden) for an Irish Commissionership of Customs, with the view of retiring from the army. Lord Eldon, when he married, seriously thought of giving up the bar to take orders and retire upon a curacy.

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[1] This is a fresh example of Voltaire's mode of dealing with facts. 'His (the Pretender's) shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones said, "I

Hegel gave a new and ingenious turn to the apothegm, 'no man is a hero to his valet de chambre,' by the remark that, no man is less a hero because his valet de chambre is only a valet de chambre. But almost all heroes and men of genius suffer more or less when they are brought down from their pedestals, and compelled to mingle with the crowd. 'In the common occurrences of life,' writes Wolfe, 'I own I am not seen to advantage.' All accounts agree that Clive's person was ungraceful, that his harsh features were hardly redeemed from vulgar ugliness by their commanding expression, and that he was ridiculously fond of dress. In

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will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word." '—*Account of the Escape of the Young Pretender*, first published in Boswell's Johnson.

a letter to his friend, Mr. Orme, he says: 'Imprimis, what you can provide must be of the best and finest you can get for love or money: two hundred shirts—the wristbands worked; some of the ruffles worked with a border either in squares or points, and the rest plain; stocks, neckcloths, and handkerchiefs in proportion.'

Montaigne contends that, in treating of manners and motives, fabulous incidents, provided they be possible, serve the purpose as well as true. They may, if they are only used as illustrations; but to argue from them as from proofs, is to repudiate the inductive philosophy, and resort to the worst sort of *à priori* reasoning. Not long since an eminent naturalist (Jesse) surprised the public by a theory of canine instinct, which placed it very nearly on a footing with the human understanding. This theory turned out to be mainly based upon anecdotes of dogs, which some lads in one of the public offices had composed and forwarded to him, commonly as coming from country clergymen. Where is the difference in soundness between theories of animal nature based on such materials, and theories of human nature deduced from fictitious incidents or, like some of Montesquieu's on government, from travellers' stories about Bantam or Japan?[1]

It may naturally be asked whether we have any new test of heroism or criterion of authenticity to propose? By what process is the gold to be separated from the dross? How are the genuine pearls to be infallibly distinguished from the mock pearls? Is there no spear of Ithuriel to compel impostures or impostors to resume their natural proportions by a touch? Or, if Hotspur thought it an easy leap to 'pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon,' can it be so very difficult to drag naked Truth from the bottom of her well?

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[1] 'He said, "The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture of an individual, or of human nature in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing."'—Boswell's *Life of hnson.*

Archbishop Whately, on being asked to frame some canons for determining what evidence is to be received, declared it to be impossible, and added, that 'the full and complete accomplishment of such an object would confer on man the unattainable attribute of infallibility.'[1] His celebrated pamphlet will afford little aid in the solution of the problem; for the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte was never denied in any quarter, and is affirmed by the complete concurrence of contemporary testimony. This cannot be predicated of any events or current of events with which the archbishop attempts to establish a parallel; and it is little to the point to urge that many of the exploits attributed to Napoleon are as extraordinary as any contested occurrences in history, sacred or profane. They are not what is commonly meant by impossible or contrary to the known laws of nature, which is what sceptics object to miracles.

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[1] *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte.* Seventeenth edition. It is surprising that the author, or anyone else, could persistently mistake this over-estimated pamphlet for what it professed to be—an answer to Hume's chapter *On Miracles*; or venture to contend that (faith apart) a logical mind which accepted the career of Napoleon as historically true, was *ex vi termini* equally bound to accept the whole of the scriptural miracles: including the staying of the sun and moon by Joshua, the conversation of Balaam with his ass, and the transmigration of the legion of devils from *two* maniacs according to St. Matthew, or *one* according to St. Mark and St. Luke, into a herd of swine computed at *two thousand* by St. Mark.

The various known modes of testing history are enumerated and discussed by Sir George C. Lewis, in *A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics.* In Two Volumes, 1842. Chap. 7.

His Grace must also admit that the invention of printing, with modern facilities of communication, have worked an entire change in the quality and amount of evidence which may be rationally accepted as the foundation of belief. A statement published to the whole civilised world, and remaining unchallenged, stands on a widely different footing from a statement set down by a monk in a chronicle, of which nothing was heard or known beyond the precincts of his convent until after the lapse of centuries. And what were his means of information when he wrote? Probably some vague rumour or floating gossip carried from place to place by pedlars and pilgrims. There is a game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion:—A. tells B. a brief narrative, which B. is to repeat to C., and C. to D., and so on. No one is to hear it told more than once, and each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in the repetition. By the time the narrative has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times, it has commonly undergone a complete transformation. The ordinary result of the experiment will afford an apt illustration of the value of oral testimony in times when the marvellous had an especial attraction for all classes.

'The flying rumours gather'd as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spreads, on every tongue it grew.'

But we must be on our guard against assuming that events never took place at all because there are material differences between the best accredited accounts of them. Lord Clarendon says, that the Royal Standard was erected at Nottingham on the 25th of August, 'about six of the clock of the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day.' Other contemporary writers name the 22nd as the date of this memorable event. An equal amount of discrepancy will appear on comparing the accounts given by Clarendon, Burnet, Echard, and Wodrow of the condemnation and execution of Argyll.

On what day, at what time of the day, and by whom, the intelligence of Napoleon's escape from Elba was first communicated to the members of the Vienna Congress, are doubtful questions to this hour. The account, given or confirmed by Prince Metternich in a letter to Varnhagen von Ense, is, that the first intelligence was contained in a despatch from the Austrian Consul at Genoa, which he (the prince) received at six in the morning of the 7th of March, but did not open till nearly eight. After personally communicating it to the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, he requested the attendance of the Ministers Plenipotentiary who, he says, were ignorant of what had happened till he told them.

Villemain ('Souvenirs contemporains') states, on the authority of the Comte de Narbonne (then a member of the French embassy at Vienna), that the news arrived by a message from Sardinia on the evening of the 5th of March, during the representation of some *tableaux vivants* at the palace, at which the Comte was present.

Sir Walter Scott ('Life of Napoleon') says, that the announcement was made to the Congress on the 11th of March, by Talleyrand, and that general laughter was the first emotion that it caused. In 'Recollections by Rogers' (p. 208), we are told that the Duke said he had received the first intelligence from Lord Burghersh (afterwards Earl of Westmoreland) then minister at Florence; that the instant it came he communicated it to the members of the Congress, and that they all laughed—the Emperor of Russia most of all! Sir William Erle, who dined and slept at Strathfieldsaye when going the Western Circuit as judge, called the Duke's attention to this statement, and asked if he remembered the laugh. The reply, of which Sir William Erle has favoured the writer with a note, ran thus:

> '"Laugh! No: we did not laugh. We said, 'where will he go?' And Talleyrand said: 'I can't say where he will go; but I'll undertake to say where he'll not go, and that is to France.' Next day, when we met, the news had come that he had gone to France, and we laughed at Talleyrand. That's the only laugh I recollect." Then the Duke turned to another subject.'[1]

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[1] *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1860. Art. ix. by the same writer.

According to another version, accredited in the diplomatic world, Metternich is supposed to have said: '*Quel évènement!*' and Talleyrand to have answered: '*Non, ce n'est qu'une nouvelle.*' Talleyrand's reputed sagacity must have deserted him.

Again, the strangeness, or even absurdity, of an article of popular faith, is no ground for contemptuously rejecting it. 'What need you study for new subjects?' says the citizen to the speaker of the prologue in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle.' 'Why could you not be contented, as well as others, with the Legend of Whittington, or the Story of Queen Eleanor, or with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?' Why not indeed, when a learned antiquary, besides putting in a good word for Eleanor and the woolsacks, maintains, plausibly and pleasantly, the authenticity of the legend of Whittington and most especially the part relating to the cat?[1]

Amongst the least defensible of Mr. Buckle's paradoxes is his argument, that historical evidence has been impaired by writing and printing, and that unaided tradition is the safest channel for truth. He deduces this startling conclusion from equally strange premises; 1, the degradation of the bards or minstrels, the professional guardians and repositories of legendary lore, by depriving them of their occupation; 2, the permanent form given to floating error when embalmed in a book. But this is tantamount to assuming that a story is cleared of falsehood by being handed down orally from age to age, as the purification of Thames water is promoted by length of pipe; and Scott states, that the degradation of the bards had begun whilst they were still in high request. This is his justification for making the bard of Lorn falsify the adventure of the Brooch of Lorn to glorify his master; thereby incurring the dignified rebuke of Bruce:

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[1] *The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages, exemplified in the Story of Whittington and his Cat: being an Attempt to rescue that interesting Story from the Region of Fable, and to place it in its proper position in the legitimate History of the Country.* By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, M.A., Rector of Rodmarton, Gloucestershire, &c., &c. London and Gloucester, 1860.

'Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains
To praise the hand that pays thy pains;
Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their lord from Bruce's hold.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clench'd within their dying grasp.

'Enough of this, and, minstrel, hold
As minstrel-hire this chain of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.'

One of Bubb Doddington's maxims was: 'When you have made a good impression, go away.' To all who dislike the illusion-destroying process, we should say, 'When you have *got* a good impression, go away: but keep it for your own private delectation, and beware of generalising on it till it has undergone the ordeal of inquiry.' After all, the greatest sacrifice imposed upon us by critics and commentators like M. Fournier, is the *occasional* abandonment of an agreeable error, amply compensated by the habits of accuracy and impartiality which they enforce, without which there can be neither hope of improvement for the future nor confidence in the past. They have rather enhanced than depreciated the common stock of recorded or traditional wit, genius, virtue, and heroism; and if the course of treatment to which the reader is subjected sometimes resembles the sudden application of a shower-bath, his moral and intellectual system is similarly braced and invigorated by the shock.

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES: ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, AND CONTINENTAL NOBILITY.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR APRIL, 1860.)

Vicissitudes of Families and other Essays. By Sir BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms, author of the 'Peerage.' Third edition. London, 1859.

ALTHOUGH the primary moral inculcated by this book may be familiar enough, the incidental trains of thought and inquiry suggested by it are by no means equally trite, and we incline to rank them amongst the most curious and important it is well possible to pursue. When we read of the rise and fall of illustrious houses, of the elevation and extinction of historic names, of the different sources and varying fortunes of nobility, we are insensibly led on to speculate on the political, social, and moral uses of the institution, on the nature and tendency of blood and race, on the genuine meaning and philosophy of what is called birth, and on the comparative force of the distinction in the leading communities that have more or less adopted it. Is its influence increasing or on the wane? Is it a blessing or a curse to humanity? Should it be encouraged in old countries or discredited in new? Is it essential to constitutional monarchy? Is it incompatible with republican freedom? What have inherited honours and ancient lineage done for civilisation, for science and learning, for politeness and the fine arts? Or, admitting what can hardly be denied, that privileged classes have been eminently useful in certain stages of progress, has their vocation, like that of the monastic orders in the dark ages, passed away, become a dead letter, or grown absolutely mischievous, since the discovery of representative assemblies and a free press? When, again, is or has been the pride of ancestry carried furthest, and where does it rest on the most solid foundation as regards either purity of lineage, public services, or popular esteem?

Looking at the number of family histories recently printed,[1] we feel we are no longer called upon to de-

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[1] One of the most remarkable, a handsome quarto of 400 pages, is entitled *Stemmata Botevilliana: Memorials of the Families of de Boteville, Thynne, and Botfield. By Beriah Botfield.* London, 1860. In this work the founder of the noble family of Thynne is stated to be John de Boteville, or de Botefelet, who, *temp.* Edward IV., became popularly known successively as 'of the Inn,' 'th' Inn,' 'Thynn.' Another valuable contribution to this class of literature is: *A History of the Family of Fortescue, in all its branches. By Thomas (Fortescue) Lord Clermont. Printed for Private Distribution*: 1869.

Scotch family history has been enriched by *The Stirlings of Keir, and their Family Papers. By William Fraser* (not published): and *The Montgomeries Earls of Eglinton,* by the same learned and accurate writer.

The multiplication of family histories is not confined to the Old World. Pedigree-hunting has become quite a mania in the United States, where it would seem that the best English blood, as well as fend genealogical studies from the imputation of dulness, dryness, or barrenness. One thing, at least, may be confidently predicated concerning them. The sentiment, instinct, or prejudice on which they mainly rely, would seem to be implanted in mankind, and to be elicited and fostered instead of deadened by intellectual progress. We may trace its influence on the most thoughtful, self-relying, and comprehensive minds, including Bishop Watson, Franklin, Gibbon, and Burke. It is all very well to disclaim the 'avos, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,' or to repeat complacently the familiar couplet in which 'Howards' rhymes to 'cowards,' or to congratulate a millionaire, whether he relishes the compliment or not, on his being the architect of his own fortune. The odds are that he is already in treaty with the Heralds' College for a coat-of-arms, and looking about for proofs of his descent paternally or maternally from some extinct family in the class of gentry.

Nor should we be disposed to set down this tendency as altogether a sign of weakness or poverty of mind, when we find Byron prouder of his pedigree than of his poems, and the author of 'Waverley' risking absolute ruin in the hope of being the founder of a new line of lairds. Yet how tottering and precarious,

the purest English accent, has been preserved. As one instance amongst many, we may cite *The Brights of Suffolk, England: by J. Bright of Boston*—a royal octavo of 345 pages. The English branches are described as extinct, and the author tacitly repudiates any relationship with the most distinguished bearer of the name, whose opinions might have been expected to endear him to his *American cousins.*

in the great majority of instances, are these ideal edifices! how misplaced the ambition, how illusory the hope! Newstead has been in the market twice within living memory; and the Scotts of Abbotsford, in the true feudal acceptation of the term, exist no longer. Their fate is far from singular. Indeed, it is quite startling, on going over the beadroll of English worthies, to find how few are directly represented in the male line. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Raleigh, Sidney, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Bacon, Coke, Hale, Holt, Locke, Milton, Newton, Cromwell, Hampden, Blake, Marlborough, Peterborough, Nelson, Wolfe, Clarendon, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Pitt, Fox, are obvious instances, and the list might be indefinitely prolonged. As the most eminent have left no issue, the problem, how far female descent may be admitted to supply the failure of male, might safely be left unsolved. But much of what we are about to say would appear confused or unintelligible unless we came to a clear preliminary understanding as to the precise meaning of lineage, ancestry, and birth.

We submit, then, that the distinction itself—a purely conventional creation—cannot exist at all, except within assigned limits; because, like Shakspeare's circle in the water, it is precisely of that quality which 'too much spreading will disperse to nought.' It is recorded of Mary Lady Honeywood, that, at her decease in her ninety-third year, she had 367 lawful descendants then living, 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and 9 great-great-grandchildren. But to show how rapidly blood becomes diffused through females, we have simply to refer to the number of persons who undoubtedly partake of the blood royal. These are now counted by tens of thousands; and (according to Sir Bernard Burke) amongst the descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., who died without male issue, were a butcher and a toll-gatherer, namely, Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Green, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Amongst the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., was Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square, who christened his eldest son (we believe still living) Plantagenet.

A single mis-alliance, and the decline proceeds at a gallop. In 1637, the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, was found exercising the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire. If this scion of royalty had married and left children, he might have stocked the whole country with Plantagenets. Bernard, Duke of Norfolk, of Brooks's and Beefsteak Club celebrity, once resolved to give a dinner to all the descendants of Jockey of Norfolk, Richard III.'s friend, and directed his steward to trace them out and make preparations accordingly. When a list, still incomplete but exceeding six hundred, was laid before him, he gave up the project. All the genuine Howards are entitled to quarter the royal arms in right of their descent from Margaret de Mowbray (daughter of '*Jockey of Norfolk*'), who married Sir John Howard, fifth in descent from Sir William, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas (1297–1308), the founder of the family.[1]

When estates and dignities are inherited by or through females, and the paternal name is continued by assumption, the chasm is bridged over, and much of the prescriptive feeling popularly attached to an historic family is speedily won back. This is as it should be, assuming the essence of inherited nobility or gentry to consist in our progenitors having been long enough in the higher class to be under the influence of the maxim, *noblesse oblige*. Female descent will not break the chain of elevating associations when the property and social position are retained and transmitted by an heiress, whilst male descent will hardly preserve these unimpaired long after the estates are separated from the name and its bearers are blended with the crowd. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman,[2] we fear it will not take much more to unmake one; and the last Duchess of Douglas surely stretched a point when she frequently invited a London tailor, named Douglas, to dine with her, on the score of a distant connection with her house.

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[1] This topic is fully and ably treated by Mr. Charles Long, in his *Royal Descents: a Genealogical List of the several Persons entitled to quarter the arms of the Royal Houses of England*, published in 1854. 'The nature of mere Royal descents,' he remarks, 'is well known to dabblers in genealogy. When once you are enabled to place your client in a current of decent blood, you are certain to carry him up to some one of the great fountains of honour,—Edward the Third, Edward the First, or Henry the Third.' American genealogists assert that Washington was of the blood-royal of England. The descendants of the Kings of Scotland are equally numerous.

[2] 'At this time (*temp.* Ed. III.) there was a distinction of gentlemen of blood and gentlemen of coat-armour, and the third from him that had first coat-armour was to all intents and purposes held a gentleman of blood.'—*Gwillym.*

The Percys, who stand at the head of Sir Bernard Burke's examples of vicissitude, hold their heads quite as high, and are allowed their precedence almost as readily, as if they could trace a clear descent through males from the first Norman Percy. But the male line of the English branch became extinct as near its source as the reign of Henry II., when Agnes de Percy, daughter and heiress of William, the third lord, married Joceline of Louvain, son of the Duke of Lower Brabant, who assumed the name and arms of the Percys. No diminution of rank can have resulted from such an alliance; and from this renewal of the stock till the death of the eleventh earl in 1670, no succession of feudal nobles played a more conspicuous part or were more frequently mixed up in the troubles of the State. With their vast possessions and paramount influence in the North, it was hardly possible for the Earls of Northumberland to avoid taking a side in every intestine commotion or struggle for supremacy, political or religious; and what with capricious changes of creed by royal command at one time and jarring pretensions to the crown at another, they must have been singularly fortunate, or miraculously sagacious, if they had contrived to be always in the right or always on the winning side. After making all reasonable allowances, however, it must be owned that the Percys had a wonderful knack at getting into difficulty. They not only found rebellion when it lay in their way, but frequently went out of their way to find it, and the result was that, for one of their chiefs to die a natural death, was rather the exception than the rule.

The first earl was slain at Bramham Moor, his brother was beheaded, and his son, Hotspur, fell at Shrewsbury. The second earl was killed at St. Albans; the third at Towton; the fourth was murdered by a mob; the fifth died in his bed, but his second son was attainted and executed at Tyburn, and his eldest, the sixth earl, died of grief and mortification after earning the title of 'The Unthrifty' by the improvident waste of his inheritance. For some years after his death the succession was interrupted by the attainder of his brother, and a cloud obscured the fortunes of the family. They had to undergo the mortification of seeing the dukedom of Northumberland conferred on a Dudley; but he, too, getting attainted soon afterwards, the earldom was restored to the rightful heir, who, untaught by adversity, joined the rising of the North against Queen Elizabeth, and ended his life on the scaffold. He makes the seventh. The eighth was sent to the Tower for his exertions in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, and was shot or shot himself there. The ninth was fined 30,000*l.* and sentenced to imprisonment for life on a charge of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot.

The eleventh, the last male of the English branch, left an only daughter, whose career might match that of the most erratic or adventurous of her race. Before she was sixteen, she had been twice a widow and three times a wife. She was married at thirteen to the only son of the Duke of Newcastle, a lad of her own age, who died in a few months. Her second husband was Thynne of Longleat, 'Tom of Ten Thousand,'[1] but the marriage was never consummated, and the tie was abruptly severed by the bullet of an assassin, set on by the notorious Count Königsmark, who had been a suitor for her hand, and was desirous of another chance. She then married the proud Duke of Somerset, and probably made him a fitting mate, for when his second wife, a Finch, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, or, according to another version, seated herself on his knee, he exclaimed indignantly, 'My first duchess was a Percy, and she never thought of taking such a liberty.' One of the most remarkable incidents in her life was yet to come. It was she who (as already mentioned), by dint of tears and supplications, prevented Queen Anne from making Swift a bishop.

When the fortunes of the House of Avenel apparently all hang on Mary, and her marriage with Halbert Glendinning is at hand, the White Spirit looks with sorrow on her golden zone, now diminished to the fineness of a silken thread, and exclaims:

'The knot of fate at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fall'n is the lofty Avenel.'

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[1] So called from his being the reputed possessor of ten thousand a year. He had seduced a maid of honour, which, coupled with his incomplete marriage, gave rise to this epigram:

'Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would so have miscarried
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.'

The spirit or genius, if there be one, which watches over the fortunes of the Percys must have undergone a corresponding sense of depression when by the death of Algernon, the son and successor of the proud duke, without male issue, their honours again devolved on a female, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet of good family. His son is known to fame as having elicited the solitary *bon mot* attributed to George III. Disappointed at not getting the Garter, in addition to all the rest of the titles and honours commonly enjoyed by the head of his wife's family, he bitterly exclaimed that he was the first Duke of Northumberland that had ever been refused the Garter. 'Yes,' was the retort, 'and the first Smithson that ever asked for it.'

The main line of the Nevilles presents one of the most startling instances of vicissitude, when we contrast the position of the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker, in the zenith of his power, and that of his descendant, Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, in 1572. The last of the barons, as Lord Lytton terms Warwick, enjoyed yearly revenues estimated at 300,000*l.* of our money, and feasted daily 30,000 persons at the open tables of his castles. His descendant in the fourth degree was living in the Low Countries on a small pension allowed him by the King of Spain, and is mentioned by Lord Seton in a letter to Mary Queen of Scots, as having 'neither penny nor halfpenny. He remained in the same penniless state until his death, without male issue, in 1601.

The 'Doom of Buckingham,' the heading of one of

Sir Bernard Burke's sections, is well justified by the fatality which seems to haunt the possessors of the dukedom. It was first bestowed on Humphrey de Stafford, who, with his eldest son, fell in the wars of the Roses. His second son and successor in the title was the friend and victim of Richard III., in whose honour Cibber interpolated the famous line which has made the fortune of more than one provincial actor. The sad story of the third duke may also be read in Shakspeare. He had imprudently defied Wolsey, who found no difficulty in trumping up a charge of treason, upon which the duke was found guilty by his peers and beheaded on Tower Hill. When the Emperor Charles V. heard of his execution, he is reported to have exclaimed, 'A butcher's dog has killed the finest *buck* in England.' The ducal title became extinct by his attainder, and the revival of the barony proved only a transitory gleam, for the male line expired towards the middle of the seventeenth century with Roger Stafford, who during much of an unhappy life bore the name of Fludd or Floyde. His sister married a joiner, and was the mother of the Newport cobbler already mentioned as entitled to quarter the royal arms. The first Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, fell by the knife of Felton. The death-bed of the second has been immortalised by Pope, and the moral is little weakened by the assurance that instead of—

> 'In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
> The walls of plaster, and the floors of dung,'

we should read, 'in a well-furnished apartment of his *steward's house.*' Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, so created in 1703, reflected quite as much lustre on the title as he derived from it; but his race ended with his son, who died of a consumption at Rome before attaining his majority.

We willingly drop a veil over the contemporary annals of this fated dukedom. They form a chapter of family history which, considering how very little of it is accurately known, has been more than sufficiently discussed. We shall only say that whatever is known redounds to the honour of the present bearer of the title. But whilst mourning over the dismantlement of Stowe and the irremediable dispersion of its varied treasures, we are irresistibly reminded of Canons, and are tempted to ask whether the star of Buckingham has not been rendered more lurid instead of brighter by its junction with that of Chandos—

> 'At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
> Where all cry out, What sums are thrown away!'

Although Pope tried hard to evade the responsibility, his satire was undoubtedly levelled at the Duke of Chandos, who impoverished himself and his heirs by laying out 200,000*l*. on a villa which they were obliged to pull down.

The Cromwells have risen as high and fallen as low as any family recorded in history. Dugdale says that Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the 'mauler of monasteries,' as Fuller calls him, was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and had served under the Duke of Bourbon at the sacking of Rome. Having no children, he adopted and enriched a nephew, Sir Richard Williams, who took the name and became the progenitor of the race. There are five intermediate links between him and the Protector, on whose career it is superfluous to expatiate. The rapid degradation of the entire family, in all its branches, is the phenomenon which invites attention. The Protector had four sons and four daughters. Two of his sons survived him: Richard, who succeeded to the protectorate, and Henry, Lord Deputy of Ireland. Richard, whose reign lasted not quite eight months, resided abroad for the next twenty years, and is commonly believed to have assumed the name of Clarke on his return. This is hardly reconcilable with a story told by Miss Hawkins, on Lord Hardwicke's authority, of the ex-Protector's appearance in the Court of Chancery in 1705.

'The counsel made very free and unhandsome use of his (Richard Cromwell's) name, which, offending the good feelings of the Chancellor (Cowper), who knew he must be in court, and, at that time, a very old man, he looked round and said, "Is Mr. Cromwell in Court?" On his being pointed out in the crowd, he very benignly said, "Mr. Cromwell, I fear you are very inconveniently placed where you are; pray, come and take a seat on the bench by me." Of course, no more hard speeches were uttered against him. Bulstrode Whitelocke, then at the bar, said to Mr. Yorke, "This day so many years, I saw my father carry the Great Seal before that man at Westminster Hall."'

He died in 1712, leaving two daughters and no male issue. Henry, the ex-Lord Deputy, resided, till his death in 1673, at his estate of Spinney Abbey, in *Cambridge*shire. He left five sons and one daughter.

All the sons died without issue, except one, who, after losing or spending all his property, wrote thus to Lady Fauconberg, his aunt: 'Our family is low, and some are willing it should be kept so; yet I know we are a far ancienter family than many others. Sir Oliver Cromwell's, my grandfather's, uncle's, and godfather's estate that was, is now let for above 50,000*l.* a year.' His son Thomas carried on the business of a grocer on Snow Hill, and died in 1748, leaving an only son, Oliver, solicitor and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, who succeeded, as devisee of two female cousins, to an estate at Theobald's, Herts, which had been granted by Charles II. to General Monk. He died in 1821, leaving one daughter, married to Mr. Russell of Cheshunt Park.

'With this Oliver Cromwell, the attorney and the son of the grocer,' says Sir Bernard Burke, 'the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired.' Yet the pedigree, as set forth in the 'Dictionary of the Landed Gentry,' by the same learned author, reads like that of an ordinary country gentleman, and the grocer figures as an esquire. We strongly suspect that a good many of the pedigrees preserved in such repositories, which look fair enough on the face of them, would be found, on close inspection, to have been similarly interrupted or defaced by mechanic pursuits or misalliances. Amongst the Protector's descendants through females, we read of a basket-maker in Cork, the lineal descendant of Ireton: of one great-granddaughter married to a shoemaker: of a second to a butcher's son, who had been her fellow-servant; and of a great-grandson's son and daughter earning their livelihood as a working jeweller and schoolmistress.

Upon the sarcophagus of the last Hampden is inscribed, 'John Hampden, twenty-fourth hereditary lord of Great Hampden.' The dignity of the family is proved by a tradition that, during a visit with which Edward III. and the Black Prince honoured the contemporary lord, a tilting or fencing match led to a quarrel: that the prince received a blow in the face: that the royal party left the house in high dudgeon, and that they took satisfaction for the alleged insult by seizing some of their host's manors. It does not sound likely that, if the pink of chivalry had been intentionally insulted, he would have demanded or accepted damages; but it would appear, from the old rhyme, that something of the sort had occurred:

'Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe
Hampden did foregoe,
For striking of a blow,
And glad he did escape so.'

A brilliant historian has drawn a vivid picture of the degradation to which this family was reduced in the person of one of its last representatives, and sad indeed is the contrast between the character and position of the opponent of shipmoney and that of the grandson in 1695, when he committed suicide.[1]

Few have travelled along the valley of the Tyne without remarking the remains of Prudhoe Castle, now the property of the Percys, and giving a name to one of their dignities. This anciently belonged to the Umfravilles, having been granted, with the surrounding lands, by the Conqueror to their ancestor, Robert with the Beard, to be held by the proud service of defending that part of the realm from wolves and the King's enemies, with the sword which the King wore at his side when he entered Northumberland and which he bestowed on the said Robert. This family declined from its high estate at no very distant period from its source, but it only became extinct in the male line within living memory. Its last representative but one kept a chandler's shop at Newcastle, and, falling into difficulties, accepted the office of keeper of St. Nicholas' Workhouse in the same city, where he died, leaving a widow, with a son and daughter, in absolute destitution. The Duke of Northumberland allowed the widow a pension, and procured a midshipman's appointment for the son, who obtained the rank of captain, but died without issue.

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[1] See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 36; vol. iv. p. 618.

On one side of the same valley, near Hexham, may be seen, on a well-wooded height, the ruined castle of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, whose lands were confiscated in 1716; and exactly opposite are the domains of Beaufront, the ancestral seat of the Erringtons. On the eve of the rising of 1716, the owner of Beaufront and the Earl met by appointment in the road which separates their estates, with the view of proceeding together to the place of meeting, when Errington, turning round to take a farewell look at his mansion, was so struck by its air of comfort, that he could not make up his mind to risk the loss of it, and, after vainly trying to imbue his friend with the same train of feeling, quietly returned home with his retainers. The greater part of the Ratcliffe estates were granted by the Crown to Greenwich Hospital. The representation of the family in the male line has been claimed for Mr. Radclyffe, of Fox Denton Hall, Lancashire; in the female, by a lady who has become notorious by the assertion of her alleged rights. The Erringtons of Beaufront are no more: the last descendants being two brothers, one of whom was a witness to the marriage of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The larger part of their Northumbrian estates was devised to the second son of the late Sir Thomas Stanley, who assumed the name of Errington, and dying without male issue was succeeded by his brother, now Sir John Stanley Errington. The old house and grounds were sold to a Newcastle merchant, who built the imposing structure that now stands upon the site.

'The heir of the ancient and illustrious house of De Courcy,' says Dr. W. Jenks, of the United States, 'was discovered in a hardy seaman sailing nearly a century ago out of the harbour of our own Newport; and, in my own time, the legitimate owner of the immense estates of the Grosvenors in a poor farmer of New York. The latter never inherited. The descendant of the former now possesses the family title and estates.'

It is confidently stated in a recent publication, that the lineal representative of Simon de Montfort was a saddler in Tooley Street, and that the representative of the earldom of Mar was once discovered in a coal-pit; *that very* earldom of which Lord Hailes says that its origin is lost in its antiquity. A very near race for the earldom of Crawford might have been run by a hodman. Hugh Miller, who began life as a stonemason, and worked with him, has often heard him addressed, 'John, Yerl Crawford, bring us another hod.'[1] The father of the late Earl of Glengall was a baker's boy when his future honours first dawned upon him. The restoration of the earldom of Huntingdon, in the person of a captain of the Navy, is less surprising, although Lord Macaulay speaks of it as having 'been regained by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.' One of the most curious circumstances connected with it was the indifference of the rightful heir, who is said to have been provoked into the assertion of his claim by the insulting refusal of a nobleman to give him satisfaction as an equal.

The Hastings of Daylesford claim to be the main line; and though the family had been broken up and scattered, and the hereditary domains sold, the hope of its revival was fondly cherished by its most distinguished member, under circumstances which might well have deadened all aspirations of the sort. Lord Beaconsfield, describing the characteristic longing of the British adventurer in the East exclaims: 'Seated on an elephant, he dreams of Quarter Sessions.' Presiding at the Council Board, or proceeding in solemn state to confer with Rajahs, Warren Hastings was dreaming of a ruined old house in Worcestershire.

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[1] *Self Help: with Illustrations of Character and Conduct.* By Samuel Smiles, author of *The Life of George Stephenson.* London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1859.—p. 133.

'The darling wish of his heart,' says Lord Macaulay, 'had always been to regain Daylesford. At length, in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished, and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords.'

The most eloquent lamentation over the decay of ancient families was pronounced on the judgment-seat. In the year 1626 the death of Henry de Vere, Earl of Oxford, gave rise to a contest for the earldom, between Robert de Vere, claiming as heir male of the body of Aubrey de Vere, and Lord Willoughby of Eresby, claiming as heir-general of the last Earl. Chief Justice Crewe spoke thus:

> 'This great and weighty cause, incomparable to any other that hath happened at any time, requires great deliberation, and solid and mature judgment, to determine it; and I wish that all the Judges of England had heard it (being a fit case for all), to the end we all together might have given our humble advice to your lordships herein. Here is represented to your lordships *certamen honoris*, and, as I may well say, *illustris honoris*, illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm, and a learned, say, when he lived there was no king in Christendom had such a subject as Oxford. He came in with the Conqueror, Earl of Gwynes; shortly after the Conquest made Great Chamberlain of England, above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, brother to Rufus; by Maud, the Empress, Earl of Oxford; confirmed and approved by Henry II. *Alberico comiti*, so Earl before. This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other *kingdom* can produce such a peer in one and the self-same

name and title. I find in all this length of time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy and tempestuous times when the government was unsettled and the kingdom in competition. I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or a twine-thread to uphold it. And yet Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum,* an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God!'—*Jones's Rep.*, 101.

The decision was in favour of the male heir. On the death of his son in 1702, without issue, the line became extinct.

It has been said that the three noblest names in Europe are (or were) the De Veres of England, the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and the Montmorencys of France: and, without going quite the length of the Chief Justice's enthusiasm, we should have supposed, with him, 'there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness,' but would be anxious for the continuance of either of them, especially if it were rightfully his own. Yet it is an undoubted fact that, conspicuous amongst the English or Norman settlers in Ireland who, becoming *Hibernis Hiberniores*, adopted the names as well as the dress and habits of the Irish septs whom they dispossessed, were the Veres or De Veres of Ulster, who became M'Sweenies, and the Geraldines or Fitzgeralds of Dromana, on the Blackwater, who called themselves McShenies.[1] From documents quoted in Chalmers' 'Caledonia,' it appears that the name Vere, or Weir, was not uncommon amongst the Norman settlers in Scotland in the twelfth century. The male line of 'Oxford's famed De Vere,' however, is confessedly extinct; and, although a gallant attempt has been made to restore the patronymic, we fear that generations must pass away before the prescriptive and time-hallowed associations will return to it.[2]

The family of Drummond is conspicuous amongst those which have undergone the most trying reverses without losing any portion of their vitality or self-restoring power; and fortunately it has found an annalist in one who, both from inclination and capacity, was best qualified to do it justice. It occupies a prominent place in Mr. Henry Drummond's 'History of Noble British Families,' which, even in its unfinished state, forms an epoch in that branch of literature which it enriches and adorns.

The Drummond pedigree commences with a scion of the royal house of Hungary (said to descend from Attila), named Maurice, who commanded the ship in which Edgar Atheling and his sisters were conveyed to

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[1] See Spenser's *State of Ireland.*

[2] In 1832, Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt obtained the Royal licence to drop the name of Hunt, and became Sir Aubrey de Vere, on the strength of his descent from the daughter of John de Vere (second son of an Earl of Oxford) who died in 1539.

Hungary. One of these, Margaret, was afterwards married to Malcolm Cean-Mohr (great head), King of Scotland, who endowed Maurice with the lands of Drymen or Drummond, in Dumbartonshire. The alliances and acquired dignities of the family are in keeping with this descent. Besides intermarrying with the Spanish Bourbons, the Bruces, the Stewarts, and other royal or princely houses, it has given a queen to Scotland, and figured in every grade of the peerage as well as in almost every high order of knighthood. Its partial eclipse dates from the Revolution of 1688, when its chief adhered to the fallen dynasty, without taking the precaution, common in Scotland, of having a leading member on the other side; and an attainder was the result. Their British peerages became legally extinct, and were ill-compensated by the St. Germains' honours lavished on that councillor of the banished king whom Lord Macaulay has exerted his unrivalled powers to stigmatise.[1]

The crisis, which proved so disastrous in one way, was eminently favourable to them in another. Andrew Dummond, who settled in London soon after the Union with Scotland, having a turn for business and a character for integrity, was entrusted with the management of the pecuniary affairs of many of the exiled Jacobites, and at length his consignments and investments increased to such an extent, that he was induced to send for two of his nephews to assist him. This was the origin of the celebrated establishment of Drummond and Co., of Charing Cross, who, before the close of the last century, had been appointed bankers to the Hanoverian sovereign of these realms. Three or four fresh stocks of Drummonds have already sprung from it. The social connections of the partners are on a par with the commercial; and they will probably derive more lustre directly or indirectly from its wealth and credit than from any revival of titles. Whether the original Andrew, with all his shrewdness, would have thought so, may be questioned; for Mr. H. Drummond tells us that it was his pride in his latter years to insist on the essential difference between a banker and a gentleman whose necessities obliged him to keep a banking-house. Just so, M. Jourdain's father, far from being a draper, merely kept a stock of cloth which he exchanged for money to suit the convenience of his friends.

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[1] Mr. H. Drummond states that, on the death of James, Louis XIV. engrafted into the nobility of France all on whom titles had been conferred at St. Germains by James. The earldom of Perth was restored by the reversal of the attainder in 1849.

The position of the Drummond family naturally raises the question, how far the pursuit of commerce is a derogation from nobility. In Spain and Germany it would be so considered; but no loss of caste could have been entailed by commerce in Venice or Genoa. In Britanny, prior to the Revolution, a noble about to engage in trade might formally suspend his nobility by delivering up his sword; and, the circumstances being duly registered, resume it, on retiring from business, with his pristine rank and privileges unimpaired.[1] It was understood that, when the head of the banking-house of Smith and Co. was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Carington, his retirement from the bank was made a condition precedent by Mr. Pitt at the express desire of George III., who had German notions about rank. Lord Ashburton had withdrawn from his firm before his admission to the Upper House: Lord Overstone was distinctly informed that his elevation did not depend on his secession; and there never was a period in England when merchant was otherwise than an honourable designation. 'Our most respectable families,' says Gibbon, 'have not disdained the counting-house, or even the shop; their names are enrolled in the Livery and Companies of London; and in England, as well as in the Italian commonwealths, heralds have been compelled to declare that gentility is not degraded by the exercise of trade.'

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[1] The ceremony is described in *The Sentimental Journey*, by *Sterne*, who witnessed it at Rennes.

It is hardly necessary to repeat that several English peerages of no mean antiquity were founded by merchants or traders; but we suspect that Mr. Smiles has been hurried by his favourite topic into a little unconscious exaggeration when recapitulating them:

> 'The great bulk of our peerage is comparatively modern, so far as the titles go; but it is not the less noble that it has been recruited to so large an extent from the ranks of honourable industry. In olden times, the wealth and commerce of London, conducted as it was by energetic and enterprising men, was a prolific source of peerages. Thus, the earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper;

and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the Kingmaker," but from William Greville, the woolstapler; whilst the modern Dukes of Northumberland find their head not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary.[1] The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; whilst the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer, and Coventry were mercers. The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the dukedom of Leeds, was apprentice to William Hewet, a rich clothworker on London Bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning, by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill, and Carington.'—*Self-Help*, pp. 133–4.

Any line of life which leads to wealth and honours will always attract recruits of promise from all ranks; and indications are not wanting that, long before the profession of arms had ceased to arrogate precedence, youths of gentle birth were occasionally bred up to trade. Thus (in the 'Fortunes of Nigel') Scott describes Tunstall, one of George Heriot's apprentices, as the last hope of an ancient race; and Rashleigh Osbaldiston (in 'Rob Roy'), with all his pride of birth, willingly consents to take his cousin's place in the counting-house. Sir Dudley North, the Turkey merchant, was a peer's son. Sir William Capel, founder of the Essex earldom, was the younger son of the son of a knight.

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[1] Sir Hugh Smithson, who married the heiress of the Percys, was fifth in descent from the first baronet, created in 1660.

According to Mr. Foss, the author of 'The Grandeur of the Law,' a diligent and scrupulous antiquary, between seventy and eighty peerages, including the premier dukedom, have been founded by the legal profession; and when Thurlow was twitted by the Duke of Grafton with the recent date of his peerage, he replied:—

> 'The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to me.'

In the olden time, a forensic career afforded no presumption whatever of a plebeian origin. So exclusive was the Bar, that there exists an ordinance, countersigned by Bacon, closing its portals, the Inns of Court, against all but gentlemen entitled to coat armour. It must not therefore be hastily inferred that every family sprung from law or commerce had a mean beginning, any more than that every pedigree which can be carried back to the Conquest began with a gentleman. If we may believe Thierry or the authorities collected by him, William's army was principally composed of the lowest and most disreputable adventurers of a lawless age, the very scum of the population of central Europe, brought together by the hope of plunder. Numbers, we learn, who landed as footboys or camp followers, decked themselves out in the spoils of the dead or vanquished, passed muster as knights or esquires, and received grants accordingly:

'The cowherds of Normandy and the weavers of Flanders, with a little courage and good luck, speedily became great men in England, illustrious barons; and their names, vile or obscure on one coast of the Channel, were noble and glorious on the other. "Would you know," thus runs an old French record, "the names of the great men who came over with the Conqueror William? These are their sirnames as they are found written, but without their Christian names, which are often wanting or changed: they are Mandeville, and Dandeville, Omfreville and Domfreville, Bonteville and Estonteville, Mohun and Bohun, Biset and Basset, Malin and Malvoisin." All the names that follow are similarly ranged, so as to aid the memory by the rhyme and alliteration. Many lists of the same kind, and disposed with the same art, have been preserved to our days; they were discovered inscribed on large pages of vellum in the archives of churches, and decorated with the title of "Livre des Conquérants."

'In one of these lists, the names are ranged in groups of three: Bastard, Brassard, Baynard; Bigot, Bagot, Talbot; Toret, Rivet, Bonet; Lucy, Lacy, Percy, &c. Another catalogue of the conquerors of England, long preserved in the treasury of Battle Abbey, contained names of a singularly mean and odd aspect, like Bonvilain and Boutevilain, Trousselot and Troussebout, l'Engagne and Longue-Epée, L'Oeil-de-Bœuf and Front-de-Bœuf. Finally, many authentic documents designate as Norman knights in England, a Gillaume le charretier, a Hughes le tailleur, a Guillaume le mbour; and amongst the sirnames of this chivalry collected a all corners of Gaul figure a great number of simple names of towns and countries: Saint Quentin, Saint Maur, Saint Denis, Saint Malo, Tournai, Verdun, Fismes, Chaloner, Chaunes, Etampes, Rochefort, La Rochelle, Cahors, Champagne, Gascogne. Such were they who carried to England the titles of noble and gentleman, and planted them there by force for them and their descendants.'[1]

Two lists are printed in Holinshed, one 'as we find them written in the Chronicles of Normandy by one William Tailleur,' which contains about 170 names, and is confessedly incomplete; the other 'transcribed from the roll of Battle Abbey,' containing above 600 names. The smaller list purports to include only men of rank, who are almost invariably designated by a territorial title, as earl or seigneur. The Battle Abbey roll gives merely the surname, without distinction of rank, or even the prefix of *de*, which throws considerable doubt on its antiquity, considering that surnames were not fixed for a full century after the event. Allowing for variations in spelling, a great many of those mentioned in the roll are still common in England, but it is to be hoped that persons who lay claim to them will not act like members of the ducal family who have changed their historic name of Seymour for St. Maur; this being unluckily one of the instances cited by Thierry to discredit the gentility of the conquerors. Misled possibly by so imposing an example, an Irish barrister, hight Mullins, not long since appeared amongst his friends as Desmoulins. Dr. Warren of Boston maintains that most of the Warrens on both sides of the Atlantic are de Warrennes. The Pooles of Devonshire suddenly became De la Poles, but thought better of it, and became simple Pooles again. The late Serjeant Bumpas might have been excused for reverting to Bonpas; but the constant endeavour to elevate Smith into Smyth or Smythe, has an awkward alliance to Jonathan Wild's uncertainty whether his name should not be spelt Wyld.

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[1] 'Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, &c.,' vol. ii. pp. 34–36. Hume says, that 'they (the English nobles) had the mortification of seeing their estates and manors possessed by Normans of the meanest birth and lowest stations.'—'History of England,' ch. iv.

If this fashion should spread, the Drummonds may choose amongst fifteen varieties of spelling; the Bruces amongst sixty; the Percivals amongst five or six; the Evelyns amongst a round dozen. The Cecils will or may become Sytsilts:[1] the Bruces,—Brahusses, Braos, Bruis, Brus, or Brewse: the Howards,—Herewards, Hawards, or Hogwards: the Russells,—du Rosels; the Montgomerys, Mumdegrumbies:[2] the Campbells, Campo Bellos: the Stirlings of Keir, Stryvelings: and the characteristic controversy between Home and Hume must be revived. Although the name was always pronounced Hume in Scotland, and was alternatively written Hume, Heaume, or Hoome, in old documents, John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' vehemently contended for the

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[1] 'The name, like all others of similar antiquity, has been variously written, Sitsilt, Seisel, Cyssel, and Cecil; but their descent from Robert Sitsilt, who, in 1091, the fourth year of the reign of William Rufus, was coadjutor to Robert Fitz-Haman in his conquest of Glamorganshire, seems never to have been questioned by the most scrupulous antiquary.'—(*Jacob.*)

[2] Collins states that Robert de Mumdegrumbie was the founder *of the Eglinton* Family.

o, whilst David Hume, who belonged to the Ninewell branch of the same family, was wont to irritate his cousin by jocularly insisting on the *u*. On one occasion he proposed to decide by a cast of the dice which should adopt the other's mode of spelling; 'Nay,' says John, 'this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed, Mr. Philosopher; for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name.'

Mr. Lane's ingenious attempt to restore the orthography of the oriental names in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' has been received with little favour by the majority of English readers, who find their earliest and most cherished impressions confused and broken when they stumble upon Jinns and Wezéers, or meet their old acquaintances Aladdin and Sindbad the Sailor under the uncouth aliases of Ala-ed-deen and Es-Sindibad of the Sea. How will they feel when English History is subjected to the same process? A century hence they may be sorely puzzled by the reply of Sir Edward Seymour to King William, when asked whether he was of the Duke of Somerset's family: 'No, Sir, the Duke of Somerset is of mine.' Five or six centuries of proved nobility are enough, in all conscience, to satisfy the pride of any race; and a great deal less may suffice when popular homage has been attracted to a name by its frequent occurrence in a country's annals in connection with valour, genius, patriotism, or statesmanship. The splendour of the illustrious house of Russell will not be perceptibly diminished by our discarding Mr. Wiffen's laboured theory of its rise, and accepting as its founder one John Russell, constable of Corfe Castle in 1221 who, according to Dugdale, 'gave fifty marks to the king for license to marry the sister of Doun Bardolff, a great man in those days.' Shakespeare has done more for the Talbots, Stanleys, Cliffords, Nevilles, Greys, Blounts, and Vernons than the Heralds' College; whilst 'the gentle Surrey' and Howard of Effingham may save the premier Duke the trouble of tracing his paternal descent beyond the Chief Justice.

In illustration of the difficulty in tracing descents up to the Conquest, Mr. Drummond says: 'Baudrey le Fenton, a near relation by marriage of the Conqueror, and, therefore, no mean man, had six sons, not one of whom was called by his father's surname, *if indeed he had one*, and no two are called by the same surname. . . . As to armorial bearings, either none were worn, or they were changed continually, or else they were taken irrespectively of relationship, as was seen in the case of the Beauchamps: four of them, although near relations, had armorial bearings totally dissimilar one from the other.' The first Earl of Pembroke, being a Welshman, had no surname, and adopted that of Herbert, which was the Christian name of an ancestor in the fourth or fifth degree.

Armorial bearings first grew into general use among the greater nobles during the Crusades, but that they remained unfixed for more than two centuries is proved by the famous Scrope and Grosvenor case, tried before the High Court of Chivalry and apparently exceeding even the Tichborne Case in length. It lasted from August 17, 1385, to May 27, 1390, and not less than four hundred witnesses were examined, including Owen

Glendower, Hotspur, Geoffrey Chaucer, and John of Gaunt. The examination of the author of the 'Canterbury Tales,' as duly set down, ran thus:

> 'What say you, Geoffrey Chaucer? does the coat, "Azure a bend or," belong of right to Sir Richard le Scrope?
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> 'Yes,' replies Chaucer. 'I saw him so armed in France, before the town of Retters; and I saw Sir Henry Scrope armed with the same arms, with a white label, and with banner; and I further depose that the said Sir Richard was armed in the entire arms during the whole expedition, until I myself was taken.'
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> 'Being asked how he knew that the arms appertained to Sir Richard, he replied:—"That he had heard old knights and esquires say that they had had continual possession of the said arms; and that he had seen them displayed on banners, glass, paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope." Being further pressed as to whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, he said:—"No; but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and, walking through the street, he observed a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and inquired, 'What inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope?' and one answered him, saying, 'They are not hung out, sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms; but they are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;' and that was the first time that he had ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor."'

Although the evidence on many points was contradictory, a plausible claim founded on user was established by each of the competitors, and the decision was that the precise coat of arms in dispute, azure a *bend or*, belonged to Scrope, but that the same arms within a plain *bordure argent* should be borne by Grosvenor, who forthwith appealed to the King. The appeal was heard with becoming solemnity in the great chamber of Parliament, within the royal palace of Westminster, but the royal decree confirmed the decision of the Court of Chivalry.

'Treason, sacrilege, and proscription,' says Gibbon, 'are often the best titles of ancient nobility.' In the course of a debate, in 1621, turning on some alleged exercise of the royal prerogative in feudal times, the first Lord Spencer was thus roughly rebuked by the Earl of Arundel: 'My lord, my lord, when these things were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep.' 'When my ancestors were keeping sheep,' retorted the new peer, 'yours were plotting treason.' As the descent of the Spencers, or Le Despensers, is of more than average antiquity, the reproach was evidently levelled at their tame unenterprising mode of life; and the retort is singularly pointless, for a wealthy and influential family must have been lamentably unproductive of men of spirit and energy if it lasted out the Wars of the Roses without plotting or executing what one faction or the other would denounce and punish as treason. We read with indignation of the country squire who was seen by Charles I. (on the march to Edgehill) hunting near Banbury;[1] and there is small ground for self-complacency in a long line of progenitors, when the unbroken succession is owing to dulness or pusillanimity. Indeed nothing has tended to elevate a family above its compeers so much as any sort of exploit, adventure, or even notable mishap, performed or sustained by an ancestor, whether in strict accordance with modern morality or not. The Armstrongs, with the genuine border feeling, are proud of the numbers of their name that have been hanged. When Mr. Popham christened his horse (the winner of the Derby) 'Wild Darell,' he invited attention to the manner in which his ancestor, the Chief Justice, is said to have obtained Littlecott. If he wants to go a little further back, he may quote—

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[1] The story is told of an ancestor of the Shuckburgh family, *who afterwards* distinguished himself as a Cavalier.

'Popham, Horner, and Thynne,
When the monks popped out, they popped in.'

Or the Horners may rely on the nursery rhyme, in which 'little Jack Horner' puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum, *i.e.* a grant of fat abbey lands.[1] When the nuns of Wilton imploringly asked the Earl of Pembroke what was to become of them, he exclaimed, 'Go spin, you jades, go spin.' The Herberts do not need so modern an illustration, and may be content to drop it, unless indeed the late Lord Herbert's laudable patronage of needlewomen was intended as an atonement for his progenitor's hardheartedness to the sex.

The Burdetts shine out as of knightly distinction in the reign of Edward IV., by aid of the Sir Robert who was executed for conspiring the death of that monarch; although we do not place implicit reliance on Lord Campbell's statement that his sole offence lay in his saying, when his favourite white buck was killed by Edward: 'I wish the buck, horns and all, in the King's belly.'

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[1] The better accredited story is that John Horner was entrusted by the last Abbot of Glastonbury with a sum of money intended as a bribe to the Royal Commissioners, and concealed in a pie; the contents of which he appropriated to his own use. The Abbot was Abbot Whiting, who was hanged on Glastonbury Tor, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, that the abbey would flourish until a fish was seen to fly or float upon the Tor.

The *Agincourt* on the shield of the Wodehouses speaks trumpet-tongued: and the Fulfords of Great Fulford, should their share in the Crusades be questioned, may produce the written capitulation by which, after a gallant defence, they surrendered their house to Fairfax. The Ashburnhams claim to be lineally descended from the Ashburnham, or Eshburnham, high sheriff of Sussex and Surrey in 1066, to whom Harold wrote to assemble the *posse comitatûs*; and Fuller (writing in 1662), states that the original missive was 'lately' in the possession of the family.

The crest of the Cheneys, a bull's scalp, is said to have been won by Sir John Cheney, at Bosworth field, in a hand-to-hand encounter with Richard, who felled him to the ground by a blow which laid the upper part of his head bare. Though stunned by his fall, Sir John recovered after a while, and seeing an ox's hide near him, he cut off the scalp and horns to supply the place of the upper part of his helmet, and in this singular headgear performed miracles of valour. He was certainly created a Baron and a Knight of the Garter for his services at Bosworth, and it is said that the bull's scalp was also assigned him as a crest.

The crest of the Dudleys, of Clopton, was a woman's head helmeted, hair dishevelled, and throat-latch loose, proper. The story, as set down in writing by the parson of the parish in 1390, ran that the father of Agnes Hotot, a great heiress who married the Dudley of the day, having a dispute with one Ringsdale about an estate, it was agreed that they should meet on the debateable land and settle the title by single combat. Hotot, on the day appointed, was laid up with the gout, and the heiress, rather than the land should be lost, donned his armour and encountered Ringsdale, whom she unhorsed. On being declared the victor, she loosed her throat-latch, raised her helmet, and let down her hair about her shoulders, thus proclaiming her sex.

The crest of the Hamiltons is a tree with a saw through it, and their motto *Through.* The explanation is that Sir John Hamilton, grandson of the third Earl of Leicester, having killed John de Spencer, one of Edward II.'s courtiers, was obliged to fly for his life. When on the point of being overtaken, he and his attendant changed clothes with two woodcutters, and were in the act of sawing through a tree when their pursuers came up. To steady his attendant, who was looking round in a manner to excite suspicion, Sir John called out, *Through.* The descent of this family from the Earls of Leicester is apocryphal, and Debrett makes it begin with a Gilbert de Hameldun, whose name occurs in the Chartulary of Paisley, 1272.

The crest of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, a child in an eagle's nest, is traced to an incident in the Lathom family, from whom they acquired Knowsley. Dugdale's story is, that Sir Thomas de Lathom, being without legitimate male issue, placed his illegitimate son in an eagle's nest in his park, and persuaded his wife to join with him in adopting it as an heir providentially bestowed upon them. The device of the Leslies, 'Grip Fast,' was granted by Margaret, Queen of Scotland (wife of Malcolm Cean Mohr), who, in crossing a flooded river, was thrown from her horse, and in imminent danger of being drowned, when Bartholomew Leslie seized her girdle and drew her to the bank. The crest of the Davenports, of Cheshire, is 'a man's head couped below the shoulders in profile, hair brown, a halter about his neck, proper.' Mr. Lower's explanation is that one of them, having been taken prisoner in the Wars of the Roses, was spared on condition that he and his posterity would adopt this badge of humiliation.[1] It is not the kind of stipulation that would be held binding on heirs, and in Ormerod's 'History of Cheshire,' the crest is said to have been assumed by one Vivian de Davenport, on being made Grand Serjeant, or principal thief-taker, of the hundred of Macclesfield, in the thirteenth century.

Speaking of Richard de Percival, a follower of Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Drummond tells us:—

> 'It is said that, having lost a leg in an engagement in Palestine, he continued notwithstanding on horseback till he lost his arm also; and then that he still remained some time in his seat, holding the bridle with his teeth, till he fell from loss of blood and perished, in 1191. As much of the story

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[1] 'The Curiosities of Heraldry, with Illustrations from Old English Writers.' By Mark Anthony Lower. London, J. R. Smith, 1845, sect. 9. This amusing and instructive writer has collected various other instances of the same kind. See also Burke's 'Anec*dotes of* the Aristocracy,' vol. ii. p. 22.

as relates to his valour is confirmed by an account written by the King's secretary, Iscanus; and a man in armour, without a leg, was an ancient badge of the family, and was on many windows of their house at Weston.'

If we accept this, it would be unjust to doubt M. De Lamartine's account of the heroism of one of the French generals at Waterloo: 'General Lesourd, having received six sabre wounds, dismounts from his horse whilst his dragoons are rallying for a fresh charge, has his arm amputated and the blood stanched, remounts his horse, and charges with them.'[1]

The 'Luck of Edenhall'[2] carries the Musgroves back into the olden time, although the story of the cup or chalice having been taken from the fairies, may 'live no longer in the faith of reason.' Many incredible legends may prove equally serviceable in the same way. Lady Morgan laid down that a Banshee was indispensable to a genuine old Irish family, and a haunted room has always been a coveted evidence of distinction in a mansion. Neither are we prepared to dispute the traditions which carry back some families of the yeomanry, or even peasantry, to periods of remote or indefinite antiquity. A Brighton pastrycook (named Mutton) is said to hold land in Sussex which has been in the name and family since Henry I.; and the lineal representative of the woodman who assisted in conveying William Rufus to the nearest cottage still resides upon the spot. The family of Macnab, the blacksmith, the alleged possessors of the Ossianic manuscripts, were believed to have practised their craft in the same house for four hundred years. Dr. Franklin says that his ancestors 'lived in the same village, Ecton, in Northamptonshire, on a freehold of about thirty acres, for at least three hundred years, and how much longer could not be ascertained.' The Webbers have occupied the Halberton Court farm (near Tiverton) as renting farmers, for more than 200 years.

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[1] 'Histoire de la Restauration,' book xxv.

[2] According to the legend, the fairies who left the glass, flew away singing:—

'If this glass shall break or fall
Farewell the luck of Edenhall!'

There are instances in which it is impossible to reject tradition without rejecting the sole or best evidence of which the subject admits. But when family pride appeals to popular credulity, we may be pardoned for withholding an immediate or unhesitating assent, even at the bidding of Mr. Drummond, when he urges that it is not enough to be sceptical: that the sceptic must furnish some other heraldic fable and 'lucky fiction,' more probable than the story which has been received by the wisdom of our ancestors. 'If Robert de Yvery was not the said Eudo Britagne, let it be shown who the man was, who had power sufficient to wage successful war against the Count de Breteuil, take him prisoner, hang him up in the middle of winter in his shirt till it froze to his back, and compel him to give his daughter to his enemy in marriage.'

We demur altogether to this argument. We cannot consent to put up with presumptions and conjectures simply because the absence of direct proof can be *satisfactorily accounted* for; and although disposed to concur with Mr. Drummond in much of his argument against the Dryasdusts, we must decline his proffered guarantee for the bards—

> 'The bards,' he urges, 'did indeed exaggerate the exploits and feats which their heroes performed, but they did not invent pure lies; in the language of poetry, they might call a strong man whom their hero had killed, a giant, or a bear, or a lion; but they would not have done so if their hero had stayed at home and killed nobody. The bards, minstrels, harpers, pipers of the nobles were their genealogists, and their tales were far more interesting and instructive than a folio of *Rotuli Hundredorum* or the *Testa de Neville.*'

It was the bard's or minstrel's duty to keep his patrons in good humour, and when an infusion of fable would not answer the purpose, he certainly did invent pure lies; as in 'The Brooch of Lorn,' when the bard coolly gives his master credit for a trophy notoriously won—

'Long after Lorn had left the strife,
Content to 'scape with limb and life.'

Bruce, the most interested and best informed listener, quietly remarks—

'Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains.'[1]

If the bards, minstrels, or pipers are to be accepted as authorities, most Highland chiefs descend from aboriginal princes as naturally as the heroes of mythological antiquity descended from gods or demi-gods;

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[1] The credit due to bards and traditions is discussed in the Essay on 'Pearls and Mock Pearls of History:' *ante*, p. 182.

and their progenitors must have been contemporaries of the kings whose portraits adorn, or deface, the walls of Holyrood; the first of whom, Fergus, ascended the Scottish throne, if there was one, just six years after the death of Alexander the Great. When Sir Walter Scott gives up a legend or a genealogy, we may be pretty sure that it will not hold water; and he states that Kenneth, the twenty-ninth in descent from Fergus, was the first who possessed territory enough to constitute a kingdom. Unluckily the very traditions of the Highlanders are rendered valueless by their discrepancy, for there is scarcely a clan whose allegiance, like that of the M'Ivors, is not divided between rival pretenders to the chieftainship. The last of the Glengarrys who retained any of the family estates laid claim to the chieftainship of the Clan Macdonald in a letter addressed to the second Lord Macdonald, who laconically replied, 'Till you prove you are my chief, I am yours, —Macdonald.'

Sir Walter thus justifies a well-known peculiarity of his countrymen:—

> 'The family pride which is often among the Scotch found descending to those who are in such humble situations as to render it ridiculous, has perhaps more of worldly prudence in it than might at first be expected. A Clifford or a Percy, reduced in circumstances, feels a claim of long descent unsuitable to his condition, unavailing to assist his views in life, and ridiculous as contrasted with them. He therefore wishes and endeavours to forget pretensions which his son or grandson altogether loses sight of. On the contrary, the system of entails in Scotland, their extent, and their perpetual endurance, naturally recommend a Home or a Douglas

to preserve an account of his genealogy, in case of some event occurring which may render him heir of tailzie to a good estate. A certain number of calculable chances would have made the author of "Douglas" the Earl of Home.'

Notwithstanding the preservative tendency of both law and custom, the chieftainship and wide domains of many of the great Scotch houses have been carried out of the male line by females, and they are one and all exposed to the same difficulty as the English when they try to get beyond the crucial period of the twelfth century. Chalmers, in his 'Caledonia,' roundly asserts that all the principal Scotch families south of the Forth were founded by Norman, Fleming, or Saxon settlers, more than a century later than the Conquest.

The Duke of Sutherland inherits from the Duchess Countess. The Duke of Buccleuch's paternal ancestor was the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The Duke of Richmond is similarly descended from Charles II. Lord Douglas is by male descent a Stewart: The Duke of Hamilton, a Douglas. The royal race of Bruce, made royal by the marriage of King Robert's grandfather with the daughter of David Earl of Huntingdon, is extinct. The Bruces, Earls of Elgin and Marquises of Aylesbury, with some minor branches, are descended from Sir Robert de Bruce, to whom David II. granted the castle and manor of Clackmannan as *dilecto et fideli consanguineo nostro*, in 1359. Whether he was an illegitimate son of King Robert or a distant relative, is unknown. Tradition carries the Grahams up to Greame, a general of Fergus II., in 404; but the first authentically known was William de Graham, whose name appears as a witness to a royal charter in 1128. He was probably a man of note; and at all events seven or eight centuries of nobility may suffice for the descendants of the great Marquis. The founder of the Campbells was Gillespie, who married the heiress of the ancient lairds of Lochow some time in the eleventh century. Sir Colin, called More or the Great, from whom the title of McCallum More is derived, was knighted in 1280.

The genealogical claims of three of the most distinguished Scotch families are incidentally advanced in the dialogue between the Earl of Morton and the Regent Murray, in 'The Monastery:'

> 'This is but idle talking,' answered Lord Murray. 'In times like these we must look to men, and not to pedigrees. Hay was but a rustic before the battle of Lancarty; the bloody yoke actually dragged the plough ere it was blazoned on a crest by the herald. Times of action turn princes into peasants, and boors into barons. All families have sprung from one mean man; and it is well if they have never degenerated from his virtue who raised them first from obscurity.'
>
> 'My Lord of Murray will please to except the house of Douglas,' said Morton haughtily; 'men have seen it in the tree, but never in the sapling; have seen it in the stream, but never in the fountain. In the earliest of our Scottish annals, the Black Douglas was powerful and distinguished as now.'
>
> 'I bend to the honours of the house of Douglas,' said Murray, somewhat ironically; 'I am conscious we of the royal house have little right to compete with them in dignity. What, though we have worn crowns and carried sceptres for a few generations, if our genealogy moves no further back than the humble *Alanus Dapifer*?'

The boast placed in the mouth of Morton was suggested by Godcroft, the historian of the Douglas family, who had said: 'We do not know them in the fountain: not in the root, but in the stem: for we know not which is the mean man that did rise above the vulgar.' Chalmers thinks he has discovered this mean man in one Theobald, the Fleming, to whom Arnold, Abbot of Kelso, granted certain lands on Douglas Water, between 1147 and 1160. Sir Walter Scott is at issue with Chalmers on this point, but leaves unchallenged another statement of Chalmers, that the first Douglas distinguished in Scottish history was James of Douglas, who was killed on his way to the Holy Land with the heart of Bruce.

Instead of limiting the descent of the Stewarts, Chalmers has carried it farther back, by showing that Alanus Dapifer (Allan Stewart) was the grandson of a man of mark, who obtained the Castle of Oswestry, in Shropshire, from the Conqueror. In his reference to Hay, Lord Murray adopts the tradition that when the Scots were hard pressed in the battle of Lancarty (fought against the Danes in the tenth century) the tide of battle was turned by a husbandman and his two sons, armed only with the yokes or coulters of their ploughs: that as he lay wounded and gasping on the field, he exclaimed, '*Hay! Hay!*' and that he was rewarded by as much land as a falcon would cover in a flight

There are three noble families of the name: Tweedale, Errol, and Kinnoul; two of whom (Errol and Kinnoul) clearly recognise the tradition by their crests, mottoes, and supporters; but the best genealogists discredit it, and are content to carry all three up to a Norman settler in the twelfth century, named De la Haya or De la Haye. The name first occurs in the Norman shape, which it retained in the days of Robert Bruce.[1]

Macduff was an historical character, and the claims of the Earls of Fife and Wemyss to be descended from him, are tolerably well authenticated; but the witches' prophecy to Banquo, 'Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none,' was not verified by events. 'Early authorities show no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled farther from Macbeth than across the flat scene, according to the stage directions. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart.' Instead of being a usurper, Macbeth was a legitimate claimant of the throne: instead of being the victim of a midnight and treacherous murder, Duncan was slain in fair fight at a place called Bothgowan, near Elgin, in 1039: instead of being a tyrant, Macbeth was a firm, just, and equitable ruler: instead of being killed at Dunsinane, he fell, two years after his defeat there, at Lumphanan. 'The genius of Shakespeare having found the tale of Macbeth in "The Scottish Chronicles" of Holinshed, adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is by a near investigation discovered to be of no worth or estimation.'[1]

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[1] 'Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?'
Lord of the Isles.

Amongst the most striking examples of vicissitude in North Britain may be cited the transfer of Isla from Campbell of that ilk to Mr. Morrison, and the devolution of the estates of five or six ancient families on the Bairds of Garthsherrie Ironworks, whose aggrandisement will not be the less remarkable should they succeed in establishing their descent from the former lairds or barons of that name, their more immediate progenitors having been small farmers. Amongst the families which they have, so to speak, swallowed up, is one which has recently gained a European notoriety, that of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, whose crest was a sword dropping blood, and their motto, 'I mak sicher.' Roger Kirkpatrick met Robert Bruce hurrying from the church in which he had stabbed Comyn. 'I doubt,' said Bruce, 'that I have slain him.' 'Do you doubt?' exclaimed Kirkpatrick; 'I'll mak sicher' (make sure); and entering the sanctuary he gave Comyn the *coup-de-grâce* on the very steps of the altar. Hence the motto and the crest. The mother of Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, was a Kirkpatrick, and when her marriage with the son of a Spanish grandee of the first class was on the carpet, she was required to establish her pedigree. This was done, and it would seem rather overdone, by the aid of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, for when the document prepared by him was submitted to Ferdinand VII., his Majesty cried out, 'Oh, by all means let the young Montijo marry the daughter of Fingal.'

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[1] Sir Walter Scott's 'History of Scotland' (in Lardner's 'Encyclopædia'), chap. ii.

If we were required to specify the country in which, at every epoch of its annals, the fortunes and social condition of persons and families have undergone the most startling reverses, we should unhesitatingly name Ireland. The frequency and wholesale character of the confiscations to which this devoted land has been subjected, are without a parallel in history, and each renewed sentence of forfeiture has involved the degradation or extinguishment of names and races embalmed by tradition or famous in song. To say nothing of English or Norman appropriations under Strongbow, enormous tracts in the South were made over to English adventurers by Elizabeth or her lieutenants: eight hundred thousand acres in the North, comprising nearly all Ulster, were seized at one fell swoop by James; and Cromwell, not content with reducing the Irish contemners of his authority into hewers of wood and drawers of water, compelled whole septs to drop their patronymics and adopt English surnames. Thus O'Neen became Green; O'Duoin, Dunn; O'Cahan, Keene or Cane; De la Poer, Power; M'Shalley, Foley; O'Tuohy, Otway; M'Laghlen, Macklin; O'Sionach, Fox.

We have already mentioned two remarkable changes in an opposite direction, originating in the desire of English settlers to be thoroughly Hibernicised; and from the same motive the FitzUrsulas became Macmahons, and the De St. Aubyn's, Dobbyn or Tobyn. The conversion of De Burgh into Bourke or Burke may *have been brought* about by a common and easy process; yet it was in the capacity of an Irish chieftain treating with the Crown, and under the title of 'Captain of the country of De Burgh,' that the first Earl of Clanricarde condescended to accept a peerage in 1543. A large district in Kilkenny, still known as 'Graces' Country,' was held by the Le Gros, *temp.* Henry II.; and the Walls, who were 'sold up' under the Encumbered Estates Court in 1854, are descended from a follower of Strongbow, named Du Val. This court will probably do more for the mixture of races, and the separation of ancient descent from property, than Elizabeth, James, or Cromwell, and its records are already replete with touching appeals to sympathy and rich materials for romance. When through its instrumentality the vast estates of the Martins of Galway were transferred to the Law Life Assurance Society, no one can well doubt that the grand object of modern legislation—the greatest good of the greatest number—was promoted by the decree. Yet, in defiance of utilitarians and their philosophy, memory recalls the time when 'Humanity Dick'[1] boasted to George IV. that the approach from his gatehouse to his hall-door was thirty miles in length; and the softened fancy follows his granddaughter, the Princess of Connemara, to the seaport across the Atlantic, where she died poor, an exile, and the last of her race.

The systematic depression of the native Irish is evident from the paucity of old Irish names in the peerage, which at present only contains five—O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Grady, O'Hagan, and O'Callaghan; although Sir Bernard Burke thinks that, of the five or six royal families which once divided the island, all, excepting the O'Laughlins, may be carried down to some existing representative. The lineal descendant of the O'Neills, kings of Ireland for six hundred years, is mentioned by Sir Bernard Burke as reduced to the humble lot of a discharged pensioner of the Crown, occupying a room in a small shop in an obscure street (Cook Street, Dublin) where his eldest son carried on the trade of a coffinmaker. The last of the Maguires, princes of Fermanagh, was slain in a skirmish with a royal party under Sir William St. Leger, Vice-President of Munster, in 1600. A few years since a legacy was left to his legal representative, if any, and so many claimants came forward from among the peasantry that the attempt to carry out the bequest was abandoned in despair.

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[1] So called from his 'Bill to Prevent Cruelty to Animals.' He once consulted a member of the bar (the writer's cousin) whether *bulls*, not being specially named, were included in 'other animals:' it having been decided that an Act naming deans, rectors, vicars, curates, and 'other clergy, did not include bishops.

The great Norman families who shared in the first invasion of Ireland have proved less perishable, in proportion to their numbers, than those who took part in the conquest of England. The Fitzgeralds, the Butlers, the Talbots of Malahide, the St. Lawrences, the De Burghs, the Brabazons, and the Fitzmaurices, are lineally descended from the powerful barons who founded their respective houses in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Michael Conrad de Courcy, Lord Kingsale (thirtieth Baron), Premier Baron of Ireland, is the lineal representative of Sir John de Courcy, created Earl of Ulster in 1181, who, for a timely display of valour and strength as champion for King John, was rewarded by a grant to him and his successors of the privilege of remaining covered in the King's presence. Almericus, the twenty-third Baron, having exercised this privilege soon after the arrival of William III., that monarch angrily inquired the meaning of the freedom, and on its being proudly explained to him, remarked, 'Your lordship may put on your hat before *me*, if you choose, but I hope you will take it off before the Queen.'[1]

The most powerful of the Anglo-Norman settlers were the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers. At one period the Butlers had no less than eight peerages, held by separate members of their house; and the time has been when the Fitzgeralds, with one root in the centre and another in the south, were described as overshadowing half the land with their branches. The history of the Earls of Kildare has been given to the world under the most favourable circumstances and in an eminently attractive shape.[2] We trust that similar justice will be done by the same or an equally accomplished pen to the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Desmond, whose lives are crowded with romantic incidents: as when the sixth earl was dispossessed by his uncle for marrying a beautiful damsel of low degree; or when the Great Earl, lying bound and wounded across the shoulders of his captors, followers of Ormond, was tauntingly asked, 'Where is the mighty Desmond now?' and replied, 'Where he should be—on the necks of the Butlers!' A little later, we find the last recognised bearer of the title, after possessing estates computed to yield him forty thousand gold pieces of annual revenue, risking and losing all in a hopeless rebellion, and perishing in a hovel.

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[1] Lord Forester enjoys the same privilege under a grant to an ancestor from Henry the Eighth.

[2] 'The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors from 1037 to 1773.' By the Marquis of Kildare. Third Edition. Dublin, 1858.

A large share of his spoils was secured by 'the great Earl of Cork' (ancestor of the present earl), whose career, as detailed in his autobiography, is an instructive example of the manner in which Irish property has changed hands. On his first arrival in Dublin in June, 1588, he says, 'All my wealth was 27*l.* 3*s.* in money, a diamond ring, a bracelet of gold, a taffety doublet, a pair of black velvet breeches laced, a new Milan fustian suit laced, and cut upon taffety, two cloaks, competent linen and necessaries, with my rapier and dagger. Just before the Munster rebellion broke out, complaint was made by the Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, and other formidable accusers, that "I came over a young man without any estate or fortune; that I had made so many purchases as it was not possible to do it without some foreign prince's purse to supply me with money; that I had acquired divers castles and abbies upon the seaside fit to receive and entertain Spaniards, &c., &c."'

The greatest of his subsequent acquisitions was in December, 1602, when 'he (the Lord President of Munster) propounded unto me the purchase of all *Sir Walter* Rawleigh's lands in Munster, which, by his assistance, and the mediation of Sir Robert Cecil, was perfected, and this was a third addition and rise to my estates.' The purchase-money was 1500*l.* Lismore Castle and its dependencies, now the property of the Dukes of Devonshire, and valued at more than 30,000*l.* a year, formed part of the purchase. Carved in stone, and still legible on the shield over the gate-house, is the earl's motto, 'God's Providence is our inheritance;' though, judging from his conduct, he might have been expected to make his selection between '*Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera;*' or, 'Put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.' In 1641, two years before his death, he computes his revenue, 'besides houses, demesnes, parks, and other royalties,' at 50*l.* a day.

The beautiful valley of the Dargle, including the domains and pleasure-grounds of Powerscourt, Charleville, and Tinnehinch (the favourite abode of Grattan), in the county of Wicklow, formed part of the O'Toole country, which was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Marshal Wingfield, the ancestor of the Viscounts Powerscourt. When he was about to take his leave, after thanking her Majesty for this munificent donation, she inquired if there was anything more she could do to gratify him. 'Yes,' was the adroit reply; 'if your Majesty would graciously add the scarf which you have on, I should prize it more than all the honours and lands you have bestowed.' She took it off and gave it him. In an old portrait at Powerscourt, he is painted wearing it as a shoulder-belt; and the identical scarf was suspended over the picture, till a maiden aunt of the late viscount cut it up to cover screens or footstools; nor, strange to say, could she ever be made to understand that she had done wrong.

The first of the Irish Beresfords figures, about 1611, in the capacity of manager of the corporation of Londoners, known by the name of 'The Society of the New Plantation in Ulster.' Their best blood is derived from the marriage of Sir Marcus Beresford, in 1717, with the heiress of the Le Poers, Earls of Tyrone. The Irish possessions of the Courtenays were accumulated by Sir William Courtenay, one of the 'undertakers' of 1585, whom the family records piously denominate 'the Great.'[1] Sir Valentine Browne, the ancestor of the Earls of Kenmare, was an 'undertaker' at the same epoch, and made an equally good thing of it: although his grandson petitioned the Crown for a reduction of the reserved rent of 113*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, on the ground that the lands lay in 'the most barren and remote parts of Kerry,' namely, in and about the Killarney district, the whole of which belongs to Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert of Mucross.

The exorbitant pretensions of the Welsh to ancient birth are ill sustained by proofs; and the lack of written records, or even of plausible traditions, has frequently compelled their genealogists to resort to mere fable when they try to carry a pedigree back beyond the sixteenth century. That of the Mostyns of Mostyn, preserved amongst their archives for more than three hundred years, is inscribed on illuminated parchment, and measures more than seventy feet long by about a foot broad. It begins with Noah, and after passing through most of the princely houses mentioned in the Old Testament, is made to flow through sundry royal and imperial channels, till it reaches Edward III., where it stops; so that it would fit any family claiming descent from the Plantagenets. Equally superfluous was it for Sir Bernard Burke to track the Tudors through the dark, unwritten periods of Welsh history, by way of prefatory ornament to the genealogy of a distinguished man of letters, whose position, acquired and hereditary, needed no adventitious aid. If Lord Lytton's ancestor married a genuine Tudor, we can dispense with her descent from Welsh princes with unpronounceable names in the sixth century.[1]

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[1] If Fielding had been well read in genealogical history, the frequent occurrence of this term might have given a hint for an additional touch or two to the character of Jonathan Wild the *Great.*

'Ancient lineage!' said Mr. Millbank; 'I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of this country are to be found among the peasantry: the gentry, too, may lay some claim to old blood. I can point you out Saxon families in this county who can trace their pedigrees beyond the Conquest; I know of some Norman gentlemen whose fathers undoubtedly came over with the Conqueror. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no; the thirty years of the wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen. I take it, after the battle of Tewkesbury, a Norman baron was almost as rare a being in England as a wolf is now.'

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[1] See Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage,'—title, Lytton. Strange to say, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, who had thrown over three or four hundred years of early Roman history without compunction, grew positively angry on my telling him that the pedigree of the Lewises of Harpton Court could not be carried higher than the sixteenth century.

'I have always understood,' said Coningsby, 'that our peerage was the finest in Europe.'

'From themselves,' said Millbank, 'and the heralds they pay to paint their carriages. But I go to facts. When Henry VII. called his first Parliament, there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found, and even some of them took their seats illegally, for they had been attainted. Of these twenty-nine not five remain; and they, as the Howards, for instance, are not Norman nobility. We owe the English peerage to three sources: the spoliation of the Church; the open and flagrant sale of its honours by the elder Stuarts; and the borough-mongering of our own times. These are the three main sources of the existing peerage of England, and in my opinion disgraceful ones.'

Bentham and his disciples were also wont to take for granted that the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom are a mushroom race as compared with the Continental nobility, and to complain that, if the people were to be over-ridden or kept down by blood, they might reasonably insist upon the best. If this be their main grievance, they may take comfort, for the British empire is rather above than below the average of European communities in this respect; and the alleged superiority of the Continental aristocracies vanishes or diminishes apace when we apply to them the same critical tests to which we habitually subject our own. It is a matter of indifference to us whether we adopt or throw aside tradition. In either case we are a match for them. But the contest must be carried on with equal arms; and we shall not feel called on to admit that the Talleyrands descend from the Comtes de Périgord, or the Chateaubriands from the sovereign princes of Auvergne, unless it be simultaneously conceded that the Nevilles descend from Weltheof, Earl of Northumberland, in 969, and the Drummonds from Attila. A Chalmers or a Nicholas would make wild work with the *pièces justificatives* of a French, German, or Spanish genealogist; and Gibbon excepts no nation when he says:

> 'The proudest families are content to lose, in the darkness of the middle ages, the tree of their pedigree, which, however deep and lofty, must ultimately rise from a plebeian root; and their historians must descend ten centuries below the Christian era before they can ascertain any lineal succession by the evidence of surnames, of arms, and of authentic records.'

This passage occurs in his 'Digression on the Family of Courtenay,' appended to Chapter LI. of his History; and of this family, which has filled an imperial throne and intermarried with royal houses, 'the primitive record (he states) is a passage of the continuation of Armoin, a monk of Fleury, who wrote in the twelfth century.' As to the English branch, 'it is certain at least that Henry II. distinguished in his camps and councils *a* Reginald of the name and arms, and it may be fairly presumed of the genuine race, of the Courtenays of France.'

The ducal family of Levis, in France, boasted that they were descended from the princes of Judah, and were wont to produce a very old painting representing one of their ancestors bowing, hat in hand, to the

Virgin, who says, '*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.*' The house of Croy possessed a pendant to it, depicting Noah with one foot in the Ark, exclaiming: '*Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croy.*' The head of another French house is reported to have said in answer to a threatening remonstrance from his spiritual adviser, '*Le bon Dieu n'aura jamais le cœur de damner un Clermont-Tonnerre.*'

The pretensions of the Montmorencys are well known. But there being no proof of the existence of a Seigneur de Montmorency before the middle of the tenth century, the descent of this family from the first Christian baron is untenable, if intelligible: whether they contend that their ancestor was the first Christian who was made a baron, or the first baron who became a Christian. The most plausible interpretation is, that he was the first known baron or seigneur *de la Chrétienté*—that is, of a district so called. The analogous title of Dean of Christianity was not uncommon in the Church. The title of first Baron of France is explained to mean of the Isle of France, where the township from which the Montmorencys derive their name is situate.[1]

Sir Bernard Burke states that the direct male line of the Montmorencys ended in Henri, Duc de Montmorency, Marshal of France, who was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632.[2] Who then are the Montmorencys of whom we have since heard so often and so much? Who was the Duc de Montmorency mentioned in the Almanach de Gotha as having died in 1862? Who was Mathieu de Montmorency, the friend of Madame Recamier and Madame de Stäel?

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[1] 'L'Art de Vérifier les Dates,' &c. vol. ii. p. 643.

[2] 'The Rise of Great Families, Other Essays and Stories.' London, 1873. A book, like all by the same author, full of curious and interesting matter.

The pride of a French noble is to descend from one of the petty sovereigns,—dukes, counts, or princes who once divided and distracted the kingdom. The Ducs de Gramont retained their regal rights in Bidache and Barnache till 1789. The illustration most coveted is a crusading ancestor; and in the 'Annuaire de la Noblesse' there is a fair sprinkling of names to which this distinction is attached.[1] But the editor states that of the seventy-four crusaders who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon in 1096, and whose shields may be seen at Versailles, only two, Montmorency and d'Aubusson, are represented in the male line.

'Of all the families now extant,' wrote Gibbon, 'the most ancient doubtless, and the most illustrious, is the house of France, which has occupied the same throne above one thousand years, and descends in a clear and lineal descent of males from the middle of the ninth century.' What an example of vicissitude it presents, and what alternations of fortune may be yet in store for it! The want of a peerage blending imperceptibly with the people, and carrying weight by inherited wealth and public services as well as by birth, was one main cause of its fall, and will prove, we fear, the grand obstacle to its durable restoration: for if our neighbours have been annually getting farther from liberty, they have certainly done their best to supply or find compensation in equality. In the meantime personal vanity finds its gratification in an assumption of names and titles, which makes confusion worse confounded whenever an attempt is made to test the accuracy of the 'Annuaire Nobiliaire,' or to compute how many historic families still survive out of the two hundred to which, according to Madame de Stäel, they were reduced before the revolutionary hurricane swept over them. In her 'Considerations on the French Revolution,' she says:—

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[1] See 'Annuaire de la Noblesse de France;' publié par M. Borel d'Hauterive. 'Histoire Généalogique et Héraldique des Pairs de France,' &c., &c.; par M. le Chevalier de Courcelles. Paris, 1822–1833; 12 vols. quarto. 'Histoire Généalogique,' &c., &c.; par J. P. Anselm; third edition; 9 vols. folio. Paris, 1726. More than 600 volumes, relating to the French nobility, were destroyed in 1792.

> 'The nation would willingly have submitted to the pre-eminence of the historic families, and I do not exaggerate in affirming that there are not more than two hundred in France. But the hundred thousand nobles and the hundred thousand priests who wished to enjoy privileges on a footing of equality with those of MM. de Montmorenci, de Gramont, de Crillon, &c., disgusted generally.'

The depreciated sort of nobility to which she alludes was acquired either by letters of nobility or by holding certain offices, like secrétaire du roi, which were constantly for sale. Twenty-five years of nobility qualified for the Chamber of Nobles.

The order of nobility was revived by Napoleon in 1808, but he appears to have limited his new creations to the titles of duke, count, and baron. We have discovered no marquises or viscounts amongst his new nobles. The hereditary quality of the peerage was destroyed in 1831, and titular nobility was again proscribed in 1848. It has revived with the Empire, and the existing law of France recognises and protects a property in names and arms. A section of the 'Annuaire' is devoted to the *Jurisprudence Nobiliaire* of the year; and amongst the reported cases for 1859 are a suit by the Duc de Montbazon to prohibit the unauthorised assumption of the titles of the house of Rohan, and one by the Countess de Chateaurenard and her two sons to compel the suppression of the passages in a family history published by the Vicomte de Valori, in which he disputed their title to their name. The decision was, that the passages should be suppressed, and that the judgment of the court should be inserted in seven journals at the expense of the author.

Another numerous class of cases has arisen from a practice which may be illustrated by what happened to the Marquis de St. Cyr during the Reign of Terror. On his giving in his name and title to the Secretary of the Section, the following dialogue ensued:—*Sec.* 'Marquis de St. Cyr? Il n'y a plus de Marquis.' *Marq.* 'Bien—de St. Cyr.' *Sec.* 'Il n'y a plus de *de*.' *Marq.* 'St. Cyr, donc.' *Sec.* 'Il n'y a plus de Saints.' *Marq.* 'Allons—mettez Cyr tout court.' *Sec.* 'Citoyen, il n'y a plus de Cyrs (Sires); nous avons décapité le tyran.' Many who were not so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their names were compelled to drop a portion of them. Thus M. Prouveur de Pont, born in 1794, having been baptized without the de Pont from prudential motives, was formally authorised to resume it by a decree of the civil tribunal of Metz in 1859. It is only very recently that this branch of jurisprudence has been in active operation; and it remains to be seen whether it can be strictly applied in a country where it has been from time immemorial the custom to change names. 'Replace,' exclaims the editor of the 'Annuaire,' 'the names of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, and d'Alembert, by those of Arouet, Caron, and Lerond, would you have done more than create a mischievous and melancholy confusion?' Sundry manors, or '*terres*,' used to fetch a high price on account of the euphonic titles that passed with them.

If the principal Roman nobles could establish their pretended descent from the patricians of the Republic, they might boast the best genealogies in the world. But speaking of them as a class in the fourteenth century, Gibbon says:—

> 'In origin and affection they were aliens to their country; and a genuine Roman, could such have been produced, might have renounced these haughty strangers, who disdained the appellation of citizens, and proudly styled themselves the princes of Rome. After a dark series of revolutions, all records of pedigree were lost; the distinction of surnames was abolished; the blood of the nations was mingled in a thousand channels; and the Goths and Lombards, the Greeks and Franks, the Germans and Normans, had obtained the fairest possessions by royal bounty, or the prerogative of valour.'

The chief authority for this statement is Muratori; and Petrarch, apostrophizing the Roman people in his celebrated letter to Rienzi, exclaims, 'Your masters are foreign adventurers. Examine well their origin. You will find that the valley of Spoleto, the Rhine, the Rhone, and some corner of the earth ignobler still, has bestowed them on you.' The Ursini, or Orsini, were said to have migrated from Spoleto in the twelfth century; and the Colonnas, whose first historical appearance was in 1104, admitted that they came from the banks of the Rhine, which their flatterers endeavoured to reconcile with an alleged Roman origin by the hypothesis that a cousin of Nero, who escaped from the city and founded Mayence, was their progenitor. In the Colonna Gallery at Rome is a picture of the Resurrection, in which the most distinguished members of the family, male and female, are represented rising from their coffins assisted by angels, and occupying the exclusive attention of the two first Persons of the Trinity.

The claim of the Massimi to descend from Fabius Maximus rests solely on the name; and the Annibaldi, we agree with Gibbon, 'must have been very ignorant, or very modest, if they had not descended from the Carthaginian hero.' So must the Giustiniani, if they had not descended from Justinian. With equal plausibility, the pedigree of the English de Veres began with Lucius Verus: there is a family in Prussian Poland, named Scipio, who are traditionally carried up to Scipio Africanus; and a Welsh family, named Williams, claim Anchises for an ancestor. 'In the year of our Lord 390 (says Jacob) we find Caius Actius residing in the old Castle of Este, in the dukedom of Venice, in Italy; from whom, *with the utmost historical certainty*, we arrive at our present gracious Sovereign, without the least interruption in the succession.' He adds that

Caius Actius was descended from a Roman patrician who was a contemporary of Tarquin.

The Venetian nobles, all of whom were inscribed in the Golden Book, were of four classes, and of very unequal rank—the lowest being the descendants of those who had purchased their nobility. The highest—*Gli Elettorali*—were the descendants of the twelve persons by whom the first Doge was elected in 697 A.D., and of the four who, in conjunction with the representatives of these twelve, signed an instrument for the foundation of the Abbey of San Georgio Maggiore in 800. The twelve are sometimes spoken of as the Twelve Apostles, and the four as the Four Evangelists. The twelve were Badonari, Barozzi, Contarini, Dandoli, Falieri, Gradenighi, Memmi otherwise Monegari, Michielli, Morosini, Polani, Sanudi otherwise Candiani, Thiepoli. The four were Bembi, Bragadini, Cornari, Giustiniani. Six other families have been admitted without cavil to the first class: Delfini, Querini, Sagredi, Soranzi, Zeni, Zeniani.[1]

Only two of these are mentioned by Count Litta; the Candiani, who became extinct in the eleventh century, and the Giustiniani, the last of whom died in

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[1] 'Sketches of Venetian History.' Murray's Family Library, ch. v. Disputes about precedence, which might disunite the privileged order, were discountenanced by the State. One of the Da Ponti family, in a dispute with a Canale, having boasted that the Ponti (bridges) were above the Canali (canals), it was retorted that the Canali existed before the Ponti. The Council of Ten stopped the controversy by suggesting that *they* could fill up the canals and knock down the bridges. There is a Venetian family of distinction named Coglioni with armorial bearings corresponding with the name.

1784. From his notices of the Strozz and Medici, the greatest of the Florentine houses, it would appear that branches of them exist still. There is a branch of the Medici at Naples, and two of the Strozzi are or recently were in the Austrian service. The Strozzi, who claimed to descend from a Roman proconsul, were not known before the middle of the thirteenth century, and the founder of the Medici was elected gonfaloniere in 1295, when the nobles were excluded from the magistracy. This fact rather favours that theory of their origin which is based on the name and the balls in their shield. The Alighieri became extinct in 1558. The immortal poet who gave lustre to the family was thoroughly persuaded of his descent from one of the ancient Roman families which at the fall of the Empire took refuge in Florence; but the name first occurs in 1019. The families of Ariosto and Bentivoglio, both of Bologna and both of respectable antiquity, are also extinct. The Pepoli are represented by the poet and patriot, lately resident in England. The Duke de Sforza is married to an Englishwoman, whose story is recorded in Burke's 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' The father of the first Duke of Milan, of this family, was, towards the end of the fourteenth century, a soldier of fortune, who had begun life as a peasant. When asked to join a band of free-lances, he flung his axe (Burke says 'spade,') into a tree, and said he would enlist, if it did not come down again. The axe stuck fast, and his military career began.

Count Litta's magnificent work (*Famiglie Celebri Italiane*) consists already of eleven folio volumes, and he has omitted many families who are entitled to a place in it. He seldom errs on the side of credulity; but he troubles himself very little about ancient pedigrees, and commonly allows the merit of antiquity to a family, provided its name occurs in the early annals of a State. By a parity of reasoning, we could carry back hundreds of English families to the Conquest; and the O'Neills or O'Briens would rival or transcend the best names that figure in the Golden Book of Venice. This must be kept in mind in estimating the pretensions of the Spanish nobles, who, with the exception of a few grandees of the first class, would be a good deal puzzled if required to prove their pedigrees step by step, without a single intervention of the bar sinister, or (what they dread still more) without the slightest taint of African, Indian, or Jewish blood. The genuine blue blood, which should be unmixed Gothic and of indefinite antiquity, is rarely to be found except in the mountainous districts to which the Iberian population retired before the invading Moors. The Biscayans are the Welsh of the Spanish peninsula, and their pedigrees strongly resemble that of Cumberland's hero, John de Lancaster, who made nothing of an odd century or two before the Christian era.

There was a period when the Spanish Jews enjoyed a large amount of political and social influence, and many an impoverished Hidalgo, yielding to the united force of power and wealth, was not sorry to form an alliance with the objects of his ill-suppressed hate. Blanco White says that so many of these mixed marriages are set down in a manuscript work, widely circulated, as fully to justify its ominous title of 'The Brand of Spain.' The same writer mentions a curious illustration of the marked division into noble and plebeian families. A common robber, apprehended with three others, was declared noble by his relatives, who demanded that he should be allowed the full privileges of his class, offering at the same time to defray the incidental cost. Instead of being hanged with his accomplices, he was strangled by the *garrote* on a scaffold hung with black, and a certificate of the fact was delivered to the family to be preserved amongst their archives as a proof of their nobility.[1]

A grandee of the first class is privileged to remain covered before the sovereign. A grandeeship, or any number of grandeeships, may be inherited without merger, through males or females, by a grandee. Hence the phrase of a noble's having so many hats, *i.e.* so many rights to put on his hat in the presence of royalty. Seignories, titles, honorary charges, and proprietary rights of all sorts, descend and accumulate in the same fashion; so that, on the tontine principle, and taking into account the in-and-in marriages of the Spanish nobles, it is within the range of possibility for all the hats to be piled upon one head, or for all the rightful inheritors of the most sonorous appellations to be carried in a coach. The Duc d'Ossuna could not be deferentially addressed in a dedication within the compass of one of our pages, and his possessions are so extensive that, as we heard one of his friends assert, he has robbers of his own, or, in other words, robbers settled on his territory, who in return for his enforced or involuntary hospitality allow him and his visitors to pass toll-free.

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[1] Doblado's 'Letters.' See also 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lvii. p. 69 *et seq.* More than a hundred years ago, it was computed that Spain had produced 700 works on genealogy and heraldry.

The habit of marrying *in-and-in*, as it has been called, that is, of intermarrying exclusively with families of their own degree, commonly nearly related, is supposed to have brought about the degeneracy, moral and physical, of the highest Spanish nobility. The late Lord Clarendon used to relate that, on his first arrival as British minister at Madrid, a grandee of the first class, on paying an official visit, addressed him thus: '*Votre Excellence ne connaît pas les Grands d'Espagne? Eh bien : je me pose en modèle. Je suis petit, pauvre, bossu, et cocu.*'

A French nobleman of the time of Louis XV., accounted for his own diminutive size on an opposite and (it is conceived) untenable theory. Pointing to the tall, well-made lacqueys in the ante-chamber, he said: *Les ingrats! Voilà comme nous les faisons et comme ils nous font!* The Duc d'Ossuna, it should be observed, has taken the best method of freshening his ancestral current of blue blood without diluting it, by marrying a Princess Salm, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the day.

The 'Almanach de Gotha' professes to include all the Continental nobility of the first class, especially those descended from any of the mediatised German houses, or otherwise entitled to be deemed princely or illustrious; such as the Princes de Ligne, the D'Arembergs, the Dalbergs, the Metternichs, the Waldsteins or Wallensteins, the Schwarzenburgs, the Lichtensteins, the Trautmandorffs, the Esterhazys, the Bathyanis, the Palffys, the Pückler-Muskaus, the Lievens, the Poniatowskys, the Lobomerskys, the Chimays, the Corsinis, the Doria-Pamphilis, the Belgiosos, the Tremouilles, the Gramonts, the Noailles, the Rohan-Chabots, the Polignacs, the Torlonias. We select these on account of their historic, diplomatic, or social notoriety; not (as may be inferred from the last) because they are the most ancient. Indeed many of the more obscure Teutonic families produce better pedigrees than the Metternichs or Schwarzenburgs. But when we reject presumption and require proof, we find the best of them lost about the same time, in the same mists of uncertainty, with our Nevilles, Stanleys, Berkeleys, Courtenays, Drummonds, Percivals, Herberts, Howards, Fitzgeralds, and Douglases.[1]

As regards quarters, the Continental nobility derive an obvious advantage from the clear line of demarcation drawn between them and the non-noble classes. There can seldom be much difficulty in testing the right of a Comtesse de —— or a Fräulein von —— to armorial bearings; whilst the occurrence of plain Miss or Mrs. —— on the sixth or seventh steps of the ascending scale may prove an insurmountable bar. Social position is more or less affected by the same cause. Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta, has written a book to prove that gentility is better than nobility, inasmuch as it does not depend on titles nor on anything that monarchs can confer. *Nascitur generosus; fit nobilis*, is the maxim which he adopts and strengthens by an accumulation of authorities. The touchstone of a gentleman is his right to bear coat armour. This is still the meaning of the French term *gentilhomme*, and a contempt for mere title is expressed in the device of the de Coucys:—

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[1] See the 'Historisch-Genealogischer Atlas' of Dr. Karl Hopf, of which the first part, including Germany, appeared in 1858. See also the learned work of Spenerus, 'Historia Insignium Illustrium,' &c. &c.

> 'Je suis ni duc ni prince aussi,
> Je suis le seigneur de Coucy.'

The distinction between peers and commoners, or what Sir James Lawrence would call the titled and untitled nobility in the United Kingdom, is exclusively political; and the multiplicity of titles on the Continent ought not to deprive an Englishman of his relative rank. If a Howard of Corby, a Herbert of Muckross, or a Cameron of Lochiel, did not become an esquire by being named in the commission of the peace or elected a member of Parliament, he would have no precedence whatever, and an ordinary barrister might walk out of a room before him.[1] It was computed by a statistical writer of authority in 1845 that there were in Russia 500,000 nobles; in Austria 239,000; in Spain (in 1780) 470,000; in France, prior to 1790, 360,000, of whom 4120 belonged to the ancienne noblesse; in

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[1] Precedence is a large subject in itself. The only reliable set of rules is one compiled for her Majesty by the late Sir Charles Young, Garter King at Arms. A few copies, with notes, have been printed for private circulation.

England, Scotland, and Ireland, at the period when he wrote, only 1631 persons, from dukes to baronets, possessing transmissible titles.[1] An English traveller in North Germany says that at one of the inns he had a graf (count) for a landlord, a gräfin (countess) for landlady; the places of ostler, waiter, and boots being filled by the young counts, and those of cook and chambermaid by the young countesses. The barber who shaved him at the same place was a baron.[2] To titular Russian and Italian princes might be applied what Sir Thomas Smith said of gentlemen in this country, that 'they may be made good cheap.'

Let it not be supposed from our referring to this distinction that we see cause to envy the Continental multiplicity of titles and decorations. The advantage of the English system far more than counterbalances its disadvantages; and to reconcile the Continental custom, of conferring titles heritable by all the children, with our form of constitution, would be an impossibility. The sole laxity in our laws or practice there may be reason to regret is the impunity with which names and armorial bearings may be assumed. The 'Commercial Directory' of London alone contains thirteen Percys, twenty-one Talbots, thirty Seymours, forty-eight Herberts, and one hundred and ten Howards. The prevalent belief is that any new man may get any crest and coat of arms at the Heralds' College. This, we are assured, is not the fact; and the high character of the principal members of the College is a guarantee for the conscientious performance of their remaining duties. But they cannot be expected to incur extra trouble or expense in detecting flaws in pedigrees brought to be registered; and their powers are no longer adequate to check any bold usurper of family honours who may think proper to set up an escutcheoned carriage without consulting them.

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[1] 'Statisque Morale et Physique,' &c. &c. By the Chevalier F. de Tapiès.

[2] 'Germany in 1831.' By John Strang. London, 1836.

A curious case, in which an ancestor of Earl Delawarr was the prosecutor, is reported in Rushforth's 'Historical Collections,' as having occurred in the reign of Charles II.:—

> 'A person of a far different name by birth, and but an ostler, having by his skill in wrestling, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, got the name of "Jack of the West," coming afterwards to be an innkeeper, and getting a good estate, assumes the name of West, and the arms of the family of the Lord Delawarr, and gets from the Heralds his pedigree, drawn through three or four generations, from the fourth son of one of the Lords Delawarr; and his son, whom he bred at the Inns of Court, presuming upon this pedigree to take place of some gentlemen, his neighbours in Hampshire, they procured him to be cited by the Lord Delawarr in this Court (the Court of Honour or Lord Marshal's Court), where, at the hearing, he produced his patent from the Heralds. But it so fell out that an ancient gentleman of the name of West, and family of Delawarr, and named in the pedigree, who had been long beyond the sea and conceived to be dead, and now newly returned, whose son, as it seems, this young spark would have had his father to have been, appeared in Court at the hearing, which dashed the whole business; and the pretended West, the defendant, was fined 500*l.*, ordered to be degraded, and never more to write himself gentleman.'

The law remains unaltered, but (for want of a Court) there is no longer any method of enforcing it. Before assuming (or resuming) the name of Herbert, Mr. Jones, of Lanarth, notified his intention to Sidney (the late Lord) Herbert, who replied that he had no objection, provided the rest of the Joneses did not do the same. The noblest names, however, can now be taken with impunity; and even the form of applying for the royal licence is no longer deemed indispensable.

The Heralds were wont to make circuits from time to time and hold Visitations, at which the neighbouring gentry were invited or summoned to attend. The proved pedigrees were duly entered, and at the end of each book is commonly a list of persons who 'disclaim all pretention to arms or gentry.' The last Visitation was held in 1687. The last attempt to revive the Court of Chivalry was in 1737. It failed for want of a Lord High Constable of England, who is an indispensable element; but we have heard that, when O'Keefe, the dramatist, quartered the royal arms of Ireland, the Irish Heralds stopped his carriage in the streets of Dublin and erased the emblazonment. A similar attempt in Edinburgh, at the instance of a Duke of Athol, resulted in the triumph of the alleged pretender, an ex-linendraper, who obtained large damages.

We are wont to fancy that our own is pre-eminently an age of movement and transition, that fortunes change hands more rapidly than at any preceding epoch, and that the old landed aristocracy, retreating before the fortunate sons of commerce or speculation, like the Red Indians before the white men, are in a fair way to be gradually 'improved off the face of the earth.' Yet a calm analysis of the springs or causes of the aggrandisement or decline of families at different periods does not bear out the theory. The extinction or impoverishment of most of the old stocks may be traced to three causes, namely, natural decay, personal improvidence, or civil war—the last of which has happily become inoperative. The sudden rise of new men was also long principally owing to that unsettled state of things which enabled sovereigns to endow favourites with princely revenues, or permitted ministers of state to found earldoms, marquisates, or dukedoms out of their official perquisites.

Under the Plantagenets, the process was rude enough. The transfer of a title and estate from an opponent to a partisan was a matter of pure force or a high-handed exertion of prerogative. Might made Right. Thus, when the seventh Earl de Warrenne in common with other nobles was required by Edward I. to produce his titles, he brought out an old rusty sword which had belonged to the first earl, and said, 'By this instrument do I hold my lands, and by the same I intend to defend them.' His title was no longer contested; but on the death of his grandson, the eighth earl, the earldom and entire property were confiscated by Edward III. The destructive effect of confiscations and attainders on the highest order of nobility is proved by the fact that in 1626, the year of Bassompierre's mission, there was only one English duke (Buckingham) and one Scotch duke (Lennox).[1]

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[1] 'Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to

Under the Tudors, the plunder of the monasteries enabled the monarch to found or aggrandise families without impoverishing the Crown. But Lord Burleigh was the first statesman who obtained great wealth without public scandal. His style of living was on the most magnificent scale. He built three fine houses, and maintained four establishments. He entertained the Queen twelve several times at the average cost of 3,000*l.* a time, and left a large fortune to his heirs, having begun life as a briefless barrister at Gray's Inn.

The largest fortune accumulated under the Stuarts from public sources was that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, estimated at 30,000*l.* a year, equal to three times that amount now. The illegitimate sons of Charles II., also, received princely appanages. The practice of bestowing Crown property on subjects, far from being abandoned at the Revolution, was occasionally pushed to an extent that provoked parliamentary interference, even when the objects of the royal bounty were selected for their merits or services. When, in addition to other large donations, William III., in 1695, ordered the Lords of the Treasury to make out a warrant granting his friend, Portland, some valuable manors and royalties in Denbighshire, the murmurs were such as to compel him to give up the intention.[1]

Not long afterwards the hereditary domains of the

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the Court of England in 1626.' Translated, with notes, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, 1819, p. 42.

[1] *Ante*, p. 43. When Somers was created a Peer, in 1757, he had a grant of the manors of Reigate and Howleigh, in Surrey, and 2,100*l.* a year out of the fee-farm rents of the Crown.

Crown ceased to be alienable; but till past the middle of the eighteenth century, the salaries and perquisites of numerous offices left grasping courtiers and rising politicians no reason for complaint. Thus it is related by Macaulay of Montague, the founder of the dukedom of Manchester, that, when he was a peer with 12,000*l.* a year, when his villa on the Thames was regarded as the most delightful of all suburban retreats, when he was said to revel in Tokay from the imperial cellar, and in soups made out of birds'-nests brought from the Indian Ocean, and costing three guineas a-piece,—'his enemies were fond of reminding him that there had been a time when he had eked out by his wits an income of barely 50*l.*: when he had been happy with a trencher of mutton-chops and a flagon of ale from the college buttery, and when a tithe-pig was the rarest luxury for which he had dared to hope.'

Speaking of the last days of Queen Anne, Lord Stanhope says that 'the service of the country was then a service of vast emolument;' and, instancing the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, he states that, exclusive of Blenheim, of parliamentary grants, of gifts, of marriage-portions from the Queen to their daughters, the fixed yearly income of the Duke, at the height of his favour, was no less than 54,825*l.*, and that the Duchess had, in offices and pensions, an additional sum of 9,500*l.* This is a moderate estimate; Lord Dartmouth, in a note on Burnet, computes their joint salaries at 90,000*l.* When Sir Robert Walpole became Prime Minister, his paternal estate was computed at s than 3,000*l.* a year. During his tenure of office he lived magnificently: he laid out enormous sums (popularly computed at 150,000*l.*) in buildings and pictures; and he more than quadrupled his private income, besides providing for his sons by patent places to the tune of 14,000*l.* a year between them. We shall not much mend the matter by accepting Archdeacon Cox's palliation, that Sir Robert had been a large gainer from the South Sea bubble.

In the times of which we speak, every functionary who had to receive or pay over money was deemed entitled to a handsome percentage; and if it remained any time in his custody, he was tacitly permitted to employ it for his own personal advantage. When England, besides keeping up a large fleet and army, was liberally subsidising foreign princes, the profits of paymasters and treasurers were immense; and the first Lord Holland availed himself of his opportunities as Paymaster of the Forces without scruple or remorse. His rival, the great commoner, when he held the same office, proudly declined to receive a sixpence beyond the regular salary; and his example has been followed by the last three generations of English statesmen, pre-eminently by his illustrious son, who is one amongst many instances that, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, a political career in this country has become one of the least tempting a man of talent can adopt. The Bar, too, is beginning to elevate without enriching; and the majority of lawyers recently ennobled are far poorer than their predecessors. Literature, as yet, has only helped to found two peerages (Macaulay and Lytton), but it is rapidly rising to the rank of a well-remunerated as well as honourable vocation, and the time may come when the works of a popular author may support a title as well as Blenheim or Strathfieldsaye.

'In the investigation of past events (says Gibbon in his Autobiography) our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above 2,200 years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the living image of the wisest of mankind.

'The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Fairy Queen"[1] as the most precious jewel of their coronet.

'Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Habsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of

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[1] 'Nor less praiseworthy are the ladies three,
The honour of that noble familie,
Of which I meanest boast myself to be.'
Spencer, Colin Clout, &c. v. 538.

Habsburg: the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage: the latter, the Emperors of Germany and kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New, World. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria.'

As for science, it seems her destiny to invent and discover on the *sic vos non vobis* principle. Of the five or six remarkable men who brought unquestioned originality of mind to bear on the cotton-manufacture, only one (Arkwright) received his reward in wealth. Of the many who co-operated in maturing the invention of the steam-engine, Watt alone derived even a moderate fortune from its wonder-working capabilities. The electric telegraph has not made Professor Wheatstone a millionaire; and whoever may have first alighted on the gold-fields of Australia, it is clear that no estate in this land of promise, nor share of its produce, has been assigned to any of the alleged discoverers, although we have heard that a colonial minister offered Sir E. de Strzelecki to call the auriferous district by his name. In the meantime, enormous fortunes are rapidly accumulating, the results of energy and enterprise, in many walks of life besides gold-digging, and the lucky possessors may soon be bidding for the mansions of the decayed gentry, like the flight of Nabobs who followed in the wake of Clive and Hastings.

It must be admitted, however, that the development of commerce and industry has proportionally strengthened the position of the proprietary class by adding incalculably to the value of their land. The accession of income accruing to the Bedford, Portland, Grosvenor, Portman, and Berkeley estates in and about the metropolis may be taken as a sample of what is going on in other rich and populous neighbourhoods; whilst the revenues of many lordly owners of mines have simultaneously increased. On the whole, therefore, we see no reason to fear that any sweeping or revolutionary change in the well-ordered social system of the United Kingdom is at hand; and the effect on our minds of this review of the vicissitudes of families, especially in their political bearings, is rather reassuring than the contrary.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE: THEIR NATIONAL QUALITIES, MANNERS, MORALS, AND SOCIETY.

Notes on England. By H. TAINE, D.C.L. Oxon, etc. Translated, with an Introductory Chapter, by W. F. RAE. Second Edition. London: 1872.

Two familiar lines of Burns's are constantly repeated under an impression that the soundness of the thought or sentiment that dictated them is unimpeachable:—

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.'

The prevalent notion is that others must necessarily see us as we are—through a clear, transparent medium, neither transfigured by vanity and flattery, nor distorted by prejudice and dislike. It is altogether a mistaken notion. People are quite as open to error in judging others as in judging themselves; and the point of view they take up for the purpose is far more frequently determined by misleading influences than by the unsophisticated desire of truth. The best intentions, the most earnest struggle for impartiality, are no guarantee for strict justness of appreciation: because we cannot shake off our idiosyncrasy; we cannot, formed as we are, see things or persons with the calm, pure eye of reason. Where, in this world of intrigue, ambition, passion, and caprice, is the admired and envied wit, beauty, orator, or statesman to find the 'ithers' who are to serve as the infallible helps to self-knowledge? Is Mr. Gladstone to seek them at the Carlton, or Lord Beaconsfield at Brooks's?

It is the same with communities as with individuals, or it may be worse; for in nation judging nation, there is the national character to affect the judgment, and the general as well as the particular bias to be calculated on. Each has a different and ever-varying criterion of merit, consideration, and morality. 'In Spain people ask, Is he a grandee of the first class? In Germany, Can he enter into the Chapters? In France, Does he stand well at court? In England, Who is he?'[1] This was written towards the middle of the eighteenth century; but although the revolutionary changes which each country except England has undergone, have extended to social habits and modes of thinking as well as to institutions, their respective standards of superiority remain essentially unlike.

Whilst freely admitting, therefore, that the 'enlightened foreigner' may afford useful hints or warnings, we demur to his jurisdiction when he assumes to constitute a supreme court without appeal; and the enlightened Frenchman, from Voltaire downwards, is peculiarly open to distrust. His fineness and quickness of perception, his rapidity and fertility of association, his range of sentiment and thought, his boldness and vivacity, nay, his very paradoxes and pseudo-philosophy, make him a most entertaining writer of travels; but he is spoiled as a teacher, and sadly damaged as an authority, by his vanity, his marvellous self-confidence, his false logic, and his ingrained ineradicable conviction that there is nothing first-rate, nothing truly great or admirable, nothing really worth living for, out of France.

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[1] 'En Espagne on demande, Est-ce un grand de la première classe? En Allemagne, Peut-il entrer dans les chapitres? En France, Est-il bien à la cour? En Angleterre, Quel homme est-il?' —(*Helvetius.*)

A Frenchman and an Englishman were fishing with indifferent success in one of Lord Lytton's ponds at Knebworth, when the Frenchman, who had caught nothing, thus addressed his companion: 'Il me semble, Monsieur, que les étangs anglais ne sont pas si poissonneux que les fleuves français.' As the conversation proceeded, it appeared that the only English pond he had ever fished was the one before him, and the only French river, the Seine.

Sir Samuel Romilly and a French general were discussing a point of equity law. Sir Samuel gave his opinion in opposition to that of General S——. 'Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Romilly, vous vous trompez tout-à-fait: je le sais, car j'ai lu Blackstone ce matin même.'

Nor let anyone fancy that the national character of the French is materially altered by the crushing defeats they have sustained, or the unparalleled humiliations they have undergone at the hands of conquerors, who, in weighing the ransom, ruthlessly threw the sword into the scale. M. Thiers lost no time in preparing to play

Camillus to Prince Bismarck's Brennus;[1] and no speaker in the debate on the army made a more telling hit than the Bishop of Orleans, when he declared that Germany was not a great nation, but simply a great barrack. The same (under existing circumstances) pardonable petulance and irritability will occasionally break out when England and the English are discussed; for the French have not forgiven, nor are soon likely to forgive, our neutrality during their worst hour of trial. 'To be sure,' observed a distinguished Frenchman to an accomplished and ready-witted Englishwoman of rank, 'it was foolish in us to hope better things from a nation of shopkeepers.' 'These popular sayings'—was the well-merited retort—'are frequently destitute of any solid foundation: *we* have been in the habit of calling *you* a nation of soldiers.'

M. Taine, the last Frenchman of eminence who has written fully and freely on England, has evidently struggled hard to shake off the common weaknesses of his countrymen; and if not quite so successful as could be wished in this respect, he has produced a curious and interesting book—a book, however, in which just views and sterling truths are rather indicated than developed, whilst the most valuable trains of thought are not unfrequently suggested by the paradoxes.

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[1] Having thus mentioned M. Thiers, I will venture an opinion that—making full allowance for his warlike and protectionist tendencies—'foreign nations and the next ages' (to whom Bacon bequeathed his own name and memory) will regard him as the ablest administrator and most consummate statesman that France could boast in her severest hour of trial, and the best qualified to restore her fallen fortunes, had she trusted him.

His method—for he insists that it is not a system—is one among many proofs of the irresistible force with which speculative minds of the higher order are tempted into theorising. Bentham contended that the credibility of witnesses was reducible to a science. Siéyès, in a moment of expansion, exclaimed to Dumont, '*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée.* If Mrs. Trollope heard aright, Prince Metternich said to her, 'I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles, as certain as those of chemistry, if men, instead of theorising, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances.'[1] And what are they to do next but theorise?

Just so, M. Taine. His royal road for arriving at the essences, the elemental truths, the final causes, the connecting links, of all things, is (to use his own words) 'wholly comprised in this remark, that moral matters, like physical things, have dependencies and conditions.' Take an individual writer, poet, novelist, or historian, and carefully study his works. They will all be found marked by 'a certain disposition of mind or soul, a certain array of likes and dislikes, of faculties and failings—in short, a certain psychological state, which is that of the author.' Then pass in review his life, his philosophy, his ethical and æsthetical code, i.e. his general views about the good and the beautiful, and you will find that they all depend upon one another; 'you will be able to prove logically that a particular quality, violence or sobriety of imagination, oratorical or lyrical aptitude, ascertained as regards one point, must extend its ascendency over the rest.' What is true of the individual, is true of a nation and an age: the age of Louis XIV., for example. Religion, art, philosophy—the family and the State—industry, commerce, and agriculture—have all some common principle, element, or ingredient, and might all be traced to the same moral and intellectual bent or tendency.

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[1] *Vienna and the Austrians*, vol. ii. p. 11.

> 'Between an elm of Versailles, a philosophical and religious argument of Malebranche, one of Boileau's maxims in versification, one of Colbert's laws of hypothec, an ante-room compliment at Marly, a sentence of Bossuet on the royalty of God, the distance appears infinite and impassable. There is no apparent connection. The facts are so dissimilar that at first sight they are pronounced to be what they appear, that is to say, isolated and separated. But the facts communicate between themselves by the definitions of the groups in which they are comprised, like the waters in a basin by the summit of the heights whence they flow.'

All this sounds very ingenious and very eloquent, but we do not see what good can be fairly expected to come of it, unless, as suggested by Mr. Rae, it should induce a nicer observation and more careful estimate of facts. What Condillac said of rules is applicable to M. Taine's method or system: like the parapet of a bridge, it may hinder a person from falling into the river, but will not help him on his way. Indeed, it is more likely to lure him out of it in will-o'-the-wisp fashion and land him in a slough; for the odds are that he will draw on his imagination for his dependencies and conditions: that the facts will be made to fit the theory, instead of the theory being based upon the facts: that he will take for granted the connecting link or family likeness between the sermon and the compliment, the religious argument, the maxim of versification, and the elm.

It will be seen, as we proceed, that M. Taine attributes many points of national character, good, bad, and indifferent, to the same cause as the exuberant growth and rich foliage of our trees: that he accounts on the same principle for the large feet of our women and the intemperance of our men. But for a Frenchman with a theory, he is a miracle of impartiality, acuteness, and good sense; and we may say of the English life depicted in his pages, what the merryman in the Prologue to 'Faust' says of human life: 'Everyone lives it; to not many is it known; and, seize it where you will, it is interesting.' We may take up M. Taine at any stage of his progress, or we may begin with him at the beginning; steam with him up the Thames, and arrive with him on a cold foggy morning at London Bridge.

Sir Walter Scott states incidentally, in one of his novels, that much of the knowledge of life and character displayed in them was owing to his habit of talking freely with fellow-travellers, whether he had any previous acquaintance with them or not. M. Taine has the same habit. The first conversation he notes down is with an Englishman of the middle class, 'son of a merchant, I should suppose; he does not know French, German, or Italian; he is not altogether a gentleman —twenty-five years of age; sneering, decided, incisive face;—he has made for his amusement and instruction a trip lasting twelve months, and is returning from

India and from Australia.' He is from Liverpool; and after laying down authoritatively that a family that does not keep a carriage may live comfortably there upon three or four hundred a year, goes on to say that 'one must marry, that is a matter of course;' and that he hopes to be married within a year or two; adding, with commendable caution—'It is better, however, to remain a bachelor, if one does not meet the person with whom one desires to pass one's whole life;' 'but'—plucking up spirit—'one always meets with her; the only thing is not to let the chance slip.' A dowry he declares to be unnecessary: 'It is natural and even pleasant to undertake the charge of a portionless wife and of a family.' Moral: 'It is clear to me (*loquitur* M. Taine) that their happiness (the happiness of Englishmen) consists in being at home at six in the evening with a pleasing attached wife, having four or five children on their knees, and respectful domestics.' And by no means a bad notion of happiness either; but the deduction from such slender premisses reminds us of our friend at Knebworth founding conclusions on the river and the pond.

'Other figures in the boat. Two young couples who remain on deck covered with wrappings under umbrellas. A long downpour has begun; they remain seated; in the end they were drenched like ducks. This was in order that husband and wife should not be separated by going below to the cabins.

'Another young wife suffered much from sea-sickness; her husband, who had the look of a merchant's clerk, took her in his arms, supported her, tried to read to her, tended her with a freedom and expression of infinite tenderness.

'Two young girls of fifteen and sixteen, who speak German and French exceedingly well and without accent, large restless eyes, large white teeth; they chatter and laugh with perfect unconstraint, with admirable petulance of friendly gaiety; *not the slightest trace of coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned and done on purpose*; they never think about the on-lookers.

'A lady of forty in spectacles beside her husband, in a worn-out dress, with relics of feminine ornaments, extraordinary teeth in the style of tusks, very serious and most ludicrous; *a Frenchwoman, even middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself—to arrange her dress.*

'Patience and phlegm of a tall dry Englishman, who has not moved from the seat, has taken but a single turn, who has spoken to no one, who suffices to himself. As a contrast, three Frenchmen, who put random questions, make haphazard assertions, grow impatient, gesticulate, and make puns, or something akin to them, appeared to me pleasant fellows.'

We invite attention to these groups; for they are all representative, and each of them eventually, if unconsciously, supplies the keynote to a chapter or a carefully illustrated and expanded 'Note.' That they do so may be fairly cited by M. Taine in confirmation of his doctrine of dependencies; as showing that a competent observer might deduce the peculiarities and tendencies of a people from half-a-dozen examples, as surely as Professor Owen would infer the shape and habits of an animal from a bone.

The first day M. Taine passes in London, at all events the first of which he makes mention, happens to be Sunday; and he takes the Continental (we think superficial) view of our mode of observing it:—

> 'Sunday in London in the rain; the shops are shut, the streets almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by, under their umbrellas, in the desert of squares and streets, have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves; it is appalling.
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> 'I had no conception of such a spectacle, which is said to be frequent in London. The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filthy water impregnated with an odour of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground; at thirty paces a house, a steamboat, appear as spots upon blotting-paper. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the City, one has the spleen, one meditates suicide.'

In this frame of mind he calls Somerset House a frightful thing; and after contemplating the British Museum and St. Paul's, exclaims: 'These spots are melancholy, being the decay of stone. And these nude statues in memory of Greece! Wellington is a fighting hero, naked, under the dripping trees of the park. The hideous Nelson stuck on his column, with a coil of rope in the form of a pigtail, like a rat impaled on the top of a pole. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the arts of antiquity. When the Romans disembarked here, they must have thought themselves in Homer's hell, in the land of the Cimmerians.' This assumes, of course, that the Romans disembarked like M. Taine on a wet Sunday, and took a stroll in a corresponding disposition through the Strand and the parks. 'But what is to be done on the day of rest? There is the church and the pothouse, intoxication and a sermon, insensibility and reflection, but no other way of spending a Sunday like this. I observe many doors ajar in the spirit vaults; sad faces, worn or wild, pass out and in. Let us visit the churches.'

He visits four in the morning, and two in the afternoon, staying out the sermon in two. The congregations impressed him rather favourably. 'They come to provision themselves with moral counsels, to refresh their principles. When reading the numerous essays in English literature, and the moralisings of the "Saturday Review," one perceives that commonplaces do not weary them.' He is pleased by finding the Book of Common Prayer, 'the mass-book of England,' on the ledges of the pews; and an anthem in Westminster Abbey suggests that 'worship thus understood is the *opera* of elevated, serious, and believing souls.' Was M. Taine the Frenchman who, on entering the vault under the great Pyramid, exclaimed: *Quel emplacement pour un billard!*

On returning to his hotel he reads the Queen's Proclamation, by which her loving subjects are prohibited from playing at dice, cards, or any other game whatsoever on the Lord's Day, and the magistrates enjoined to prevent the publicans from selling liquors or permitting guests to remain in their houses in the time of Divine service:—

> 'This order is not strictly observed; the tavern doors are closed during service, but they can be opened, and drinking goes on in the back room. In any case this is a relic of the old Puritanism altogether distasteful in France. Prohibit

people to drink and amuse themselves on Sunday! But to a French workman, and to a peasant, Sunday appears to have been made for nothing else. Stendhal said that here, in Scotland, in true Biblical countries, religion spoils one day out of seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness. He judges the Englishman, the man of the North, after the model of the man of the South, whom wine exhilarates and does not brutalise, who can without inconvenience give way to his instinct, and whose pleasure is poetical. Here the temperament is different, more violent and more combative; pleasure is a brutish and bestial thing: I could cite twenty examples of this. An Englishman said to me, "When a Frenchman is drunk, he chatters; when a German is drunk, he sleeps; when an Englishman is drunk, he fights."'

In other words, the only answer to Stendhal is that, if an Englishman were allowed the same liberty on Sundays as a Frenchman, he would get drunk and disorderly: that the primary use of Sunday observances is to keep him out of mischief; and that the French laxity in this particular is an infallible sign of the higher civilisation and happier temperament of the French. To test the soundness of this opinion let us take a wider range: let us extend the comparison to other countries besides England and France, and to other times beyond the present. Let it also be remembered that French Sundays are not invariably fine, nor English Sundays invariably wet; that the environs of this metropolis, on an average Sunday, offer much that is bright and cheering to compensate for its gloom.

The shop windows are closed, the streets are not alive with traffic, there are fewer handsome equipages, and fewer people of fashion in the parks. But whatever direction you take in the afternoon, you will see groups of men, women, and children, gaily dressed, and looking as if they thoroughly enjoyed their holiday, which most of them could not have at all if the shops were kept open, and the thronging carriages were driving about, and the usual weekday stir and brilliancy were kept up. Take your stand on London or Westminster Bridge and watch the crowded steamers; or go the round of the metropolitan railway stations and form a rough estimate of the thousands of pleasure-seekers who are starting for Richmond, Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Greenwich, or Blackheath. All the suburban villages and favourite places of resort, for an area of twelve miles round, present the same cheerful aspect. So do the country towns; and that the picture is frequently defaced by intemperance or disorderly conduct, we deny. Follow these groups or couples after their trip or stroll, and you will find most of them forming part of a family circle or enjoying a quiet chat round a tea-table.

The Parisian has his shops open, his innumerable cafés and restaurants, his theatres, and his races; but what proportion of the population are kept at work to minister to his gratification?—nay, are more hardly worked on that day, to add to it? If the question were to be decided, without reference to religion, by the greatest happiness of the greatest number, it must be decided against the French; and M. Taine is very much mistaken if he supposes that the English observance of Sunday, as generally understood and practised, is the result of bigotry. It is the result, like so many other English customs and institutions, of a wise compromise—a compromise between those who wish to make Sunday a mere festival, and those who would fain convert it into a Pharisaical Sabbath.

For more than a century after the Reformation, the Continental mode of keeping it prevailed in this country. In one of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions, Sunday is classed with other holidays; and it is declared that if, for any scrupulosity of conscience, some should superstitiously abstain from working on those days, they shall grievously offend. The 'Book of Sports' was a proclamation issued by James I. in 1618, specifying the recreations which were allowed after Divine service, including dancing, archery, and all athletic games.

It is no affair of Protestantism. Luther's opinion is pointedly expressed in his 'Table Talk:' 'If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if any one anywhere sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty.' Knox and Calvin took the same view. 'Upon Sunday, at night,' writes Randolph to Cecil from Edinburgh in 1562, 'the Duke supped with Mr. Knox, where the Duke desired I should be.' According to Disraeli the elder, 'At Geneva a tradition exists that, when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day and in that place, a Calvinist preacher, after his Sunday sermon, will take his seat at the card-table.

The Scotch Calvinists have gone to the opposite extreme. They hold a Sunday walk to be unlawful; and it was actually proposed by a distinguished member of the Kirk to call in the interference of the police to prevent this peculiarly obnoxious mode of Sabbath-breaking.'[1] In parts of Scotland, consequently, may actually be seen that state of things which M. Taine was thinking of when he said that an English Sunday left no alternative between dulness and intoxication, a state of things to which all England was reduced for an entire generation, and which, transplanted to the New World, was pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity.

A violent reaction in the ascetic direction had preceded the 'Book of Sports.' It was preached in Oxfordshire that to do any work on the Sabbath was as great a sin as to kill, or to commit adultery. It was preached in Somersetshire that to throw a bowl on the Sabbath Day was as great a sin as to commit murder.

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[1] At a meeting of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Presbytery, Feb. 8, 1860, reported in the *Scotsman*, Dr. Johnston said, 'He should never forget what he saw when he was in Strasbourg. He had a letter of recommendation to a gentleman in Strasbourg—a good man. He delivered his letter in the afternoon of the Lord's Day: the servant told him that his master was walking with his lady on the ramparts, and he found it was the common custom of the Christians in Strasbourg to walk on the ramparts.' Mr. Parlane, of Tranent: 'Why did you deliver the letter on that day?' Dr. Johnston: 'I can explain that, if it is necessary. It was a work of necessity.' His explanation was a halting one, and his delivery of the letter appears to have been deemed the greater atrocity of the two. Dr. Johnston would have found things worse in Protestant Sweden, where counting-houses are kept open and bills discounted on Sundays.

It was preached in Norfolk that to make a feast or wedding dinner on that day was as great a sin as for a father to take a knife to cut his son's throat. It was preached in Suffolk that to ring more bells than one on the Lord's day to call the people to church, was as great a sin as to do an act of murder.[1] This was at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was impatience at not being able to enforce their doctrines, or at being compelled witnesses, if not partakers, of profane pastimes, rather than political persecution, that caused the first emigration of the Puritans:

> 'The pilgrim bands, who crossed the sea to keep
> Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone
> In his wide temple of the wilderness.'

The spirit of the Sabbatarian legislation, when uncontrolled, may be inferred from a few articles in the Transatlantic Codes or Regulations collected by Dr. Hessey:—

'No one shall run on the Sabbath Day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

'No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath Day.

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[1] Strype—quoted by Dr. Hessey in his Bampton Lectures on *Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation.* These lectures comprise almost everything that can be said or brought to bear upon the subject, and the notes are full of curious information and valuable references. See also Cox's *Literature of the Sabbath Question.*

There is no point on which Dr. Hessey is more convincing than in showing that the Fourth Commandment is not applicable, either in letter or spirit, to the Christian Sunday. 'Both Scripture and the Fathers speak of the Lord's Day as distinct from the Sabbath. Scripture and the Fathers speak of the Sabbath as done away.

'No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fasting Day.

'If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's Day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the magistrates.'

The Puritan doctrine was extravagant enough to justify the pungent satire of Drunken Barnaby, if no cat was actually hanged on Monday for killing of a mouse on Sunday;[1] whilst the looseness of the Restoration was a melancholy commentary on the tendency of mankind to take refuge from one extreme in another and haply a worse. Evelyn's description of the Court on the last Sunday but one of Charles II.'s reign may be taken as a sample:

'Jan. 25, 1665.—Dr. Dove preached before y^{e} King. I saw this evening such a scene of profane gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen. Luxurious dallying and profaneness.'

This profanation of the day did not extend far beyond the Court circle. Although during this reign Parliament occasionally met on Sunday, the principal statute, still in force, 'for the better observance of the Lord's Day' (29 Car. II. c. 71) was passed in 1676:

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[1] 'Veni Banbury, O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.'

'To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.'

respect for the Church was as essential a part of the Cavalier faith as loyalty to the King; and both before and after the Revolution, the Sunday at most country houses was got through in much the same fashion as at Osbaldistone Hall:

> 'The next morning chanced to be Sunday, a day peculiarly hard to be got rid of at Osbaldistone Hall; for after the formal religious service of the morning had been performed, *at which all the family regularly attended*, it was hard to say upon which individual, Rashleigh and Miss Vernon excepted, the fiend of *ennui* descended with the most abundant outpouring of his spirit. . . . "And since we talk of heraldry (said Sir Hildebrand) I'll go and read Gwillym." This resolution he intimated with a yawn, resistless as that of the goddess in the Dunciad, which was responsively echoed by his giant sons as they dispersed in quest of the pastimes to which their several minds inclined them: Percie to discuss a pot of beer with the steward in the gallery—Thorncliff to cut a pair of cudgels and fix them in their wicker hilts—John to dress May-flies—Dickon to play at pitch-and-toss by himself, his right hand against his left—and Wilfrid to bite his thumbs and hum himself into a slumber which should last to dinner-time, if possible.'

This easy, indifferent, and yet not wholly irreverent mode of passing Sunday lasted through the eighteenth century and far into the nineteenth. Earl Stanhope, in his Chapter on Methodism, quotes this passage from the 'Life of the Rev. William Grimshaw,' who joined the Methodists, and stood high with them; 'He endeavoured to suppress the generally prevailing custom in country places during the summer of walking in the fields on a Lord's Day, between the services, or in the evening in companies. He not only bore his testimony against it from the pulpit, but reconnoitred the fields in person to detect and reprove delinquents.'[1]

This excess of zeal did more harm than good. During the entire reign of George III., of pious and decorous memory, lawyers had their consultations by preference on Sunday: Cabinet dinners were most frequent on that day; and ladies of quality gave regular Sunday card-parties without reproach. It is related of Lord Melbourne, during a visit to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, that when his right reverend host suggested an attendance at evening service in addition to morning, he replied, 'No, my lord, once is orthodox; twice is Puritanical.' This was long the prevalent tone and mode of thinking of the higher class, who have leaned of late to a stricter observance of the day with the especial object of making it a day of rest for their domestics and dependents. But, out of Scotland, there has been no national backsliding into Puritanism; and our Sunday has been held up to imitation by earnest and able writers in Germany and France. An imperial chaplain, the Abbé Mullois, in the palmy days of the Second Empire, emphatically called upon his countrymen to exchange their '*Dimanche égoïste, scélérat et débraillé sans cœur et sans pitié*,' for 'the respectable, beneficent, and humane Sunday of England.'[2]

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[1] *History of England*, chap. xix.—a model of lucid compression.

[2] The circumstance that so many of the Peninsular battles, and notoriously Waterloo, were fought on a Sunday, is thus accounted for by M. Esquiros: 'Knowing the respect of the English for the rest of the seventh day, the French generals hoped to profit by it in their attacks. I confess that they had not always reason to praise

This slight historical retrospect may help to clear away the popular misapprehensions which abound, both at home and abroad, touching the nature and extent of the obligation which (speaking generally) the English people deem binding on them to keep one day in the week free for worship, rest, and harmless recreation. They are no more answerable for the perversion of Biblical authority by the northern Pharisees, than M. Taine is answerable for the vandalism of the Parisian Commune. To complete the charge of Puritanism, he confounds things essentially distinct:

'Other traces of Puritanical severity, among the rest, are the recommendations on the stairs which lead down to the Thames, and elsewhere: one is requested to be decent. At the railway-station there are large Bibles fastened to chains for the use of passengers while waiting for the train. A tall, sallow, and bony fellow handed to me two printed pages on the brazen serpent of Moses, with applications to the present life: "You, too, O reader, have been bitten by the fiery serpents. To heal yourself, lift up your eyes to Him who has been elevated as the sign of salvation." Other tokens denote an aristocratic country. At the gate of St. James's Park is the following notice: "The park-keepers have orders to prevent all beggars from entering the gardens, and all persons in ragged or dirty clothes, or who are not outwardly decent and well-behaved." *At every step one feels oneself further removed from France.*'

Here, regard to decency, religious enthusiasm, and inequality of condition, are all lumped together; and

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their calculations, for the English troops gloriously broke the Sabbath. They thus justified the proverb current in Great Britain, "The better the day, the better the deed."'—*The English at Home, vol. ii. 263.* The duel between Pitt and Tierney was fought on a *Sunday.*

the combination is so offensive to the refined, fastidious, cosmopolitan Frenchman, that, at every step, he feels farther removed from France, and (like Goldsmith's traveller) 'drags at each remove a length'ning chain.'

During the first quarter of the century the best-bred people swore. One of Lord Melbourne's pithy sayings would hardly be deemed authentic without an oath. His reply to Lord Normanby's request for a marquisate begins: 'I didn't think you could be such a d——d fool.' According to Lord Houghton, Sydney Smith 'checked the strong old-fashioned freedom of speech in Lord Melbourne by suggesting that they should assume everybody and everything to be damned, and come to the subject.' Judges swore both on and off the bench. Mr. Justice Best (the first Lord Wynford) during the trial of Carlisle for blasphemy, audibly exclaimed to a brother judge: 'I'll be d——d to h–ll if I sit here to hear the Christian religion abused.' Lord Eldon was in the habit of revising drafts of Bills during prayers in the House of Lords. He had just risen from his knees, when in reply to an ironical comment of Lord Grey, he said, 'D—n it, my lord, you'd do the same if you were as hard-worked as I am.'

The Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover) has been overheard assuring an Archbishop of Canterbury of his attachment to the Church in language which might well have made the pious prelate's hair stand on end. The habit clung longest to royal personages; but although it has gradually died out, we have hardly yet arrived at the degree of strictness described by M. Guizot and M. Taine. M. Guizot states, in his 'Memoirs,' that, having repeated in company the well-known apothegm, 'Hell is paved with good intentions,' he was taken to task by a lady, who told him that the word 'Hell' was too serious a word to be introduced into general conversation. The lady probably was merely thinking of the Dean:

> 'Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.'

'Particular oaths,' observes M. Taine, 'such as *Dieu me damme*, are odious, and nothing is accepted as an excuse for employing them. A young Frenchman of my acquaintance here, when rowing some persons in a boat, made a false move, whereby he fell backwards, letting slip the forbidden oath. The ladies of the party were astounded, and gazed intently upon the water: one of the gentlemen laughed outright, while two others flushed like young girls. This religious prudery often leads to hypocrisy.' Very likely, where it exists. But is M. Taine quite sure that the forbidden oath, which made the ladies look down and two of the gentlemen blush, was nothing more than *Dieu me damme?* which, by the way, sounds much coarser in English than in French. May not the young Frenchman have let slip another kind of expletive?

Climate, we have been told, aggravates the evils of an English Sunday, by leaving the unoccupied tradesman or mechanic no refuge but a dram; and climate, we find, is the cause of our ingrained heaviness, homeliness, dulness, habitual depression, commonplace unimaginative way of living, and bad taste. Occasionally M. Taine bids fair to rival the traveller who said that

Nature had adapted the Irish of the bog-districts to their bogs by making them web-footed. After referring to primogeniture and the large number of children in which English couples rejoice, as stimulants to exertion, he continues:

> 'Second cause, the climate; I always recur to this, because there is no greater power. Consider that this humidity and this fog existed, and even worse, under the Saxon kings, and that this race has lived amid them, as far as can be traced, even in its earliest country on the coasts of the Elbe and of Jutland. At Manchester, last winter, one of my friends informed me that in the principal hotel of that city it was necessary to keep the gas burning for five days; at midday it was not clear enough to see to write; the sixth day the fog still lasted, but the supply of gas was exhausted. During six months, and during several days in the other months, this country seems to have been made for wild ducks.'

The ideal under this sky is comfort; 'dry, clean, well-warmed habitation; a solid succulent dinner; a chat with a faithful wife, dressed with care; rosy-cheeked children, well washed and in clean clothes.' Given these, the average Englishman believes that all the possible wants, bodily and mental, of an intellectual being are provided for:—

> 'On the contrary, in Provence, in Italy, in Southern countries, the ideal is lounging in the shade, on a terrace, in the open air, *with a mistress*, before a noble landscape, amid the perfume of roses, amid statues and the music of instruments. In order to relish delicately the beauty of the light, the balmy air, the delicious fruits, and the configura-

tion of the landscape, the senses have but to expand themselves; but here the climate closes them, and, by dint of repressing, blunts them. Take an example in little: a poor person at Marseilles, or at Milan, buys a pound of grapes for a halfpenny, worthy of being placed on the table of gods, and thus he acquires the idea of exquisite sensation. How can you suppose that a like idea can be engendered in the brain of one whose palate knows nothing beyond a morsel of meat and a glass of gin or of ale? Shut out from this path, the man never dreams of fine and sensual enjoyment; he would not understand how to essay it: he is hardened, stiffened, habituated to the exigencies and hardship of his lot.'

In this, as in many other places, M. Taine forgets to draw the essential distinction between classes. The well-to-do Englishman may surely aspire to some higher enjoyment than mere warmth and food, although he may prefer sitting in a comfortable drawing-room with a wife to lounging on a terrace with a mistress. But let us confine ourselves, for the moment, to the comparative condition of the lower class:—

'A poor person is not wretched in the South; he obtains the most beautiful and the best things gratis, the necessaries of life for next to nothing, so many things which are necessaries in the North he does not need: abundance of nourishment, artificial light, fire, a well-protected dwelling, warm clothing, frequent changes of linen, and much more. Here is a painful sight. Nothing can be more horrible than the coat, the lodging, the shirt, the form of an English beggar; in Hyde Park, on Sunday, when a poor family sits on the grass, it makes a stain. Possess 20,000*l.* in the Funds here, or else cut your throat: such is the idea which constantly haunts me, and the omnibus advertisements suggest it still more in informing me that "Mappin's celebrated razors cost only one shilling."'

Eothen, after describing the burial of a pilgrim at Jerusalem, remarks: 'I did not say Alas!—nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written. I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.' This reflection was general, and made under a genial Asiatic sky. Is a Southern beggar a less painful sight than a Northern beggar? or does a Neapolitan lazzarone stand higher in the scale of thinking beings than an English peasant or mechanic? A sensual animal life, with the unrestrained indulgence of its instincts and its wants, is more degrading than hunger or cold: the call for exertion and the need of self-restraint are improving not lowering influences; and if to have the minimum of conventional wants, to be able to dispense with a well-protected dwelling and frequent changes of linen, is the *beau idéal* of existence, we must repair, like 'the Earl and the Doctor,' to the South Sea Islands to look for it. There is no country of Europe where an out-of-door life, with thin clothing and a bunch of grapes or a melon for nutriment, is endurable for more than a limited portion of the year. The working-class in our most populous districts, the centres of manufacturing industry, where coal may be had for the asking, suffer less from the cold than the peasantry, including the peasant proprietors, in many departments of France.

The scarcity of fuel at Paris, and the resulting amount of privation, are well known. 'Nor let it be thought that Parisian gaiety is owing entirely to a Parisian climate. They who are now watching the weather-glass in our land of fogs, may like to know that the Parisians themselves have, in the way of weather, something to complain of. Paris has in the year (on an average of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.[1] The variability of the English climate confounds averages; but it is an admitted fact that there is no country in the world where, from equability of temperature, it is possible to be so much in the open air without suffering from hot, cold, wet, or dry; and the beneficial effects are frankly admitted by M. Taine. He is never more eloquent or poetical than when expatiating on the advantages of humidity:

> 'I have paid many visits, and taken several walks. The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James's Park; the lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes, make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. These are beauties, but tender and touching, those of foggy countries, of Holland.'

His enthusiasm rekindles when he takes his stand on the Suspension Bridge on a fine evening to gaze and meditate:—

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[1] Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) *France: Social, Literary, Political*, vol. i. p. 66, where the statistical details are given. French taste for external nature was well represented by Madame de Stäel when nguished for *la belle France* on the banks of the Rhine.

> 'There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilights of Van der Neer! the bathed light, the air charged with vapour, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to and dims the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy—the life of a humid country.'

At Richmond, again, on the very spot where the Duke of Argyll paused to point out the unrivalled landscape to Jeanie Deans, M. Taine breaks out:—

> 'A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things; Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it! Without doubt their climate befits trees, and, besides, they have had no invasion or popular rising to mutilate or cut them down; the national taste has favoured their preservation; olden things have been more respected and better preserved than in France, and among them must be numbered the trees.'

But the Frenchman is yet to be born who can dissociate the sublime and beautiful from the artificial or conventional. When Voltaire was told how well his trees looked, he replied that, like fine ladies and gentlemen, they had nothing else to do: and M. Taine thinks that the charm of flowers and foliage is enhanced by their resemblance to a cluster of Parisian beauties in all the glitter and glory of diamonds, crinoline, and bare shoulders. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of *these*:

> 'They have the tint of a beautiful lady; they, too, are patricians developed, preserved, embellished by all the re-

finements of art and of luxury; I have had the same impression at a full-dress morning party, before a staircase filled from top to bottom with young laughing ladies in swelling and sweeping dresses of tulle, of silk, the head covered with diamonds, the shoulders bare. This was a unique sensation, that of splendour and brilliancy carried to the highest pitch—all the flowers of civilisation and of nature in a single bouquet and in a single perfume.'

A French traveller in Ireland, after trying the whisky, sets down: '*Le vin du pays est diablement fort.*' M. Taine finds the same fault with all English eatables and drinkables alike. 'All their common wines are very hot, very spirituous, and loaded with brandy. If they were pure, they would consider them insipid; our Bordeaux wines, and even our Burgundies, are too light for them. To please them it is necessary that the beverage should be rough and fiery: their palate must be either scratched or scraped.' He takes no account of the demand for Gladstone claret, which is light enough in all conscience; and he assumes throughout that the taste for stimulants is peculiar to us children of the fog. Did he ever hear of the 'liquoring-up' of the United States, the *schnapps* of Germany, or the absinthe-drinkers of his native land, who belong to the same category as the Turkish or Chinese opium-eaters? He is still more severe on our cookery:

'I have purposely dined in twenty taverns, from the lowest to the highest, in London and elsewhere. I got large portions of fat meat and vegetables, without sauce; one is amply and wholesomely fed, but one has no pleasure in eating. In the best Liverpool eating-house they do not know how to dress a fowl. If you would tickle your palate, there is a cruet filled with pickles, peppers, sauces, and Chili vinegar. I once inadvertently put two drops of it into my mouth. I might as well have swallowed a hot cinder. At Greenwich, having already partaken of plain whitebait, I helped myself to some out of a second dish; it was devilled, and fitted for skinning the tongue.'

According to him, the English make up for quality by quantity: 'They consider us sober; yet we ought to consider them voracious. Economists say that, on an average, a Frenchman eats a sheep and a half yearly, and an Englishman four sheep. At the tables of the eating-houses you are served with a small piece of bread along with a very large helping of meat.' He does not say 'raw meat,' as a Frenchman of the old *régime* would have said; for the French have adopted the worst fault they were wont to find in our cookery, that of serving the meat underdone. A Frenchman, dining with an Englishman, let drop, 'I eat a great deal of bread with my meat.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and a great deal of meat with your bread.'

The comparative consumption of animal food in a country cannot be decided by the average consumption of sheep in England, any more than by the average consumption of veal in Germany or of *filets de bœuf* in France. Assuming that we do consume a greater amount of animal food of all sorts, this, again, would prove no more than that the bulk of our population are better off. 'Fifty years ago,' says M. Taine, 'meat was a luxury among the peasants; they ate it but once a week; in winter they had salt meat only. Now they require fresh meat every day; and England, which produces so much of it, is obliged, in addition, to procure it from abroad.' If this were true (which, we are sorry to say, it is not) the four sheep a year might be accounted for without any imputation of coarse feeding or voracity. Lady Morgan, who had an antagonistic theory of French appetites, tells a story of a little Frenchwoman at a German *table-d'hôte* exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu, j'ai mangé pour quatre;*' which, adds Lady Morgan, was not far from the truth.

The physiological and psychological effects of diet are a matter of every-day remark. Kean's dinner was regularly adapted to his part: he ate pork when he had to play tyrants; beef, for murderers; boiled mutton, for lovers. Byron, seeing Moore sedulously occupied with an underdone beefsteak, inquired, 'Are you not afraid of committing murder after such a meal?' M. Taine, therefore, has high authority in his favour when he traces our national character to our carnivorous habits. Adopting some passages from Mr. Froude, he calls the English 'a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews, which, under the stimulus of those great shins of beef, their common diet, were the wonder of the age.'

> 'Invariably, by friend and foe alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them), and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived, and the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.'

The Bishop of Peterborough was not afraid to declare from the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords that, if driven to the alternative, he would rather that the people were free than sober. An Englishman with whom M. Taine conversed at 'the Derby,' disapproved of temperance societies, vowed that the race required stimulants, and maintained that even in India, where he had lived for five years, the entire abandonment of spirituous liquors would be a mistake. 'Our sailors cannot do without their glass of spirits. We are eminently an energetic people; we require strong meat and drink to sustain our frames; without them we should have no animal spirits; it is on account of this régime that our mariners are so hardy and so brave. When they board, after discharging their pistols, they fling them at random on the enemy's deck, saying that they are certain to find them again after the victory.'

M. Taine more than half agrees with him: 'Certain organisations are prodigal: there are chimneys which draw badly unless the fire be great; besides, the climate, the fog, the large expenditure of physical and mental labour, necessitate copious repasts. Mr. Pitt did not find two bottles of port-wine too large a quantity to take with his dinner.' Earl Stanhope will be surprised to learn that this habit of Mr. Pitt's, supposed to have been brought on by the weakness of his digestive organs, was nothing but a peculiarity of race.

How happens it that, in describing the English diet, with its effects, M. Taine is silent as to beer, which M. Esquiros, an equally well-informed if less dashing and original observer, terms the national drink?

'Beer has inspired their poets, their artists, their great actors; they remember the tavern near Temple Bar, where Swift, Addison, Garth, and Steele met. An English workman who had been engaged for a long time in a wine-producing country, said to me, after describing all his sufferings and privations, "If John Bull forgot his beer, he would forget his country: but, before he came to that, his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth."

'The English attribute to the use of this liquid the iron muscles of their labouring classes, who struggle so valiantly, afloat and ashore, in factories and vessels, for the power of Great Britain: they even attribute their victories to it. "Beer and wine," an orator exclaimed at a meeting where I was present, "met at Waterloo: wine red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, mad with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a wall of immovable men, the sons of beer. You have read history: beer gained the day."'

He calls ale the wife of porter, and includes both under the generic term, beer:

'One of the consequences of this double alimentary beverage is their substitution for bread among the northern people: and we shall not feel surprised at such a dietetic result if we reflect that beer contains, in a liquid form, the same substantial principles which the produce of our bakeries contains in a solid form. The Latin races eat bread: the Saxon drink it.'

A Turkish officer who came over to attend the autumn manœuvres complained of headache at Aldershot. An army doctor was called in, and making no allowance for southern constitutions, gave him four grains of blue pill and a black dose. The consequence *was that he* was utterly unable to take the field, and remained at his quarters, looking very like a sick monkey: an animal who is no more disposed than a true believer to regard sickness as a kindly dispensation, and always looks very sorry for himself. We suspect that M. Taine was once ill-advised enough to follow a similar prescription, for he says that the medicines here might be compounded for French horses. 'If you ask a chemist for a purge, he hands calomel to you; an Englishman often keeps it by him, and takes a pill of it when his head feels rather heavy.'

Let us now reverse the picture. This combined system of meat, drink, and physic produces calmness, presence of mind, solidity, laconic forms of expression. 'An officer relates that an English admiral, after a long fight, forced the enemy's vessel to strike, and received the captain, whom he had made prisoner, on the poop with the single phrase, "Fortune of War."' A friend of the author's writes that his coachman the other day thought fit to rattle down a mews in full speed. He frightened two carriage-horses which were being harnessed to a carriage. The groom advanced, took hold of the bits, and calmed the horses. Not a single word passed between these men. 'Picture to yourself the same scene in France. The taunts of the lackey, proud of his master, the blackguardism of the jealous menial,' &c. One would have thought that this picture was favourable to England. But this is not the opinion of M. Taine's friend, nor, it would seem, of M. Taine himself, when quoting the remainder of the letter:

> 'That is, my dear friend, what I have seen of most significance in England and by means of which I figure to

myself English liberty. These people have water mixed with their blood, exactly as their cattle are deficient in juice. Compare the gigots of St. Léonard with those of London. That is why they are allowed to combine together, to brawl, to print what they please. They are primitive animals, cold-blooded, and with a sluggish circulation.'

They will not even allow that our mutton, of which we eat so much, is better than their own. It is its want of juiciness that makes us cold-blooded, and deprives us of the excitability which so advantageously distinguishes the French. Therefore is it that we have adopted a different and lower basis for the moral principle:

'In France it is based on the sentiment of honour; in England on the idea of duty. Now, the former is rather arbitrary; its reach varies in different persons. One piques himself upon being rigid on a certain point, and thinks himself free on all the rest; in the circle of bad actions, he cuts off a segment from which he excludes himself; but this part varies according to his preferences—for example, he will be truthful in speaking, but not in writing, or the reverse. My honour consists of that wherein I place my glory, and I can place it in this as well as in that. On the contrary, the idea of duty is strict, and does not admit of the slightest compromise.'

This makes us (male and female) matter-of-fact, unimaginative, uninteresting, commonplace: although it may certainly conduce to sundry prosaic qualities, such as constancy in women, or patient endurance, firmness, and intrepidity in men:—

'A French officer who fought in the Crimea related to me *how an* English battalion of infantry destroyed two Russian regiments; the Russians fired incessantly, and did not lose a foot of ground, but they were excited and aimed badly; on the contrary, the English infantry avoided undue haste, took steady aim, and missed scarcely a single shot. The human being is ten times stronger when his pulse continues calm, and when his judgment remains free.'

In the Franco-German war the chassepot was a much superior weapon to the needle-gun ; but its longer range became a positive disadvantage through the vivacity of the French, who frequently fired away all their ammunition before they had got near enough to take aim. Mr. Kinglake relates that, before the battle of the Alma had well commenced, swarms of French skirmishers were firing with a briskness and vivacity that warmed the blood of the many thousands of hearers then new to war. 'A young officer, kindling at the sound and impatient that the French should be first in action, could not help calling Lord Raglan's attention to it. But the stir of French skirmishers through thick ground was no new music to Lord Fitzroy Somerset; rather, perhaps, it recalled him for a moment to old times in Estremadura and Castile, when, at the side of the great Wellesley, he learned the brisk ways of Napoleon's infantry. So, when the young officer said, "The French, my lord, are warmly engaged," Lord Raglan answered, "Are they? I cannot catch any return fire." His practised ear had told him what we now know to be the truth. No troops were opposed to the advance of Bosquet's columns in this part of the field.' M. Taine states that 'in the Crimea the French wounded recovered less frequently than the English, *because they resigned* themselves less rapidly.'

Montalembert, in his '*L'Avenir Politique*,' expatiates enthusiastically on an incident in our military annals as showing what habits of discipline and deep sense of duty can effect:—

> 'Who can ever forget the example of antique magnanimity and Christian abnegation given some years since by the whole of an English regiment swallowed up in a shipwreck! It had been embarked on board the frigate "Birkenhead," bound for the Cape of Good Hope. The vessel struck upon a rock at a short distance from her destination. The means of transport only sufficed to land the women and children and a few infirm passengers. Officers and soldiers take to their arms, and draw up in order of battle on the poop, whilst the partial landing is effected, and also whilst the vessel is slowly sinking beneath the waves. Not one of those young, strong, armed men attempts to take the place of the weak, who are to survive, and the regiment descends entire into the abyss, martyrs of obedience and charity. To my mind, the name "Birkenhead," and the date of this shipwreck, would figure on the colours of this regiment by as good a title as the most brilliant victories.'

The troops on board (13 officers, 9 sergeants, 466 men) consisted of detachments from ten regiments; and a great number of the soldiers were drowned in their berths directly after the ship struck. According to the narrative of Captain (afterwards Lieut.-Colonel) Wright, the senior of four officers who were saved, 'all the officers received their orders and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom: there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarcation conducted with so little noise and confusion. When the vessel was just about going down, the commander called out, 'All those who can swim jump overboard, and make for the boats.' We begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boats with the women must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt.' Some reached the shore by swimming, or on spars. The commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Seton, of the 74th, went down with his men.

A passage in one of M. de Tocqueville's conversations with Senior[1] throws light upon the question whether honour, as understood in France, or duty, as understood in England, is the surest guide, prompter, safeguard, or security :—

> 'A Frenchman is never bold when he is on the defensive. A few hundreds of the lowest street rabble, without arms or leader, will attack an established government, raise barricades under fire, and die content if they have enjoyed the excitement of bloodshed and riot. Two hundred thousand men, armed, disciplined, seem paralysed if the law is on their side, and they are required not to attack but to resist. Their cowardice when they are in the right is as marvellous as their courage when they are in the wrong. Perhaps the reason is that, in the former case, they cannot rely on one another; in the latter case they can.'

Their cowardice (the term is M. de Tocqueville's) when on the defensive was most marvellous in the late war, when three times over they capitulated by hundreds of thousands without one determined effort to break out. The duty of a commander-in-chief similarly situated to Napoleon the Third at Sedan, or Marshal Bazaine at Metz, was distinctly laid down by Napoleon the First, after the capitulation of General Dupont at Baylen, with 20,000 men, in 1808. When the news reached the Emperor, at Bordeaux, he was stunned by it as by a blow. 'Is your Majesty ill?' asked Maret, on being hastily summoned. 'No.' 'Has Austria declared war?' 'Would to God it were only that.' 'What, then, has happened?' The Emperor then related the capitulation, and added, 'That an army should be beaten is nothing; the fate of arms is variable, and a defeat may be repaired. But for an army to make a shameful capitulation is a stain on the French name—on the glory of our arms. The wounds inflicted on honour never heal—the moral effect is terrible. . . . They say that there was no other means of saving the army, of preventing the massacre of the soldiers. Well, it would have been better for them all to have perished with their arms in their hands—that not one of them had returned.'[1]

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[1] *Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with William Nassau Senior.* Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. A book replete with knowledge and reflection.

Three Marshals, 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men were made prisoners at Metz, including 16,000 of the Imperial Guard—the Guard *qui meurt et ne se rend pas*. Never before in the world's history did anything like that number of the troops of any country allow themselves to be cooped up till the iron circle was drawn round them, or remain cowed within it 'as the Tinchel cows the deer.' Napoleon III. told an English statesman that, with the exception of some military dash, the French were not a brave nation. They certainly were not under his régime: and making every allowance for bad leadership—for mal-administration, corruption, and incapacity—it is difficult to recognise in them the same nation whose proud boast it was that their national flag, the Tricolour, had made the tour of Europe on the Car of Victory.[1] The deterioration of race is so marked that moralists and physiologists have endeavoured to account for it by a combination of moral and physical causes: by the effects of the conscript system under the First Empire: and by the demoralising influence of the theories of sexual intercourse notoriously prevalent and practically carried out in France. Both causes have been in operation; but, in point of fact, the French, with all their gallantry, were always wanting in the calmness, firmness, and self-reliance which constitute the highest kind of bravery. What would have been the effect on a French regiment of the exhortation addressed by the Duke to the 81st, at the battle of the Nivelle, 'You must stand firm, my lads, for there is nothing behind you?' Or suppose the position and composition of the contending armies at Waterloo had been reversed. Suppose an army of more than 71,000 picked British troops had attacked a scratch army of 68,000 containing less than 30,000 French—how long would the defensive positions in and about Hougomont and La Haye Sainte have been maintained?[1]

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[1] Thibadeau, vol. iii. p. 439.

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[1] Lamartine's words at the Hôtel de Ville in 1848, when he contrasted the tricolour with the red. Who was the lady that, in allusion to the reluctance of the Comte de Chambord to surrender the white flag, said, '*Ce pauvre Prince, avec son drapeau blanc, me fait l'effet de Virginie, qui s'est laissée noyer plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise*'?

Since the comparison has been frequently challenged or invited, let us proceed with it. We hardly know an instance in which the English were beaten by the French, nation against nation, in a pitched battle by land or sea. What have they (except the combats under the Maid of Orleans) to set against Créçy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Quebec, Wandewash, Alexandria, Maida, Albuera, Corunna, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, La Hogue, Rodney's victory in 1782, the Nile? We name only battles in which the force on each side was essentially homogeneous. It was a combined fleet (French and Spanish) that was destroyed at Trafalgar; and Waterloo might have been a drawn battle without the Prussians. But Napoleon's well-authenticated words to Comte Flahaut the night after the battle were: '*Ça a toujours fini de même depuis Créçy.*'

Neither Marlborough's nor William the Third's battles should count, having been respectively won and lost by allied armies of which less than one-third was British. But, speaking of the decisive charge of the

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[1] 'It was a stern meeting between 71,947 brave men on one side, all homogeneous and confident in their leader, and 67,655 on the other: the latter a motley host made up of Belgians, Dutchmen, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, the troops of Nassau, and, though last not least, of 22,000 British soldiers. The brunt of the action fell, as was to be expected, on the English and gallant German legion.' —(Gleig's *Life of the Duke of Wellington.*) 'I really believe that, with the exception of the old Spanish infantry, I have got not only the worst troops, but the worst equipped army, with the worst staff, that ever was brought together.'—*The Duke of Wellington's Despatch*, June 25, 1815.)

Maison du Roi at Steinkirk, Macaulay says: 'They (the English) never ceased to repeat that if Solmes[1] had done his duty by them, they would have beaten even the Household.' If, again, the British had been properly supported at Fontenoy, they would have beaten even Saxe.

One marked superiority of the English is their capacity for fighting in line. In the battle of Wandewash, between Coote and Lally, in 1760, a French regiment in column attacked an English regiment drawn up in line, and, after receiving a heavy fire, broke through: then the English closed in upon their flanks, mingled with them, and utterly destroyed them as a force.[2] At the battle of Minden the English infantry in line beat off the whole of the French cavalry.[3]

Marshal Bugeaud told General Trochu that, although during the Peninsular War he had sometimes defeated the English in isolated encounters and by *coups-de-main* of which he had the preparation and direction, he had the mortification to witness only a small number of combined operations in which the English army did not get the better of the French. The reason, he added, was obvious. The French invariably attacked under conditions which almost always succeeded against the Spaniards, but almost always failed against the English.

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[1] '"Let us see what sport these British bulldogs will make," was the remark of Solmes, when urged to advance to their support.'—*Burnet*.

[2] Mill's *History of British India*, vol. iii. p. 25.

[3] Green's *History*.

'Arrived at a thousand yards from the English line, our soldiers began exchanging their ideas in agitation, and hastening their march so as to show a beginning of disarray. The English, silent, with grounded arms, presented in their impassible immovability the aspect of a long red wall: an imposing aspect, which never failed to impress the novices. Soon, the distances becoming less, repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur! En avant! A la baïonnette!*" sounded from our ranks; the shakos were raised on the muzzles of the muskets, the march became a run, the ranks were getting mixed, the agitation became tumult; many fired as they marched. The English line, always silent and motionless, and always with grounded arms, even when we were not more than 300 yards off, seemed not to be aware of the storm about to burst upon it. . . .

'At this moment of painful expectation, the English wall moved. They were making ready. An indefinable impression fixed to the spot a good many of our soldiers, who began an uncertain fire. That of the enemy, concentrated and precise, was crushing. Decimated we fell back, seeking to recover our equilibrium; and then three formidable hurrahs broke the silence of our adversaries. At the third they were on us, pressing our disorderly retreat.'[1]

An impartial survey of the military history of the Continent prior to the Revolution of 1789, is by no means favourable to the exalted pretensions of the French. Against Rocroy, Nordlingen, Steinkirk, Landau, Fontenoy, must be set Pavia, St. Quentin, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, Dettingen, Minden, Rosbach. 'The King of England,' said Louis XIV. to his Ambassador, d'Estrades, in 1667, 'may know the amount of my force, but he knows not the elevation of my mind. Everything appears to me contemptible in comparison with glory.' He was told and believed that he had attained the highest pinnacle of glory when he had crossed the Rhine unopposed upon a bridge, or been present at the capitulation of a town reduced by the combined genius of Vauban and Turenne. He waged war with an ostentatious magnificence, with a vastness and prodigality of resource, that long imposed not only on his own subjects but the world; yet when he signed the peace of Ryswick in 1697, his power was rapidly declining, his pride broken, and his military *prestige* altogether at an end. No vainglorious despot had ever better reason to speculate on the vanity of human wishes before he died.

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[1] *L'Armée Française en* 1867. Douzième édition, 1867, p. 241.

Napoleon, next to Louis XIV., must be held answerable for French assumption; yet here, again, the successes and victories were followed by accumulated disasters and defeats: giving France a bitter foretaste of the still more crushing blow that was in store for her. Three times over has she fought *à outrance* for military supremacy: under the Great Monarch, the still greater Emperor, and the Man of Sedan. Three times over has she been vanquished, and twice subjected to the severest penalties a conqueror crying *Væ victis* could inflict. Surely it is time to give over affecting the part which Anchises assigned to the Roman:

> 'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
> Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.'

Like Hercules between virtue and vice, or Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, M. Taine, dragged different ways by his taste and his principles, is constantly suspended between the agreeable and the good. This is particularly observable in what he says of our women. Admitting their sterling qualities, he cannot get over their rude health, their robustness, their bad taste in dress, their frankness of manner, or their culpable neglect of those arts of pleasing which come so naturally to a Frenchwoman. 'As evidences of the state of the streets,' he says, 'look at the foot coverings (*chaussure*), and the feet of the ladies. Their boots are as large as those of gentlemen, their feet are those of watermen, and their gait is in keeping.' But see them in Rotten Row:—

> 'Many of the horsewomen are charming, so simple, and so serious, without a trace of coquetry; they come here not to be seen, but to take the air; their manner is frank without pretension; their shake of the hand quite loyal, almost masculine; no frippery in their attire; the small black vest, tightened at the waist, moulds (*montre*) a fine shape and healthy form; to my mind, the first duty of a young lady is to be in good health.'

Then why quarrel with them for adapting the means to the end? With amusing inconsistency M. Taine cites approvingly the sneering remark of Stendhal, that 'an Italian beauty does not take in a year as much exercise as a young *Miss* in a week.' If feminine delicacy were identical with languid sensibility, and intrigue or gallantry the chief business of life, the Italian beauty would bear away the palm; but her indolent, self-indulgent habits not only unfit her for domestic life or intellectual companionship: they render her incapable of deep passion, or of an absorbing or lasting sentiment even of the illicit or forbidden kind:

> 'No— 'tis not the region where love's to be found:
> They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove;
> They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,
> When she warbled her best, but they've nothing like Love.'[1]

Speaking of an evening-party at Lady S—'s, M. Taine says:

> 'Two other young girls are beautiful and pleasing; but too rosy, and upon this rosiness are too many adornments of staring green which vex the eye. But as compensation, how simple and affable are they! Twice out of three times when one converses here with a woman, one feels rested, affected, almost happy; their greeting is kindly, friendly; and such a smile of gentle and quiet goodness! No after-thought; the intention, the expression, everything is open, natural, cordial. One is much more at ease than with a Frenchwoman. . . . The conversation (with an Englishwoman) is neither a duel, nor a competition; one may express a thought as it is without embellishment; one has the right to be what one is, commonplace. One may even, without wearying her or having a pedantic air, speak to her about serious matters, obtain from her correct information, reason with her as with a man.'

He is prodigal of types. Here is another to illustrate what he calls the chief point, the absence of coquetry:—

> 'This winter in a Paris drawing-room where I was, a stout, red-faced, bald man, related to a rather great English

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[1] Moore, *Rhymes on the Road*: Florence.

personage, entered leading his daughter of sixteen; pretty gentle face, but what ignorance of dress! She had dark brown gloves, hair in curls, not glossy, a sort of badly-fitting white casaque, and her waist resembled a log in a sack. All the evening she remained silent, like a Cinderella amidst the splendours and supreme elegances of the dresses and beauties surrounding her. Here, in St. James's Park, at the Exhibition, in the picture-galleries, many young ladies, pretty, well-dressed, wore spectacles. I put aside several other traits; but it is clear to me that they possess in a much lesser degree than Frenchwomen the sentiment which ordains that at every moment, and before every person, a woman should stand with shouldered arms, and feel herself on parade.'

The absurdity of requiring a woman to be studied and unstudied, natural and artificial, thinking of herself and not thinking of herself at the same time, never once occurs to him. But as our fair countrywomen think a great deal about their dress, and spend a great deal of money on it, their taste is a fair object of comment: and it is a French remark of long standing, that an Englishwoman resembles the lists at a tournament in which hostile colours encounter and join battle. 'I remarked to a lady (says M. Taine), that female dress was more showy in England than in France. "But our gowns come from Paris!" I took care not to reply: "It is you choose them!"' M. Taine should know that French dressmakers of note, considering their own reputation at stake, leave their English customers little choice in the matter.

In his chapter on 'Marriage and Married Women,' institutes a fair enough comparison between the wedded life of England and that of France; nor is its fairness affected by the leaning he betrays towards a certain degree of laxity:

> 'When the young man has made up his mind, it is to the young girl that he addresses himself first, asking the consent of the parents in the second place: this is the opposite of the French custom, where the man would consider it indelicate to utter a single clear or vague phrase to the young girl before having spoken to her parents. In this matter the English find fault with us, ridicule our marriages summarily settled before a lawyer. Yet C——, who is English, and knows France well, allows that their love-matches end more than once in discord, and our marriages of arrangement in concord.'

A love-match is, of course, more likely to end in disappointment than a marriage based on the fitness of things, on compatibility of rank, fortune, connexion, temper, age. It has been ingeniously contended that English marriages between persons of distinction would turn out better, if settled, after argument by counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Lady Mary Wortley Montague exerted all her influence to get a Bill passed for assimilating marriages to leases for a term of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. But she was a good deal puzzled by the objection that a lease always contained a covenant to keep and leave in good repair, reasonable wear and tear excepted. Mrs. Malaprop's theory, that it is best to begin with a little aversion, is not devoid of plausibility. But, on the other hand, a marriage of reason or convenience partakes too much of the nature of a mere form, and the ceremony sounds like a mockery when the solemn promise to love, honour, and obey, is uttered like a lesson learned by rote, instead of being spoken earnestly and from the heart.

The conversation (reported by Senior) at the Château Tocqueville happening to turn on French marriages, it was stated that, on the female side, they are generally early; a girl unmarried at twenty-one or twenty-two gets alarmed. The *curés* are the principal marriage-makers. They alone know everybody. A man of eight or nine and twenty may wish for a wife, but is too busy or too awkward to set about getting one for himself. He applies to the *curé*, tells him, perhaps, that he has twenty or twenty-five thousand francs a year. 'Well,' answers the *curé*, 'I think that I have three or four charming demoïselles at that price.' So the introduction is managed, and the affair is concluded in a few weeks. 'The life of an unmarried girl,' added Madame de Tocqueville, 'is very *triste*. She never quits her mother's side except perhaps to dance, and then does not exchange a word with her partner. She takes no part in conversation; she effaces herself, in short, as much as possible. Were she to do otherwise, she would ruin her chances of marriage.'

To the French girl, therefore, marriage is escape from restraint; it is practically her *début* in society, her introduction to the world, in which she is now free to talk and act, to choose her own dresses and companions, to indulge her caprices, to enter into rivalry with the women, and lend a delighted ear to the flatteries of the men. It would be passing strange, if thus occupied and surrounded for the first time, her thoughts should be fixed exclusively on her husband and her home. The English girl of corresponding rank seldom marries till after her third or fourth season; she has run the round of gaiety and haply begun to tire of it; she has undergone the ordeal of male attention; she has had her passing illusion or more serious interest; *l'amour a passé par là*; and her change of condition not unfrequently implies a considerable amount of self-denial or self-sacrifice, instead of being the 'open sesame' to untried realms of fashion and frivolity.

> 'Very often a lady, daughter of a marquis or baronet, having a dowry of 3,000*l.* or 3,250*l.*, marries a simple gentleman, and descends of her own free will from a state of fortune, of comfort, of society, into a lower or much inferior grade. She accustoms herself to this. The reverse of the medal is the fishery for husbands. Worldly and vulgar characters do not fail in this respect; certain young girls use and abuse their freedom in order to settle themselves well. A young man, rich and noble, is much run after. Being too well received, flattered, tempted, provoked, he becomes suspicious and remains on his guard. This is not the case in France; the young girls are too closely watched to make the first advance; there the game never becomes the sportsman.'

'Why did you cut me at the morning-party at Strawberry Hill?' asked a younger son of a young lady on her preferment. 'The *sun* was in my eyes, and I did not see you.' 'Yes, the eldest *son*.' This peculiar description of sunstroke will occasionally affect the vision of the fair, and their liability to it is one of the inevitable inconveniences of our system. But, by way of set-off, M. Taine tells us that, in order to marry, it is generally deemed necessary that they should feel a passion; and that 'many do not marry in consequence of a thwarted inclination.' As to the men,—

> 'Every Englishman has a bit of romance in his heart with regard to marriage; he pictures a home with the wife of his choice, domestic talk, children: there his little universe is enclosed, all his own; so long as he does not have it he is dissatisfied, being in this matter the reverse of a Frenchman, to whom marriage is generally an end, a makeshift.'

M. Taine was assured that, when an Englishman is in love, he is capable of anything: that Thackeray's Major Dobbin, who waits fifteen years without hope, because for him there is only one woman in the world, was drawn from the life: that there were and are numbers of young men like him:—

> 'This causes silent rendings of the heart and long inner tragedies. Numbers of young men experience it; and the protracted chastity, the habits of taciturn concentration, a capacity for emotion greater and less scattered than among us, carries their passions to the extreme. Frequently it ends in nothing, because they are not beloved, or because the disparity of rank is too great, or because they have not money enough wherewith to maintain a family—a very costly thing here. Then they become half-insane; travel to distract their minds, proceed to the ends of the earth. One who was mentioned to me, very distinguished, was supplanted by a titled rival; during two years, apprehensions were felt for his reason. He went to China and to Australia; at present he occupies a high post, he has been made a baronet, he presides over important business, but he is unmarried; from time to time he steals off, makes a journey on foot, in order to be *alone and* not to have anyone to converse with.'

So marked a difference in the matrimonial tie at starting must tell materially on the after-life of the parties, and the tie will naturally be deemed most binding in the country where it has been eagerly sought as a blessing instead of being coldly accepted as a makeshift. In England, consequently, 'marriage is encompassed with profound respect, and, as regards this matter, opinion is unbending: it is quite sufficient to read books, newspapers, romances, comic journals; adultery is never excused; even in the latitude of intimate conversations between man and man it is always held up as a crime.' In France, the exactly contrary is the fact: marriage is the never-failing subject of jocularity; in the novel, the play, the opera, the vaudeville, the plot almost invariably turns on matrimonial infidelity, the deceived husband being held up to ridicule, the false wife to envy and imitation; indeed, one does not see how French dramatists or novelists could get on at all if there were no Seventh Commandment to be broken or made light of. It has been the same from Molière downwards; and Frenchmen still quote complacently the grave irony of Montesquieu: 'Que le Français ne parle jamais de sa femme, parce qu'il a peur d'en parler devant les gens qui la connoissent mieux que lui.'

They do themselves great injustice: the national vanity is discernible in the very exaggeration of their faults: the immorality described by their dramatists could not co-exist with the bare decencies of life: and we lend a ready ear to the palliation of M. Taine:

'In the first place, these irregularities are not habitual among us, excepting in the case of fashionable upstarts; they very rarely reach the rich or well-to-do middle-class which possesses family traditions. Besides, in the provinces, life goes on openly, and scandal-mongering, which is greatly feared, performs the part of the police. Finally, the Frenchman flaunts that which a foreigner conceals: he has a horror of hypocrisy, and he prefers to be a braggart of vice.'

Hypocrisy has been defined the homage paid to virtue by vice; and virtue will be found in a wavering unsatisfactory state wherever and whenever that homage is denied. When M. Taine relies on scandal-mongering as the safeguard of female honour, he unconsciously adopts the slippery doctrine of Byron:—

'And whether coldness, pride, or virtue dignify?'
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?'

Besides, so long as what they call the *convenances* are observed, there is no scandal; and the standard of conduct both in town and country will always be more or less modified by the drama and light literature, the tone and spirit of the day. M. Taine's estimate of the analogous state of things in this country must also be taken with some grains of allowance:

'Breaches occur, of which I shall speak later, among the class of tradesmen; and in the lower order of the nobility which is fashionable, travels, and copies Continental manners. But, in the mass of the nation, among well brought up persons in the great world, the wives are almost always faithful. C—— tells me that I might remain here for eighteen months, and visit all the drawing-rooms, without *meeting* an exception: *one only is cited amongst the highest* *class.* Much more cases occurred fifty years ago, in the time of Byron and Alfieri; since then, opinion has become severe, and the Queen has laboured with all her might in this direction, firstly, by her example; secondly, by her influence: she excludes ladies of doubtful reputation from her Court; the extreme urgency and pressure of affairs were needed during the Crimean war for her to tolerate under the same roof with her, at Windsor, a statesman known as a profligate.'

The frequent appearance of persons of inferior rank in the Divorce Court has given foreigners an erroneous notion of the commercial classes in England, by whom, as also by the whole of the middle class, the matrimonial tie is held in high respect. When they break loose, it is by coarse profligacy. They are wholly guiltless of gallantry; and a plot turning on the intrigues of shopkeepers with each others' wives, which sounds so natural and probable when the scene is laid in the *Rue de la Paix*, would be declared incongruous and preposterous if the 'dramatis personæ' were domiciled in Cheapside.

'On the other hand, as we have seen, the married women are almost all faithful. B. pretends that there are exceptions in the very high class, adventures like those of Lady Adelina[1] in the "Don Juan" of Lord Byron, in the country, with infinite precautions and secrecy. But it is with the well-to-do (*aisés*) shop-keepers that accidents are most frequent, because the woman is unoccupied. Not having, as in France, the resources of visits and the theatre; nor, like the wives of gentlemen, that of patronising and giving lessons to

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[1] Lady Adeline Amundeville has no adventures, although no doubt there were some in store for her. The only adventure in the country (at Norman Abbey) is that of the Duchess of Fitzfulke.

the poor—placed above want—never lending a hand in the kitchen or in dressmaking—it is by this great void of *ennui* that the door is opened to seduction. The lover is most frequently a man of the world, a rich gentleman, who deals with them. At the same time, except for some profligates, the situation is disagreeable. *Un Anglais à l'état d'adultère est malheureux; sa conscience lui tourmente au plus beau moment.*' [1]

English delicacy, again, although unfortunately it does not prevent young women from agitating against the Contagious Diseases Act, is opposed to the introduction of the 'social evil' on the English stage in any shape. In France it is perseveringly made prominent in the form of a *Dame aux Camélias*, the *Filles de Marbre*, a *lorette* or (the latest variety of the species) a *cocotte*. In *Les Curieuses*, a Russian princess, on her arrival in Paris for the season, finds herself, through the oversight of her agent, the occupant of a furnished apartment belonging to a mercenary charmer, whose admirers and associates are not aware that it has been let; and the great lady amuses herself by admitting the male and female *habitués* in the assumed character of friend and professional colleague of her landlady. She thus acquires an intimate personal acquaintance with their habits and modes of life; rendered doubly interesting by an unexpected encounter with the Prince, her husband, the object of whose call was professedly the reverse of conjugal.

The Queen's married life was a moral lesson, and an elevating, improving picture in itself. During the best part of a generation it worked wonders, and its influence extended far beyond the circle which is more or less compelled to follow the lead of the Court. But, of late years, there have been symptoms of a relapse. Temptations and irregular tendencies must always abound amidst the idleness and satiety of a rich, luxurious metropolis; the example of Imperial Paris did harm; the vanity of dress was never more baneful than now; and if M. Taine were to spend eighteen months in searching London drawing-rooms for an erring spouse he would be more successful than Diogenes when searching Athens for an honest man. The 'fast' girl has been discovered or sprung up: and Byron's 'drapery misses'[1] have been outdone by drapery dames.

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[1] This paragraph is omitted by the translator.

There is a scene in 'Les Esclaves de Paris,' in which the famous dressmaker W—— is holding court. A married woman, deep in his books, exclaims in agony on his refusing to give time,—'Mais si vous saviez . . . Je n'oserai jamais rentrer chez moi . . . je n'aurai pas le courage d'avouer.' With a sneer of revolting cynicism, he replies: 'Eh bien! si votre mari vous fait peur, adressez-vous à un autre.'

A young and unsophisticated observer of the scene ventures a remonstrance, and this dialogue ensues:

'What! you do not know that all these silly customers of mine are, as it were, mad with vanity and the passion of dress! Father, mother, husband, they would give all, along with their children into the bargain, to open an account with me. You cannot form a notion of what a woman will do to procure the gown which will make her rival burst with vexation. . . . It is only when it comes to settling that they think of the family.'

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[1] 'This term is probably anything now but a mystery. It was, however, almost so to me when I returned from the East in 1811-1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when married, by the *husband.*' —(*Don Juan*, canto ii. st. 49, note.)

'However, you know that with her you will lose nothing: her husband——'

'Ah, yes! the husbands; let us come to them. They make me die with laughter. Go with your dresses! They receive you with all possible politeness, for they too like the handsome stuffs which do them honour. When you present your bill, it is quite a different matter. They make terrible faces, and talk of turning you out of doors.'

'The husbands are often deceived.'

'Don't talk to me. . . . They know very well, and in any case it is their duty to be informed. When they have given a hundred louis a month, they think themselves quiet, and see dresses capable of startling the cab horses defile before them by the dozen. If it never occurs to them that their wives buy these on credit, where do you think they are got? But no, the husband and wife understand one another.'

'You have been perhaps a little hard.'

'Bah! I shall be paid to-morrow. I know well by whom and how, and I shall have another order. I had my reasons for acting as I did.'

The contemptuous manner in which this despot of fashion speaks of 100 louis a month may give a notion of the extravagance of modern expenditure in dress. The year before the war a Frenchwoman, sued by a dressmaker for the balance of an account current for three years, paid 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) into court as confessedly due: the sum claimed being about half as much again. This was exclusive of bills due to other dressmakers and miscellaneous expenses of *toilette*.

An incident better suited to the meridian of Paris or London, is said to have occurred at Dublin. The husband of a pretty woman, who had flirted with a succession of officials, from the Lord-Lieutenant downwards, for a series of years, at length was rewarded for his wife's exertions by a place. The morning after his appointment was gazetted, the fashionable milliner of Dublin sent in her bill, making him debtor to the tune of about two years of the salary to come. 'What,' he exclaimed, with a startled look at the sum total, 'two years' salary for my wife's dresses!' 'Well, sir, don't be angry: without your wife's dresses, you would have no place or salary at all.'

On being told, in 1803, at Paris, that a lady whom he had formerly known was no longer received in society, Mackintosh remarks, 'I really should like to know what her offence could be.' We really should like to know what the solitary exception cited to M. Taine could have done to merit her painful preeminence. To us she is a mythical personage: so is the profligate statesman whom the Queen tolerated at Windsor during the Crimean war: so is the heartbroken baronet who, after vainly trying China and Australia, takes refuge in solitary pedestrianism. The distinction drawn between the lower order of nobility and the higher is fanciful.

'Another guarantee [continues M. Taine] is the dread of publicity and of the newspapers. On this head our free and rakish manners grievously offend them. C—— related to me that, in a Parisian circle, he heard a man of the world observe to another, "Is it true, then, that your wife has got a lover?" This remark he considers monstrous; and he is right. A book like Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage" would give great offence; perhaps the author would be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice.'

Society must be in a curious state where any doubt could be raised as to the taste or propriety of the remark declared monstrous by C., or where Balzac's 'Physiologie du Mariage' could be deemed permissible reading for women. Its cynical materialism is yet more revolting than its indecency. One of the maxims is, 'Avant de se marier, on doit avoir *au moins* disséqué *une* femme.' But French novels of an extremely objectionable tone and tendency have found their way into English boudoirs; and it was the highest English aristocracy that supplied the crowded and applauding public for *Madame attend Monsieur* and *La Grande Duchesse.* The broad general conclusion at which M. Taine arrives, after tossing the subject to and fro, blowing hot and cold on it, and placing it in every variety of light, is thus expressed:

'Generally an Englishwoman is more thoroughly beautiful and healthy than a Frenchwoman. The principal cause of this is the hygiene; the children ride on horseback, are much in the open air, do not dine with their parents, do not eat sweetmeats. Moreover, the nerves are less excited, and the temperament is calmer, more enduring, less exacting; what is the most wearing in these days, are incessant and unsatisfied desires.

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'On the other hand, the Englishwoman is less agreeable: she does not dress for her husband, she does not know how to make a pretty woman of herself; she has no talent for rendering herself fascinating and enticing at home; she is unacquainted with a number of fine and delicate graces; she considers it unworthy of her to employ minor means for re-awakening love or fondness; more frequently still she is not clever enough to invent them. She puts on handsome new dresses, is most careful about cleanliness, but nothing more; she is not attractive; one soon wearies beside her. Fancy a very beautiful pink peach, slightly juicy, and alongside of it a perfumed strawberry full of flavour.'

But let us look a little closer at the perfumed strawberry: let us see if there is not a small maggot at the core.

'There is a small piece now [1834] acting at one of the minor theatres called "Pourquoi." It is very popular; everybody goes to see it, and says, "it is so true." What tale lies hid under this mysterious title? "There are two married friends living together. The wife of one is charming, always ready to obey and to oblige; her husband's will is her law. Nothing puts her out of humour. This couple live on the best of terms, and the husband is as happy as husband can desire to be.—Now for the other pair! Here is continual wrangling and dispute. The wife will have her own way in the merest trifles as on the gravest matters. . . . In short, nothing can be so disagreeable as this good lady is to her grumbling but submissive helpmate. Happiness and misery were never to all appearance brought more fairly face to face than in these two domestic establishments. 'Why' is one wife such a pattern of good nature and submission? 'Why' is the other such a detestable shrew? This is the *pourquoi*. The spouse whom you shrink from in such justifiable horror is as faithful as woman can be. The spouse whom you cling to as such a pillow of comfort, is an intriguing hussy. Hear, O ye French husbands! you must not expect your wives to have at the same time chastity and good temper: the qualities are incompatible. Your eyes must be picked out or horns on your head must grow. This is the farce which is 'so popular.' This is the picture of manners which people call 'so true.'"'[1]

It is as true now as it was in 1834. In *Célimare le Bien-Aimé*, the hero, after devoting his youth to the wives of his neighbours, is induced by advancing years to take a wife of his own. The persons most discontented at this step are the husbands of the ladies whom he has been accustomed to honour with his attentions, and they complain bitterly that he no longer takes the smallest interest in them. The most successful scene is one in which they rival each other in the display of their fatuity. One of them, Bocardon, after dwelling on Célimare's kindness in training a dog for him, goes on:—

'One evening I came home with my dog, which I had taken out walking; I take him out every evening. I came to my wife's room; all of a sudden Minotaur rushes to the door of the closet; he begins scratching and barking. I thought is was a rat, or a thief; I opened the closet; it was Célimare.

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[1] Bulwer's *France*, vol. i. p. 94.

'*Vernouillet* (*the other husband, aside*). What a thing for him to tell!

'*Bocardon.* It was my wife who had hidden him, to see if Minotaur would find him, and he did find him.

'*Emma* (*the bride*). All this is very agreeable.

'*Bocardon.* Wasn't it funny?

'*Vernouillet* (*in a low tone to Bocardon, and putting him aside*). Hold your tongue, can't you?

'*Bocardon* (*surprised*). What for?

'*Vernouillet* (*to Emma*). My wife had a parrot still more extraordinary than this dog. Célimare delighted in teaching it. Its cage was in the antechamber, and whenever it saw me coming in, it cried out: *Voilà monsieur! voilà monsieur!*

'*Bocardon* (*aside*). He tells that to the wife! What a fool!'

This is a mild specimen of the popular view taken of the relations between married people of the middle class in France. There is another stock piece of the French stage, from which an equal amount of instruction, with a sounder rule of conduct for both sexes, may be deduced. It is entitled, 'La Seconde Année, ou à Qui la Faute?' The marriage here is a marriage of affection: the young couple had seen each other, and become mutually attached, whilst the family arrangements were in progress. The first year passes like a prolonged honeymoon, but before the middle of the second, the husband indulges a hankering for his old haunts, steals off to his club, and renews his acquaintance with the actresses and opera-dancers à la *mode.* A friend, Edmund, seizes the occasion to amuse Madame la Comtesse, and things are looking bad, when the husband receives a timely warning, and soliloquises somewhat in this fashion: 'It's all my own fault, and, luckily, it's not too late to mend. She liked me better than Edmund when we were both suitors, and, *au fond*, she likes me better still. Vulgar jealousy would be unworthy of us both. Strong measures are out of the question. *Allons*, I must be *aux petits soins* again.' He sets regularly to work to win her back; no longer lounges into her drawing-room to leave it, after reading his newspaper, with a yawn; lingers round her with marked interest, pays her graceful compliments, and lays the most beautiful bouquets on her dressing-table. This system is crowned with well-merited success: the husband is reinstated in all the privileges of the lover, and M. Edmund, fairly beaten with his own weapons, is bowed out.

This piece, unexceptionable as it reads and acts in point of moral, could not be effectively adapted to the English stage, because it is out of keeping with our manners and modes of thinking to trifle with the duties and relations of married life, or to take for granted that infidelity is justified by neglect. Neither would such conjugal tactics have the attraction of novelty or originality for an English audience. 'Madame —— (at Paris) said, "The English are excellent people: when no one else makes love to their wives, they do it themselves." "Yes," added ——, "I observed Mr. —— (an Englishman,) the other evening talking to his wife for half an hour together."'[1]

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[1] *Life of Mackintosh*. By his Son.

Strengthened by the authority of his omnipresent and omniscient friend C——, M. Taine pronounces an Englishwoman to be incapable of presiding in a drawing-room like a Frenchwoman, to be consequently incapable of forming a *salon*:

> 'The Englishwoman has not sufficient tact, promptitude, suppleness to accommodate herself to persons and things, to vary a greeting, comprehend a hint, insinuate praise, make each guest feel that she thinks his presence of much consequence. She is affable only, she merely possesses kindness and serenity. For myself, I desire nothing more, and I can imagine nothing better. But it is clear that a woman of the world—that is to say, a person who wishes to make her house a place of meeting frequented and valued by the most distinguished persons of every species—requires to have a more varied and a more delicate talent.'

The talent in question has been possessed and displayed by many Englishwomen. Lady Palmerston, for example, had it in as high a degree of perfection as Madame Recamier, of whom Tocqueville says, 'The talent, labour, and skill which she wasted in her *salon* would have gained and governed an empire.'[1] The *salon* jars with our habits: we cling too much to the privacy of the domestic circle, and we have no sympathy with the Frenchman exclaiming, '*Où passerai-je mes soirées?*' which it had become a second nature to him to pass out of his own house.[1] But it is customary for women of the higher class to receive visits from three to six on Sundays: these afternoon receptions closely resemble the *salon*; and in the height of the London season M. Taine's friend C—— might have taken him to more than one in which he would have found an Englishwoman doing the honours with Parisian grace to a succession of distinguished visitors, putting all of them at their ease, leading the conversation to the appropriate topics, and rendering to all what was socially or intellectually their due. Such an introduction would have had the additional advantages of showing M. Taine how the dull monotony of an English Sunday may be relieved.

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[1] Senior, vol. ii. p. 209. The rest of the passage is curious: 'She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred. She governed us by little distinctions, by letting one man come five minutes before the others, or stay five minutes after; just as Louis XIV. raised one courtier to the seventh heaven by giving him the bougie, and another by leaning on his arm, or taking the shirt from him.'

The narrowness of the family circle in England is no less remarkable than its exclusiveness. It is commonly confined to a single branch. Rarely do we see in England, what is common in Germany and France, several branches living together under the same roof: at one time two or three married brothers, at another the parents with their sons-in-law and their daughters, and so on. 'We (says M. Taine) coalesce, we hold everything in common; as for them (the English), even when living together, they maintain distinctions, they draw lines of demarcation. Self is more powerful; each of them preserves a portion of his individuality, his own special and personal nook, enclosed, respected, by every one. Thus a father or mother is more imperfectly informed than among us as to the sentiments of their daughter, as to the business and the pleasures of their son. In France,' he adds, 'a son tells his mother everything, even about his mistresses: the usage is ancient. Madame de Sevigné related to her daughter secrets which she received from her son, secrets which she was only able to express owing to her *verve*, her gaiety, her wonderful lightness of touch.'[1] Even at the present day very many young Frenchmen make similar avowals to their mothers, who, instead of being scandalised, are pleased at being made confidants. 'B—— is of opinion that this is impossible in England: the son would not dare to do it; the mother would be shocked and indignant.'

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[1] When, on M. Recamier's death, Chateaubriand proposed marriage to Madame, she objected the disturbance of his habits, as he *was accustom*ed to pass all his evenings in her *salon*.

Prince Pückler Muskau, who travelled through England in 1826, after complaining of the stiffness of the English aristocracy, remarks:—

> 'Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some "baroque" customs prevail: for instance, the sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay, actually do not present themselves at their father's dinner-table without a formal invitation. I lately read a curious instance of

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[1] *e.g.* 'Votre frère me contait l'autre jour, qu'un comédien vouloit se marier, quoiqu'il eût un certain mal un peu dangereux, et son camarade lui dit,—"Hé! morbleu, attends que tu sois guéri: tu nous perdras tous." Cela me parut fort epigramme.'

conjugal affection in the newspaper. The Marquis of Hastings died in Malta: shortly before his death, he ordered that his right hand should be cut off immediately after his death, and sent to his wife.

'A gentleman of my acquaintance, *out of real tenderness* [was not the Marquis actuated by real tenderness?], and with her previously-obtained permission, cut off his mother's head, that he might keep the skull as long as he lived; while other Englishmen, I really believe, would rather endure eternal torments than permit the scalpel to come near their bodies. The law enjoins the most scrupulous fulfilment of such dispositions of a deceased; however extravagant they may be, they must be executed. I am told there is a country house in England where a corpse, fully dressed, has been standing at a window for the last half century, and still overlooks its former property.'

These caprices are not confined to a country or a class. The corpse of the cosmopolitan Jeremy Bentham may still be seen seated in the philosopher's chair in his ordinary costume.

The Prince complained that 'politics are here a main ingredient of social intercourse; as they begin to be in Paris, and will in time become in our sleepy Germany: for the whole world has now that tendency. The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change, and the art of conversation, as it once flourished in France, will, perhaps, soon be entirely lost. In this country (England) I should rather think it never existed, unless, perhaps, in Charles the Second's time.' M. Taine leans to this opinion. 'So far as I can judge, the English do not know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation. A Frenchman accounts the happiest moment of his life the period after supper, in the society of well-educated and intelligent men. All the treasures of the human intellect are there handled, not in heavy ingots, or in large sacks, but in pretty portable gold coins. It seems to me that these coins are rare in England, and that, in addition, they are not current. They are regarded as too thin.'

The exact opposite would be nearer to the fact. The fault of English conversation at present is its frivolity, its want of depth and earnestness, the habit of skipping hastily from topic to topic, the fear which seems to haunt everybody of being voted bores, if they venture beyond a fresh bit of gossip, a short anecdote, or a *bon mot*. Lord Grenville used to say that he was always glad to meet lawyers at a dinner-party, because he then felt sure that some good subject would be rationally discussed. Lawyers have degenerated since his time, but not more than other classes or professions in this respect; for (except in a few small and select circles), whether lawyers, authors, doctors, bishops, peers, or members of Parliament make up the party, there is a decided want of what Dr. Johnson emphatically termed 'good talk.'

'I cannot understand,' said Tocqueville, 'how your great people, after having passed six months of representation in London, like to erect a little London for themselves in the country. *We* never think of filling our country houses with crowds of acquaintances. Our parties are mere family parties, and all our arrangements are meant for ease and comfort. There is no luxury or display in our furniture, no ostentation in our dinners.' Senior replies, that 'in London, where one has to go three or four miles to see one's friends, where few busy men can spare more than one or two evenings in a week, one scarcely sees the persons that one likes best a dozen times in a season, and then perhaps it is at a large dinner, or a crowded one. One can really enjoy their society in the country.' The same difference is remarked by M. Taine, who, in addition to the explanation given by Senior, says that the Englishman is hospitable, not only from generosity and kindliness, but from *ennui*, from the need of conversation and new ideas. This excites the indignation of his translator, who protests that 'neither the word nor the thing is known in this country.' Yet we read in Byron:—

> 'For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
> Though nameless in our language: we retort
> The fact for words, and let the French translate
> That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.'

Ennui is a growth of every clime; and Mr. Rae might as well contend that no one is ever *bored* out of England, because the word is English and untranslatable.[1] At the same time we see no necessity for any nice analysis of motives to explain why a nobleman or gentleman, with a spacious country house, including fine pictures and a library, surrounded by well-stocked preserves, should receive a succession of visitors during a portion of the year, and be especially anxious to entertain foreigners of note.

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[1] Mackintosh mentioned an observation he heard made by Madame de Souza. 'Strange,' said she, 'that there is no word in the English language for *ennui*, when the thing so much prevails.' 'It is for that very reason,' Mackintosh remarked to her: 'the feeling is so general, and so considered, that it is taken as a thing of course and unavoidable, and not calling for a particular name to designate it.'—*Memoirs*. The earliest use of the word *bore* in the popular sense with which we are acquainted, is in a letter from William Pitt to his mother in 1780.

Speaking of the England of her youth, Miss Berry says, 'No man intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners.'[1] Contrast this with M. Taine's account of the superabundant luxury of country-house life now: 'In my bedroom is a table of rosewood; upon this table a slab of marble, on the marble a round straw mat: all this to bear an ornamented water-bottle, covered with a tumbler. There are two dressing-tables, each having six drawers: the first is provided with a swing looking-glass, the second with one large jug, one small one, a medium one for hot water, two porcelain basins, two soap-dishes, &c. Napkins are under all the vessels and utensils: to provide for such a service, when the house is occupied, *it is necessary that washing should be always going on.*' That inconvenience may certainly arise, as the Englishman said to the Frenchman who, on being recommended to put his feet in hot water for a cold, objected that this was tantamount to washing them.

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[1] *England and France.* Second edition, vol. ii. p. 41.

'Several of these mansions are historical; they must be seen in order to understand what inheritance in a large family can bring together in the form of treasures. One was mentioned to me where, by a clause in the conditions, the possessor was bound to invest every year several thousands sterling in silver plate; after having crowded the sideboards, in the end a staircase was made of massive silver. We had the opportunity of seeing in the retrospective exhibition an entire collection of precious curiosities and works of art sent by Lord Hertford. In 1848, he said to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out, "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither, make yourself at home; you see that it will not cost you a farthing."'

Both these stories have been told of Spanish grandees. Neither is true of any English nobleman. The late Lord Hertford was by no means given to princely hospitality; but the Duc d'Ossuna, whilst resident Ambassador at St. Petersburg, kept up an establishment at Madrid, at which a dinner of twenty-four covers was regularly served, and horses and carriages were always at the disposal of his friends.

In M. Taine's animated description of the magnificent domain of Blenheim, he mentions 'a large stream of water, crossed by an ornamental bridge.' This bridge was constructed by the first Duke, and the smallness of the stream suggested the epigram,—

> ‘The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
> The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.’

M. Taine's mistakes are almost all upon the surface. He seldom fails to penetrate to the truth when he is investigating the sources of our permanent well-being and prosperity. He has the imaginative as well as the intellectual grasp, and can take in all the bearings of a time-honoured institution, with its elevating and refining influences, as well as its assigned object or direct practical utility:—

> ‘I have no park, and yet my eyes are satisfied with beholding one—only it must be accessible and well kept. It is the same with the lives of the great; they perform the functions of parks among the garden plots and tilled fields. The one furnishes venerable trees, velvet greenswards, the delicious fairy-land of accumulated flowers and poetic avenues; the other maintains certain elegancies of manners and certain shades of sentiment, renders possible a cosmopolite education, supplies a hotbed for statesmen.’

One of the first manufacturers in England, a Radical and supporter of Mr. Bright, said to M. Taine, ‘We do not wish to overthrow the aristocracy; we consent to their keeping the government and the high offices to members of the higher class; we believe that specially-trained men are required for the conduct of affairs; trained from father to son for this end, occupying an independent and commanding station. Besides, their title and their genealogy are a gilt feather. A troop is more easily led when its officer wears a plumed hat. But we absolutely require that they should fill all their places with competent persons. Nothing for mediocrities: no nepotism. Let them govern, provided, however, they have talent.'

M. Taine thinks that these conditions have been tolerably well performed on both sides since 1832. One of his friends knew Vincent, the itinerant orator, and was told by him, 'I can utter all that comes into my head, attack it matters not whom or what, except the Queen and Christianity. If I spoke against them my hearers would throw stones at me.' From a similar appreciation of the popular instincts, Cobbett set up his first shop under the sign of 'The Bible and the Crown.' Although M. Taine's speculations on the Established Church partake somewhat of the spirit of Pope's Universal Prayer, they are marked by feeling and sense:—

> 'The more I read the "Book of Common Prayer," the more beautiful and appropriate to its purpose do I find it. Whatever be the religion of a country, church is the place to which men come, after six days of mechanical toil, to freshen in themselves the sentiment of the ideal. Such was the Grecian temple under Cymon; such the Gothic cathedral under St. Louis. In accordance with the differences of sentiment, the ceremony and the edifice differ; but the important point is, that the sentiment should be revived and fortified. Now, in my opinion, that occurs here; a day labourer, a mason, a seamstress who leave this service carry with them noble impressions, suited to the instincts of their race, a vague notion of an august, I know not what, of a superior order, of invisible justice.'

Then what becomes of Stendhal's notion, that, in England, religion spoils one day in seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness? Surely the sentiment of the ideal, thus freshened and revived, adds to it. 'On the fundamental point, which is the moral emotion, all are agreed, and, in consequence, all reunite to surround with assiduous respect, visible and unanimous, the Church and the pastor.' M. Taine thinks that this respect is materially enhanced by the social position of the working clergy; by their being gentlemen, which (in the conventional sense) can rarely be said of the working clergy in France. 'When you come to our château (said Tocqueville) you will find the curé dining frequently with me, and once a year Madame de Tocqueville and I dine with him. A brother of the predecessor of the present curé was my servant. The curé has dined with me while his brother waited, and neither of them perceived in this the least *inconvenance*.'

The complex and irregular construction of our society is a puzzle to M. Taine, as it has been immemorially a puzzle to all foreigners, and (to own the truth) is still a puzzle to ourselves. 'How is it (writes Tocqueville, in 1853) that the word *gentleman*, which in our language denotes a mere superiority of blood, with you is now used to express a certain social position and amount of education, independent of birth; so that in two countries the same word, though the sound remains the same, has entirely changed its meaning? When did this revolution take place? How, and through what transitions? If I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I should venture to write to ask him these questions. In the excellent history which he is now publishing he alludes to this fact, but he does not try to explain it.'

These questions were put to Macaulay, and he was unable to answer them. M. Taine has devoted some pages to the attempt with indifferent success, although he has not failed to perceive that the word has no fixed and well-defined meaning, being indiscriminately used to express position, education, tone of mind, conduct, bearing, manners, and birth, in conjunction or apart. Thus B. was merely referring to conduct or character when, speaking to M. Taine of 'a great lord, a diplomatist,' he said, 'He is no gentleman.' But Dr. Arnold was using it to imply the rarest assemblage of qualities when, writing from France, he spoke of the total absence of gentlemen, and added, with less than his usual liberality, 'A real English Christian gentleman, of manly heart, enlightened mind, is more, I think, than Guizot or Sismondi could be able to comprehend; no other country could, I think, furnish so fine a specimen of human nature.' It is a well-known Irish boast that a finished Irish gentleman would be the most perfect gentleman in the world, *if you could but meet with him.*

A novelist (continues M. Taine) has depicted him (Dr. Arnold's ideal) under the name of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' The subject is a poor abandoned child, who ends by becoming the leader of his district. A single phrase will show the tone of the book. When, after great misadventures, John attains independence, buys a house, and keeps his carriage, his son exclaims, 'Father, we are gentlefolks now!' 'We always were, my son.'

Reverting to the same topic, a little further on, M. Taine remarks:—

> 'The vital question in the case of a man is always put thus: Is he a gentleman? Similarly, in the case of a woman: Is she a lady? In these two cases one means to say that the person in question is of the superior class: this class is recognised in fact: a workman, a peasant, a shopkeeper does not try to step over the line of demarcation. But how is it recognised that a person belongs to the superior class? In France we have not the word because we have not the thing, and these three syllables, as used across the Channel, summarise the history of English society.'

Montalembert draws an equally sweeping conclusion from the prevalence in French of two words which are wanting in English. He is speaking of the comparative disregard of blood or birth by the highest English aristocracy in their intermarriages with the middle or mercantile classes.

> 'Such intermarriages often took place on the Continent, particularly in France under the ancient *régime*, but never without exciting murmurs and mockery. In the English language there is no equivalent word for *mésalliance*, any more than for *parvenu*, and the ideas they express are alien to the manners of the country.'

It does not say much for the morals of the higher classes that the lower are in the habit of associating a dashing air of profligacy with gentility. Thus Margaret, after her first meeting with Faust: 'I would give something to know who that gentleman was to-day! He had a gallant bearing, and is of a noble family, I am sure: I could read that on his brow. Besides, he would not else have been so impudent.' The gamekeeper of a lady of rank, in Hampshire, came to tell her that a 'gentleman' was shooting over her best preserves, and refused to listen to remonstrances. 'A gentleman! how do you know him to be a gentleman?' 'Because he has got fourteen horses and another man's wife at the inn.'

'Most modern legislators resemble the children who, after having stuck a frail branch into the ground, pull it up every morning to see if it has taken root.' This is one of the published 'thoughts' of a statesman who has had the good fortune to see a constitution, which he largely aided in planting, take root.[1] The same thoughts occurred to M. Taine, when an eminent French publicist talked of transplanting the English or American form of government to France, adding, 'It is the locomotive; it is enough to bring it across the water, and instantly it will replace the diligence.' No, we reply with M. Taine, a constitution, a system of government, has no analogy to a locomotive: it is not a mere mechanical contrivance: to copy it is one thing, to acclimatise or assimilate it is another. You may as well talk of transplanting an historic mansion with its hereditary associations and its oaks—

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[1] 'Pensées Diverses de M. Sylvain Van de Weyer:' published in the first volume of his 'Opuscules,' edited by M. Delapierre.

'We admire the stability of the English Government; this is due to its being the extremity and natural unfolding of an infinity of living fibres rooted in the soil over all the surface of the country. Suppose a riot like that of Lord Gordon's, but better conducted and fortified by socialistic proclamations; add to this, what is contrary to all probability, a gunpowder plot, the total and sudden destruction of the two Houses and of the Royal Family. Only the peak of the Government would be carried off, the rest would remain intact.'

Charles Lamb was wont to say that there were two historical events which he wished had turned out differently. He regretted that Charles I. did not hang Milton, and that Guy Fawkes did not succeed in blowing up the two Houses of Parliament. As regards the two Houses, he had possibly in view the solution of the problem started by M. Taine,—what the nation would do in such a contingency. We agree with M. Taine, that 'in each parish, in each county, there would be families around which the others would group themselves; important personages, gentlemen and noblemen, who would take the control and make a beginning;' that the exploded peers and members would be speedily replaced, and that much the same course would be taken which was taken when James II. fled the kingdom, after throwing the Great Seal into the Thames—

'Thus their Government is stable, because they possess natural representatives. It is necessary to reflect in order to feel all the weight of this last word, so simple. . . . Thus all our establishments, Republic, Empire, Monarchy, are provisional, resembling the great drop-scenes which in turn fill an empty stage, disappearing or reappearing on occasion.

We see them descend, reascend, with a sort of indifference. We are inconvenienced on account of the noise, of the dust, of the disagreeable countenances of the hired applauders, but we resign ourselves; for what can we do in the matter?'

M. Taine devotes some pages to aristocratic ascendancy, having discovered unerring signs of it on every side; like the inscriptions on tins of biscuits and pots of pomade, 'Adopted by the nobility and gentry.' B. came to France during the Exhibition, and was surprised at the familiarities of the soldiers. 'When a Captain of the Guides was looking at a picture in a shop-window, two soldiers, standing behind him, bent forward and looked over his shoulder. B. said to me, Such conduct would not be tolerated with us; we have distinctions of ranks.' It was the want of such distinctions that produced the fatal insubordination of the French army during the late war; and both advocates and opponents of the Purchase System were agreed as to the advantages of having an army officered by a class to which the privates could look up. 'Lately (says M. Taine), in a railway carriage, I chatted with some of the Life Guards, two giants and good fellows: they said with pride, "All our officers are noblemen."'

A medical man was mentioned who had declined a peerage. The Englishman who told M. Taine this added, 'He was right: no man who has held out his hand for guineas could take his place among peers of the realm.' Mr. Rae, the translator, cites this as an instance in which M. Taine has been led into 'notable error' by inexcusably ignorant persons. 'His informant *must* have been strangely unacquainted with the fact known to everybody, that barristers not only take guineas, but accept them willingly, and that the more guineas they receive, owing to the increase of their practice, the better are their prospects of a seat on the woolsack and elevation to the peerage. Moreover, at least one member of the House of Lords entered it not many years ago solely because, as a banker, he had handled the money of his customers so judiciously as to have accumulated an enormous fortune.'

It is Mr. Rae who errs from not perceiving the point of the remark. The barrister and the banker do not hold out their hands for guineas. The barrister's fee is paid to his clerk by the attorney, and the banker does not personally receive the money of his customers. The merchant and the shopkeeper both make money by trade, but it is the manner of making it which creates the recognised social difference between the two.

After eighty years of political experiment, involving an incalculable waste of life and property, the French, beginning to despair of liberty, are proud of having attained equality: at least that kind of it under which every man claims to be the equal of his superior and the superior of his equal. After nearly two hundred years of settled government, the English have obtained a reasonable share of liberty, but are content to put up with some social anomalies, the shreds and patches of the past; and M. Taine, forgetting all he has said of the softening, elevating, refining influences of an hereditary aristocracy, sneers at us for not placing an artist or man of letters, merely because he is an artist or a man of letters, on a level with the noble and the millionaire. It is not enough that he takes his station by their side when he has won his spurs, or that 'a few authors, on account of the moral or political nature of their writings, are considered and esteemed:'

> 'According to what my friends tell me, the position of the others is lower than with us. The able journalists who write masterly leading articles three or four times monthly, do not sign their articles, and are unknown to the public. Properly speaking, they are literary hacks. Their article is read at breakfast, as one swallows the bread and butter which is eaten with tea. One no more asks who wrote the article than one asks who made the butter. If next month the article and the butter are of inferior quality, one changes one's newspaper and butterman. No journalist becomes member of Parliament or rises to be a Minister of State, as in France after 1830.'

We are unable to see the injustice of not doing honour to the unknown. It is far from clear to our minds that France has gained at any period by making journalism a stepping-stone to power; and we challenge M. Taine to name a man who has obtained honourable distinction in any walk who is not received on a footing of equality in the most refined circles, provided his habits and tone of mind fit him for blending easily and naturally with them. The fact is, M. Taine has placed too much reliance on the authority of one whose finest veins of thought and observation were alloyed by an unaccountable weakness on this subject. We say 'unaccountable,' because, besides being a man of genius of the kindliest and most generous nature, he was a gentleman by education and by birth. 'I had a conversation with Thackeray, whose name I mention because he is dead, and because his ideas and his conversations are to be found in his books. He confirmed orally all that he had written about the snobbish spirit. He said that he admired our equality greatly, and that great people are so habituated to see people on their knees before them, that they are shocked when they meet a man of independent demeanour. "I myself," he added, "am now regarded as a suspicious character."'

This is preposterous. 'Great people' are shocked when they meet a man who is deficient in self-respect, who exhibits an uneasy consciousness of social inequality, of which they themselves are unconscious till they are reminded of it by his constrained manner, his air of mock deference, or his sneer. He is not regarded as a suspicious character, but as a jarring or uncomfortable one. He ruffles their self-complacency, is voted ill-bred or vulgar, and let drop. Plutocracy just now is more in the ascendant than aristocracy; but in the social arena, celebrity and agreeability combined beat both.[1]

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[1] Since this was written a work has appeared, entitled *L'Angleterre Politique et Social.* Par Auguste Laugel—the product obviously of much reading, observation, and thought. It is, therefore, the more surprising that the author should have fallen into the double error of overcolouring both aristocracy and plutocracy. At p. 142, he states: 'Under the Sovereign, the Lords are what is most elevated in the nation. For the multitude, for the peasant, for the shopkeeper, even for the radical, the lord is not a man like another. They have no other name for God.' Do not the French say *Mon Seigneur*, and the Germans *Mein Herr*? At p. 145: 'The English aristocracy has its foundation in wealth: its power is not solely

In a chapter headed 'De l'Esprit Anglais,' M. Taine maintains that 'the interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas.' But any passing indignation that may be roused by this comparison will abate on finding what sort of ideas he prefers to facts. After finding fault with John Stirling's letter (published by Carlyle) from the West Indies, describing a hurricane, for being a pure statement of fact, he says that the impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. 'The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer that forwards proofs taken on the spot, and these are published unaltered.' A French editor would deem himself bound to lighten them, to fling in some clever touches, 'to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase.'

There is a French translation of 'Eothen' in which M. Taine's theory is carried out. The translator, thinking his author deficient in enterprise or 'slow,' has

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like that of nobility properly so called, a power of imagination. That which gives power is property.' At p. 121: 'Without fortune, one can pretend to nothing, neither to social consideration, nor to honours. People refuse to believe in merit, which can obtain nothing for itself: without fortune, Robert Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, would have wandered round Parliament all their lives long.' Of course a political aspirant must have wherewithal to pay for a lodging, a dinner, and a clean shirt, but to suppose that what is commonly meant by wealth is essential to success, and cite Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright as examples, is most assuredly a mistake. Equally so is it to suppose that social consideration is unattainable except millionaire or a lord. A social position may be more easily and obtained by mere wealth in Paris than in London.

interwoven an affair of gallantry of his own invention, as if it formed part of the original work. This is what M. Taine would call supplying the deficiency of ideas. This deficiency (he says) is particularly remarkable in our English writers on classical antiquity. They are thoroughly versed in Greek, and they have made Greek verses from the time of leaving school:

> 'But, they are devoid of ideas, they know the dry bones (*matériel*) of antiquity, but are unable to feel its spirit; they do not picture to themselves its civilisation as a whole, the special characteristic of a southern and polytheistic spirit, the sentiments of an athlete, of a dialectician, of an artist. Look, for example, at Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary commentaries on Homer. Nor has Mr. Grote, in his great "History of Greece," done anything more than write the history of constitutions and political debates.'

These are singularly ill-chosen illustrations. Mr. Gladstone abounds in ideas: he revels in myths and theories: he is of speculation all compact. One of the finest and most distinctive features of Mr. Grote's History is his appreciation of the spirit of antiquity,[1] and the strictly historical portion is surely not confined to constitutions and political debates. Can M. Taine have read either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Grote?

We strongly suspect that this is one of several instances (his criticism on English Painting is another) in which he has framed his conclusions by the *à priori* mode of reasoning, or by the rule of conditions and dependencies. But we part from him in perfect good humour, and (what is more) on the best possible terms with ourselves. We English are the least sensitive and consequently the most provoking nation upon earth. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.* Although an exasperated public, in both hemispheres, may be crying shame on us for our selfish indifference or neutrality when thrones and presidential chairs are rocking and toppling, or half a continent is laid waste, we point complacently to our accumulated wealth, our boundless resources, our unshaken credit, our laws, our liberty, our flag on which the sun never sets, our time-honoured monarchy hedged round with time-honoured institutions, like the proud keep of Windsor with its triple belt of kindred and coëval towers. We listen with equal equanimity to reflections on our social habits or personal qualities, especially when the estimate is favourable upon the whole. So long as courage, firmness, energy, industry, fidelity, constancy, elevation of mind, and warmth of heart are conceded to us, M. Taine may expatiate as he thinks fit on the dulness of our Sundays, the humidity of our climate, our unidea'd fondness for facts, our unsentimental regard for duty, the clumsy boots of our women, or the portentous consumption of mutton and strong drinks by our men.

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[1] We refer M. Taine to (amongst others) ch. xvi. 'Grecian Myths;' ch. xvii. 'The Grecian Mythical compared with that of Modern Europe;' ch. lxvii. 'The Drama, Rhetoric, and Dialectics: the Sophists;' ch. lxviii. 'Socrates.'

LADY PALMERSTON.

(FROM THE *TIMES* OF SEPTEMBER 15, 1869.)

AMONG the pictures at Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper in Hertfordshire, is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of more than common excellence, representing two boys seated or half-reclining on the trunk of a felled tree, and a girl of more tender years with a basket of flowers in her hand. This picture possesses an interest far beyond what it may derive from being one of the last great works of the master; for the figures are portraits of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, Frederic Lamb, third Lord Melbourne, and Emily Lamb, Viscountess Palmerston, who died on Saturday last.

The eldest of those boys grew up to be one of the most remarkable men of the age, and the girl one of the most remarkable women: the superiority in each instance being rather gradually and unconsciously reached than asserted, rather conceded than compelled. The brother rose to be Prime Minister of England, without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition, lazily and loungingly as it were, by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, thorough knowledge of his countrymen, and good sense. The sister became the undisputed leader of English society, equally without apparent effort: without aiming at the fame of a wit like Madame de Staël, or that of a beauty like Madame de Recamier, or that of a party idol like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire: without once overstepping by a hair's-breadth the proper province of her sex: by the unforced development of the most exquisitely feminine qualities, by grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition, womanly sympathies, instinctive insight into character, tact, temper, and—wonderful to relate—heart.

Lady Palmerston, born in 1787, was the daughter of Peniston, first Lord Melbourne. Her mother was the sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the father of Lady Noel Byron; and Lady Palmerston was a striking illustration of the maxim that personal, especially mental, gifts and qualities are usually inherited through the mother. Lady Melbourne exercised a marked influence over a large circle of distinguished acquaintance. Lord Byron alludes to her in 1813 as 'the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest woman.' In 1818 he writes: 'The time is past when I could feel for the dead, or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne, the best, the kindest, the ablest female I ever knew, old or young.'

Lady Palmerston's childhood and girlhood passed like those of other young ladies of her rank, and her education, except what must have accrued imperceptibly from maternal influences, was the same. Female education did not then aim at crowding the memory with what is called useful knowledge: its chief objects were grace and accomplishment, and the results were seen in individuality and variety of character, in the freer development of the natural faculties, in greater ease, freshness, and elasticity. Women of quality differed like their handwriting, which is now uniform and generic, instead of personal and peculiar. Such, at least, is the broad inference we should draw from the many bright illustrations that have survived to our day, beginning with the one who has given occasion for these remarks.

The first event in her life requiring notice was her marriage with Earl Cowper in 1805. She immediately took her place in the brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women of rank, who continued to form the chief ornament of the British Court during successive reigns, till they were gradually replaced, not outshone, by a younger, not fairer or more fascinating race. It was about the period of the imperial and royal visits to London, in 1814–15, that these ladies, as if by a common understanding, concentrated their attractions; and it was during these two eventful years, when the metropolis glittered with stars, ribands, and bright eyes, that, conspicuous in her own despite among the gay and dazzling throng, was the charming Lady Cowper, like 'grace put in action,' whose softness was as seductive as her joyousness—

'Whose laugh, full of mirth, without any control,
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul.'

Yet that throng comprised Sarah, Countess of Jersey, Corisande, Countess of Tankerville, Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and a long array of formidable competitors. One result or product of this period was the institution of Almack's. On the introduction of quadrilles and waltzes after the Peace, grown-up people had to learn their dancing over again, and a high-born party met daily at Devonshire House, where it was agreed to establish a series of subscription balls on the cheapest and most restricted plan. Lady Cowper was one of the first six patronesses, and during her long tenure of power (for it was power) in that capacity, her influence was uniformly exerted to modify the exclusiveness of her colleagues.

Her fond admiration for her brother William, and the jealous watch which she kept over his reputation to the last, leave little doubt that she was no indifferent or unappreciating observer of the adventures, or misadventures, of her political friends before or after their accession to office in 1830. But what may be called her public life dates from 1839, when she married Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowper having died in 1837; although no one would have been more surprised than herself if, at that time, she had been told that she was about to begin a career which, in any sense, could be called public.

A celebrated writer (the Countess Hahn Hahn) has declared her sex incapable of the sustained pursuit of an elevated object for its own sake. 'When a woman's heart is touched, when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated and the fire of inspiration flares up; but even then she desires no more than to suffer or die for what she loves. That woman remains to be born who is capable of interesting herself for an abstract idea.' Lady Palmerston formed no exception to this theory. The motive power in her case was love of Lord Palmerston: it was her intense interest in him, and in his political fortunes, that made her a politician: her source of inspiration was not an abstract idea or principle, but the man. To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position, to make people see him as she saw him, to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation, to tone down opposition and conciliate support—this was thenceforth the fixed purpose and master passion of her life.

If she had deliberately set about the formation of a *salon* for an interested end, the probability is that she would have failed, as so many equally qualified by birth and fortune have failed both before and since, from not understanding the delicate structure of our society, which will neither be led nor forced, professedly and ostensibly. The grand attraction of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Devonshire House in the olden time, was the conviction that these princely residences were open to merit of every sort, that the noble owners had a genuine relish for intellectual eminence, and cordially sympathised with the artists, men of letters, and others of purely personal distinction, who were their guests. The attraction of Lady Palmerston's *salon* at its commencement was the mixed, yet select and refined, character of the assemblage, the result of that exquisite tact and high breeding which secured her the full benefits of exclusiveness without its drawbacks. Among the *habitués* of

Panshanger, from the time she became its mistress, had been men and women of European celebrity, such as Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, the Princess Lieven, the Duchess di Dino. The diplomatic corps eagerly congregated at the house of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. So did the politicians: the leading members of the fine world were her habitual associates; and the chief difficulty of her self-appointed task lay in recruiting from among the rising celebrities of public life, fashion, or literature.

From the time Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister, she grew less particular and discriminating, and although the current story of her 'gilded cards' (which never were gilded) was grossly exaggerated, a limited number of invitations were occasionally distributed with direct reference to votes. But so many were simultaneously distributed from higher motives that the tone and complexion of the company remained substantially unchanged. She had a marked predilection for youth and beauty, along with an equally marked dislike to vulgarity and ungainliness. She *would* have 'those two pretty girls;' and she would *not* have 'that fat woman with her ugly daughters,' although the fat woman was the wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither father nor brother in either House. The *élite* of the London world were invariably asked without regard to politics, and the most liberal hospitality was extended to all foreigners of note.

Few things admitting of order can be thoroughly well done without it. Her visiting book was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger. So long as her health allowed, she made a point of filling up her cards with her own hand, and she knew exactly whom she had invited for each of her alternate nights. She used to say that she rarely gave a large party without its being attended by three or four persons not invited for the night or not invited at all. But not a shade of manner on her part betrayed her recollection of the fact. 'If,' she would say, 'it amused them to come, they were quite welcome.' Indeed, her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness. The quintessence of high breeding is never to ruffle, offend, or mortify—never to cause an unpleasant feeling by a tone, a gesture, or a word; and, instead of interrupting or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded and went away.

There is a prevalent notion that sensibility and impressibility are destroyed or blunted by advancing years. But, on a calm analysis of the alleged instances, it will be found that, where fancy and feeling are supposed to have decayed or died out, they never, in point of fact, existed. The flash and exuberance of youthful spirits were mistaken for them. Lady Palmerston never lost her wonderful freshness. Her impressions were as lively, her sympathies as warm, her affections as expansive, when she had passed eighty, as when, in opening womanhood, she was pelting flowers or rowing on the lake at Brocket, or playfully proposing to bound over the billiard-table at Petworth. Familiar topics did not weary her, nor strange repel. She felt the same vivid interest in things and people, old and young, as if she was just entering life; and this enviable faculty—be it remembered to her immortal honour—was retained through sixty years of pomps and vanities, of luxury and flattery, of social and political scheming, of alternate elation and despondency, of all that is most factitious, most illusion-destroying, most demoralising in what serious people shun, denounce, and deprecate as 'the world.'

Is it a boon or a penance to be exempt from the operation of that kindly law of nature, which makes those whose pilgrimage through life has been prolonged beyond the common span, comparatively insensible to the gradual dropping off of their early companions on the way? Lady Palmerston was saddened and depressed by the death of the late Countess of Tankerville, followed by that of another cherished friend, Lady Willoughby, to an extent that caused serious apprehension for her health. The morning of a grand dinner to the Italian Princes at Cambridge House, Lady Tankerville was taken ill and unable to be present. The moment the party broke up, Lady Palmerston, without waiting for her carriage, got into a hack cab and hurried off to the bedside of the invalid in Hertford Street.

Whoever was fortunate enough to be once received on a cordial footing of intimacy might count securely on her enduring regard and her generous advocacy if required. She was thoroughly, enthusiastically loyal, and would tolerate no doubt, suspicion, or depreciation of a friend. She was also placable in the extreme *towards un*-friends, provided they had not been guilty of the unpardonable sin of caballing against Lord Palmerston, or transgressed the limits of fair party warfare in assailing him. Then a change came over her: the *patte de velours* shot out its claws: the dove seemed armed with the beak and talons of the hawk. One of the most cutting letters of reproach ever written was addressed by her to the late Charles Greville, whom she valued and esteemed, on hearing that he had taken an active and hostile part in the Pacifico affair. Her anger was short-lived. She might have taken for her motto, 'Benefits in marble, injuries in dust.' She never forsook a friend, and always forgave a foe.

Englishwomen cannot talk politics, properly so called, whatever may be the case with Frenchwomen, whose alleged superiority is open to doubt. The reason has been already indicated. Their views are purely personal; 'men, not measures,' is their maxim: their thoughts are running on whether a husband, a brother, or a lover is to achieve distinction or get a place. Lady Palmerston seldom attempted or pretended to understand the bearings of a complicated question. 'You must write that down,' she would say if a communication struck her, 'and I will show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he is not gone out.' The bell was rung, the servant was sent with a scrap of paper or a simple message, and the summons was immediately obeyed. Long experience had taught him that her tact, her intuition, were infallible in such matters, and these were similarly displayed in her choice of correspondents as well as in the selection from their letters which she laid before him.

The services of the great lady to the great statesman extended far beyond the creation of a *salon*. What superficial observers mistook for indiscretion, was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do harm or good. Instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeler that was put forth; and no one ever knew from or through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known. His death was a terrible shock, from which she slowly recovered. She afterwards expressed her belief that it had actually prolonged her life. She was haunted by the fear that his strength and faculties would break down without his being conscious of the decline. She sat up for him every night when he attended the House of Commons, and she was wearing herself away with anxiety.

Subsequently to Lord Palmerston's death, her domestic circle was almost exclusively confined to her family and connections; and a most agreeable society it was, comprising a more than ordinary amount of accomplishment and charm. She rightly counted her children and grandchildren among the choicest blessings that Providence had bestowed upon her: her heart was large enough for all: she had no favourites among them: the presence of each inspired the same pure, unselfish pleasure; and it was by being constantly surrounded by objects of interest and affection, that she was enabled to bear up against a bereavement which must ve proved fatal had it condemned her to solitary grief.

She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property; personally inspecting the accounts, and leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants but what fell strictly within their respective departments. The consequence was, that she was admirably served, and that an air of ease and comfort pervaded each of her establishments. She kept a journal, which, some time or other, may furnish valuable aids to history.

She had read a good deal in a desultory way, and, when roused to the exertion, could talk on a wide range of subjects with a vigour and accuracy which would have astonished those who had only seen her trifling gracefully with the Cynthia of the minute, the floating rumour or gossip of the hour. She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a trait by an epithet or a graphic sketch by a phrase; letting fall her felicitous touches with an ease and spontaneity that showed her unconscious of the gift.

She was rigidly just in her fixed estimates of character: chary, with rare exception, of her preferences: mild, yet firm, in her disapproval: warm, but not extravagant, in her praise. Above all, she never indulged in that false enthusiasm for books, pictures, or persons which so often tries to pass current for the cream of amiability and taste. Her name will live, her memory will endure, indissolubly blended with one of the most brilliant episodes of the social life of England, with many a sweet scene of domestic happiness, with many a glowing image of conjugal and maternal love, with many a delightful hour of 'social pleasure, ill exchanged for power'—with all that is winning, high-minded, warm-hearted—with nothing that is petty, ungenerous, ungraceful, uncharitable, or false. It has been confidently predicted that the days of the *grande dame* of France, the great lady of England, have passed away as out of keeping with the age. It is certainly only by a happy accident that the loss we are now lamenting will be replaced. But should an attempt be made to ascend the vacant throne by any duly qualified aspirant, she will hit upon no surer mode of advancing her pretensions than by treading in the footsteps of her admired, beloved, and universally regretted predecessor.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

(From the Saturday Review, February 7, 1863.)

The death of Lord Lansdowne is one of those events which, although long anticipated with their consequences, are never thoroughly appreciated till they occur. On the morning of Sunday last, all men more or less connected with the world of politics, fashion, science, literature, or art, felt that they had lost something more than a sagacious counsellor, a courteous and liberal host, a valued friend, a cultivated companion, or a munificent patron. A link was simultaneously broken in the chain which binds men of intellectual mark together for high and useful purposes, and in that which connects the leading minds of the present generation with the past.

Placed by birth from boyhood in the position which others, destitute of that advantage, spend years in struggling for, Lord Lansdowne eagerly profited by his opportunities. He could relate how he had listened to Burke in one of his most excited moods at Beaconsfield, and how he had strolled in the garden or turnip-field at St. Anne's Hill—

'When in retreat Fox lays his thunders by,
And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply!

Having encountered Pitt in actual debate, he could repeat, with the emphasis of conviction—

> 'Stetimus tela aspera contra,
> Contulimusque manus. Experto credite, quantus
> In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.'

He was showing only the other day at Bowood a copy of Boswell's Johnson presented to him 'from the Author;' and one of the most valuable contributions to 'the Johnsonian Urn' is his letter describing his visit to Mrs. Piozzi whilst she was busy with 'Retrospection' in 1799.[1] His manhood and old age were passed, like his youth, among all that was gifted or famous, learned, accomplished, refined, or elevating—attracted round him far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial habits than by his rank. He did not extend a haughty or condescending patronage to men of talent or genius. He claimed brotherhood with them: he sought them out as his natural associates; and his value as their common centre is the measure of their loss. There is no longer a house at which the celebrities of all nations may be sure ofm eeting, as on the table-land of which D'Alembert holds out a prospect in some future state; and the richest store of varied and instructive reminiscences existing in our time is gone with the deceased nobleman to the grave.

Although his fortune came from Sir William Petty through a female, he was lineally descended in the male line from the Fitzmaurices, Earls of Kerry. He was the second son of the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, whose ambition, justified by his abilities, was balked by the suspicion, justly or unjustly entertained, of his sincerity. When Gainsborough painted his portrait, his lordship complained that it was not like. The painter said *he* did not approve it either, and begged to try again. Failing a second time, he flung down his pencil, saying, 'D—— it, I never could see through varnish, and there's an end.' We commend this story to those who believe in hereditary qualities, for the late Marquis was frankness and truth personified. In allusion to the Earl's nickname of Malagrida (a Portuguese Jesuit), Goldsmith once naïvely remarked to him, 'Do you know, I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.' To console him for missing the Premiership, he was made a Marquis, and he busied himself during the remainder of his life with the adornment of Lansdowne House and the formation of the fine collection of pictures, statues, books, and manuscripts which was reluctantly dispersed by his eldest son and immediate successor.

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[1] Addressed to me and printed in *Autobiography, Letters, &c., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. i. p. 345, 2nd. ed.

Henry, the third Marquis, first known to fame as Lord Henry Petty, was born on July 2, 1780. He was educated at Westminster, where, according to tradition, just before leaving school at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was unjustly and improperly flogged. He was next sent to Edinburgh under the care of a tutor, Mr. Debarry, where, at the table of Dugald Stewart and in the Speculative Society, he associated with a set of young men who were destined to work a revolution in literature and (some of them) to play a conspicuous and important part on the political arena,—with (among others) Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Lord Palmerston, Horner, Lord Brougham, and Sir Walter Scott. He was wont to say that the preparation of his essays and speeches for their debating club was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period.

Before he left Scotland he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1801. The impression left by him on his late associates at Edinburgh, and the expectations formed of him, may be learned from one of Horner's letters to his friend, Murray (the late Lord Murray), dated April 10, 1801:

'Pray remember me to Petty. I am surprised he is not yet gone abroad, but you must deem it a very fortunate circumstance for yourself, as there cannot be a more agreeable companion. If Lord Henry has continued to improve that very strong understanding, and to augment that store of valuable information which he appeared to possess when I
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pleasure of knowing him, his society must be equally
loss. Th
nd pleasing. Partiality aside, would you still
of all nation
by a cool, clear-thinking head, a plain, firm,
land of which
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tive reminiscences e.of Amiens re-opened the Continent
deceased nobleman to or curiosity, Lord Henry Petty
Although his fortıalled the Grand Tour, attended
through a female, he tor and exponent of Bentham,
male line from the FitGeneva on his way. 'Coxe's
' was still fresh in Swiss
t one of these places, as he

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[1] Addressed to me and prin
Mrs. Piozzi, vol. i. p. 345, 2nd.

used to narrate, that the landlord boasted of having lodged the two most celebrated of his countrymen, *Monsieur Fox et Monsieur Coxe.* The renewal of the war speedily drove back the travellers, and Lord Henry took his seat for Calne, the borough which, under his control or counsel, certainly contributed more than its full share to the eloquence, knowledge, and ability of the Legislature. His maiden speech was on the Bank Restriction Act, but his first decided parliamentary hit was a speech against Lord Melville, of which Horner (April 19, 1805), writes thus to Mackintosh:

> 'Lord Henry Petty has gained immense reputation by his speech on the 8th instant. I have heard several persons say that Fox's compliment was seriously deserved when he called it the best speech that had been made that night. Lord Henry is moving very steadily on to a high station both in the public opinion and in office. His discretion, his good sense, his pains in acquiring knowledge, and the improvement of his power as well as taste in speaking, make such a prophecy with regard to his future destiny very safe.'

Tierney said, 'It is a matter of pride to any man to be able to call himself the friend of such rising talents and eloquence.' 'Let me here,' says Earl Stanhope, in his 'Life of Pitt,' 'interrupt my narrative to notice that such signs of success in Lord Henry must have cheered the closing hours of his father;' who died within a month of this time. So high was then the estimate of the young orator's capacity that he was supposed equal to a repetition of the part played by Pitt in 1784, had he been ready to throw off the party ties that bound him to Fox; of which, however, none of his friends so much as suspected him. His fealty had been already tried; for we learn from Earl Stanhope that, when Pitt was forming his Government in 1804, 'he proposed an office (not in the Cabinet) to the second son of his old chief Shelburne. This was Lord Henry Petty, a young man of rare promise. The offer was sent him through Mr. Long, but was declined by Lord Henry, who adhered to the party of Fox. It was a refusal of which the consequences extended far beyond the time in question. How greatly, in after years, would the party of Pitt have gained could they have reckoned amongst their leaders the present Marquis of Lansdowne!'

He was to have moved the Amendment to the Address on the opening of the Session of 1806, when party warfare was suspended by the alarming illness of Pitt; on whose death he was rewarded for his exertions and straightforwardness by a place in the Cabinet of All the Talents. That, as their Chancellor of the Exchequer, he did not lose ground with the public, is clear from the manner in which Horner continues to speak of him:

> 'I talk of him as if he were already a Minister; almost all the world talk of him as on the high road to it, and Mr. Fox regards him as his successor in the only station *he* has ever held, or may, perhaps, ever hold. I should hardly write with so little reserve about our friend, Lord Henry, to any other person, and, at present, he is in everybody's mouth.'

On vacating his seat by acceptance of office, he stood for the University of Cambridge with Lord

Palmerston as a competitor; and it is striking proof of the gradual breaking down of political differences by the sheer force of events, that these two statesmen, the one starting as a Tory and the other as a Whig, should, during several years, without an imputation of inconsistency on that account, have been co-operating more cordially than, perhaps, any two other English statesmen of equal eminence. They seem to have reached from opposite sides the same commanding heights, from which the same broad views of government and policy were opened to them. Their electoral contest is immortalised by 'Hours of Idleness':

'Then would I view each rival wight,
  Petty and Palmerston survey,
Who canvass there with all their might,
  Against the next election day.

'One on his power and place depends—
  The other on—the Lord knows what;
Each to some eloquence pretends,
  Though neither will convince by that.'

The same question, Catholic Emancipation, lost Lord Henry both his place and his seat for the University. He held the seat only a year, and was succeeded by Sir Vicary Gibbs, to whom an equally short tenure was promised in the punning quotation:

'Nec cultura placet longior annua;
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.'

Lord Henry was re-elected for Calne, which he represented till his accession to the Marquisate, by the death of his brother, in November 1809. In March 1808, he had married Lady Louisa Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester; and on the 27th October, 1808, Horner writes to Murray:

> 'I passed a few days lately with Petty in the beautiful country where he has taken an old house in the midst of old trees, and I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Lady Louisa. I believe you saw her; so I need say nothing of her beauty. The gentleness of her manner has a degree of shyness joined with it, but not the least reserve; so that you soon discover a good and well-informed understanding. I could not fancy a wife better suited to him.'

Her fine taste became of incalculable use to him in completing, fitting up, and adorning his two principal residences, especially Bowood, which for felicitous arrangement, refined luxury, harmonising objects of art, pictures, and furniture, gradually grew into the most finished or (to borrow the French expression) best-mounted house in Europe. 'When,' says Mrs. Jamieson, 'the Marquess succeeded to the title, there was not, I believe, a single picture in the family mansion, except, perhaps, a few family portraits. Without setting forth any of the pretensions of connoisseurship—without apparently making it a matter of ambition or ostentation to add a gallery of pictures to the other appendages of his rank—guided simply by the love of art, and a wish to possess what is beautiful in itself, for its own sake—Lord Lansdowne has gradually collected together about 160 pictures, all of more or less merit, honourable to the taste which selected them, and not a few of rare interest and value.' Lady Lansdowne used to say that, when she first came to Bowood, she had to borrow a rush-chair from the lodge to sit down upon. He trusted to his own judgment or feeling, and the result is, that his pictures please no less by the subject than by the execution: a recommendation of which collectors for vanity's sake never think at all.

The Lansdowne collection is particularly rich in Reynoldses, including Mrs. Sheridan, 'the beautiful mother of a beautiful race,' as St. Cæcilia, and Laurence Sterne, a much admired and most remarkable portrait. Many of the pictures are the early works of painters little known till Lord Lansdowne brought them forward. Many are associated with noteworthy incidents or remarks. Newton's 'Olivia brought back to her Home' (a scene from the 'Vicar of Wakfield'), is represented with her face hidden in her father's bosom. 'It is not very difficult,' remarked a carping critic, 'to paint a figure without the face.' 'But it *is* very difficult,' retorted Constable, 'to paint a sob.' What Lord Lansdowne bought was the sob.

Almost the last (if not the very last) purchase he made was Mr. Rankley's picture of 'The Prodigal's Return.' When told that it had passed into a dealer's hands, having left the walls of the Academy unsold, he exclaimed, with much warmth, 'Unsold! where were people's eyes? Where were their hearts?' The 'Teacher of Music,' by Mr. Millais, was another of his latest favourites.

The fitness of each picture for its allotted place, and its harmony with the room and the accompaniments, were carefully subjected to experiment; and when vividly impressed with a favourite specimen or a new purchase, he would take it with him from town to country, or country to town, as if for the uninterrupted enjoyment of its society. With the exception, perhaps, of the Canaletti room at Woburn, there is nothing in England more happily conceived than the dining-room at Bowood, panelled with views by Stansfield in his finest manner.

In 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' Lord Henry is accused of being deep in the counsels of the bard's presumed enemies:

> 'Holland with Henry Petty at his back,
> The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.'

During many years he had ample leisure for both literature and art; for a long and (to his political friends) tedious interval was to elapse before he was to take part again in the practical administration of affairs:

> 'Nought's permanent amongst the human race,
> Except the Whigs not getting into place.'

Lord Lansdowne, however, was thoroughly imbued with the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and never missed an opportunity of advancing them by opportune advocacy. They gradually won their way forward; till the ground occupied by the Eldon school of Tories became untenable, and the Canning ministry was formed; from which Lord Grey held haughtily and insultingly aloof, whilst Lord Lansdowne eagerly and cordially supported it. He used to relate, with evident relish of the absurdity, the objection started by William IV. to his joining the Cabinet in 1830. His father had proposed or suggested the cession of Gibraltar; and His Majesty required a written promise that the proposal or suggestion should never be renewed by the son.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this sketch to enumerate the offices he filled, or the measures he passed or promoted, from 1827 to 1852, when he formally seceded from the leadership of the House of Lords. Suffice it to say that once at least during the intervening period, and once again prior to the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, he refused the Premiership.[1]

He also refused a dukedom. His acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet without office was a purely unselfish act, dictated by a sense of duty and a wish to gratify the Queen. After the death of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne filled the vacated place of constitutional adviser and referee about the throne; and perhaps no one man ever intervened so often and so successfully to reconcile political adversaries or competitors for power. As for coalitions, it would seem as if the *mitis sapientia Lœli* formed an essential and inevitable part of them.

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[1] In February 1855, after the resignation of Lord Aberdeen, and prior to Lord Palmerston's becoming Premier, Lord Lansdowne was again empowered to form a Ministry, and applied to Mr. Gladstone to retain the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which Mr. Gladstone declined. I have heard Mr. Gladstone declare that, without pretending to say to what extent the course of events was influenced by his refusal, there was no act of his political life which he regretted more.

We must not omit to state that, as Home Secretary, in 1828, he introduced an important Act for the consolidation of the Criminal Law, and another for rendering the affirmation of Quakers admissible in criminal cases. But, limited as we are for space, we prefer dwelling on his social position and influence; which were personal and peculiar, resulting more from taste and temper than design. Consciously or unconsciously, he acted on Goethe's rule, never to pass a day without reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and seeing some fine picture. 'He looks,' writes Sydney Smith, 'for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst Stars and Garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces.' He looked also for brilliancy and attractiveness among women; and the renown of more than one celebrated beauty dates from her *début* at Lansdowne House:

> 'In early days, when I, of gifts made proud,
> That could the notice of such men beguile,
> Stood listening to thee in the brilliant crowd,
> With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.'[1]

Brillat-Savarin lays down that, to make a pleasant dinner-party, the guests should be so selected 'that their occupations should be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentation.' The guests at Lansdowne House were so selected; the host took care that all should share in the conversation; and when they were re-assembled in the drawing-room, he would adroitly coax them into groups, or devote himself for a minute or two, carelessly and without effort, to the most retiring or least known. He was emphatically described as a right-divine gentleman by one (Talfourd) whom he had just been putting at his ease in this manner. He talked delightfully, and he listened as well as he talked.

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[1] Mrs. Norton. Dedication to Lord Lansdowne of *The Lady of Garaye.*

To be gathered together, received, and fused, as it were, in this fashion, is a widely different thing from being lionised or invited for an obviously political end; yet it is not the less true that the Whig party benefited largely by his refined and discriminating, although uncalculating and cosmopolitan, hospitality:

'Many a time has the successful debutant in Parliament, or the author just rising into note, repaired to Holland or Lansdowne House, with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which warms more than dinner and wine; he is presented to a host of literary, social, and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated; it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds, or thinks himself, irrecoverably committed, and, suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitely Whig.'[1]

There is a passage in Lord Macaulay's Essays, in which, after sketching the interior of Holland House, he suggests how the surviving members of its circle might revert to it: 'They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's "Baretti;" whilst Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; whilst Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz.' The awakened fancy might roam in like manner through some well-remembered scenes at Lansdowne House.

There is the dinner-table at which Rogers, placed between Hallam and Macaulay, complained that they wrangled and fought over him, 'as if I was a dead body:' at which, in precisely similar circumstances, the great French historian and statesman (Thiers) fell asleep. There are the grim, grey statues, looking down from their niches on the recumbent figure (by Canova) in white marble that gave rise to the somewhat hazardous joke of Payne Knight, which the Marquis did not repeat till the ladies had withdrawn. It was in the doorway of that concert-room that the brilliant and fastidious Frenchman uttered his now celebrated saying: 'You English cling to your established beauties as you stand by your old institutions;'[2] and it was in the adjoining saloon that Madame de Staël, after a consultation with her host as to the best position for attracting notice, took her premeditated stand.

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[1] *The Art of Dining.*

[2] Said to me by Montalembert.

A descent to the subterranean portion of the building might possibly lead to the room in which (according to a plan of the second Marquis) thirty fiddlers were to have been hermetically sealed up, so as to form a reservoir of music for every quarter of the house under the control of stopcocks; when an insuperable difficulty arose in supplying the fiddlers with air without an escape and waste of sound.

Lord Lansdowne had an exquisite sense of humour, and told his stories with inimitable zest and *à propos*. One afternoon at Bowood, when waiting for the ladies to take a walk, he manifested some impatience at their delay, which he explained by saying that the water from the lake was set on for the waterfall, and that he feared it would not last till they came. He then told the story of his poetic neighbour, Bowles, being overheard, on the announcement of visitors, ordering his gardener to set the fountain playing and carry the hermit his beard.

One of the raciest of his latest stories was of a distinguished diplomatist (M. von de Weyer) who had a country residence near the Thames, and was out fishing when he called. On repairing to the scene of action, he found the Minister in a dubious contest with a monster pike, anxiously watched by an attaché, who, whenever the pike seemed to be getting the upper hand, instinctively clutched his chief's coat-tail and held him tight. The fish was landed after a protracted struggle, and has been stuffed and preserved as a trophy of the piscatorial prowess of His Excellency.

Lord Lansdowne's commerce with picture-dealers and artists supplied him with some comic incidents. Looking at the portrait of Sir Thomas More in the National Portrait Gallery, he identified it by a crack which was pointed out to him many years before by a vendor, as greatly enhancing the value, being relied on as a proof that this was the identical portrait flung out of the window by Henry VIII., when Sir Thomas first set up his conscience against the royal will.

Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner's death, he went to the artist's house, on a foggy afternoon, in the hope of getting a sight of his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's-meat man, and told him he needn't come again, since some rascal had stolen her cat. The best stories recorded by Moore are Lord Lansdowne's; but Moore was an unsafe carrier of a joke. In his Diary, edited by Lord Russell, Canning is made to say that the Post Office refused to convey Sir John Cox Hippisley's pamphlet in an official frank, because it was so *bulky*. Canning said *heavy*.

'It is wonderful,' said Johnson, 'to think how men of very large estates not only spend their yearly incomes, but are often actually in want of money. It is clear they have not value for what they spend. Lord Shelburne told me that a man of high rank, who looks into his own affairs, may have all he ought to have, all *that can be* of any use, or appear with advantage, for

5000*l.* a year.' The son's ordinary expenditure, although he was an excellent manager, probably more than quadrupled the sum set down by the father (in 1778) as enough.

The manner in which princely fortunes are muddled away, without doing good or giving pleasure to anybody, is both strange and melancholy; but, to our minds, it is still more wonderful to think that it never crosses the mind of a man with from fifty to a hundred thousand a year, or a million in the funds, that he may add ineffably to the happiness or comfort of half the people with whom he lives in intimacy, or of a dozen families taken at random, without the smallest deduction from his own or his heir's superfluities. The thought frequently occurred to Lord Lansdowne, who also knew and felt that the haunts of squalid poverty are not the places where objects of benevolence must exclusively be sought; and that, among the severest sufferers from pecuniary embarrassment, are persons in a higher walk of life, painfully struggling to keep up appearances. We know of three instances in which, with a graceful reference to the privileges of age, he placed large sums (two of 1,000*l.* each) at the disposal of ladies of condition, who had no sort of claim upon him besides sudden and unmerited distress. The affectionate gratitude inspired by him in one to whom (wholly apart from money matters) he had been 'patient and kind through many a wild appeal,' is beautifully expressed in the Dedication of 'The Lady of Garaye.' The considerate kindness and generosity shown to Moore, and continued to his widow, by the lord and lady of Bowood, form part of the literary annals of the country.

Lord Lansdowne's literary acquirements were precisely of the kind required by his position and society. He was well versed in the Latin, English, French, and Italian classics; and he knew enough of most subjects to lead the conversation upon them till it was taken up by those who had made them an especial study. He was thoroughly at home in constitutional history, strong and sound in political economy. He had no particular liking for science, although he delighted in the society of such men as Lyell, Owen, Brewster, Wheatstone, and Murchison; and he was extremely amused with the matter-of-fact earnestness of one of them (Murchison) who—when a very eminent statesman (Lord Palmerston) laughingly remarked that, according to Darwin's theory, a star-fish might become an Archbishop of Canterbury, passing through the intermediate stage of a Bishop of Oxford—gravely assured his Lordship that no such transmutation could take place.

With all due respect to Swift, who said that there was no such thing as a 'fine old man,' the term is surely applicable to Lord Lansdowne, who without deep passions, high imagination, or wearing intensity of thought, retained his flow of mind, his taste, his memory, his sensibility, his attachments, his rational pleasures, his eagerness to give pleasure and confer benefits, at eighty-two. Any deduction to be made on the score of deafness was more than counterbalanced by his mode of bearing up against this infirmity. On a summer's evening, soon after the appearance of the 'Idylls of the King,' he was seated on a lawn not far from Kensington between two handsome sisters, one of whom read 'Vivien' with that sweet clear voice which Shakespeare calls 'an excellent thing in woman.' Nor did the group strike anyone as incongruous. No one understood better the art of growing old; and if there be any truth in Rochefoucauld's maxim—*on est plus heureux par la passion qu'on a, que par celle que l'on donne*—most assuredly (fatuity apart) those that can admire, adore, love,—longest, have the best of it.

The week before the accident which caused his death, he was slowly wending his way to Jeff's, in Burlington Arcade, to order M. Van de Weyer's sparkling *brochure*, 'Cobden, Roi des Belges.' Three days before he died, he was reading and discussing Kinglake's History. He sank gradually without pain, and when he breathed his last, seemed rather to fall into a deep sleep than to die.

Johnson, following in the wake of the Roman satirist, indignantly proclaims—

> 'See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried Merit raise the tardy bust.'

Lord Lansdowne's contemporaries are not open to this reproach. On his retirement from public life, a subscription (limited to a guinea each, in order to comprise the greatest number of subscribers) was set on foot, to present him with a bust of himself. It was executed by Marochetti, and, with a Latin inscription from the pen of Hallam, now stands in the inner hall at Bowood. Fortunate in all things, he enjoyed in his lifetime what is commonly a posthumous tribute; and he read in marble the chosen words, more lasting than marble, in which his name and memory will live for ages to come.

LORD DALLING AND BULWER.

(FROM THE TIMES, JUNE 3, 1872.)

LITERARY and political aspirants of forty-five or fifty years ago may remember three competitors, constantly together, who attracted attention by their social position, their personal gifts, and their easy, careless, unmistakable air of latent superiority. They had hitherto done little or nothing to distinguish them from other young men of promise, although they looked and talked as if they could do anything or everything when they chose to set about it. But they had turned aside from College honours: they would hardly take the trouble of getting up a subject for a debating club; and the most admiring of their contemporaries would have been startled to be told that this sauntering, pleasure-loving, *pococuranti* trio were to become, one, Lord Chief Justice of England, the mainstay and ornament of the Judicial Bench: another, a cabinet minister and one of the first writers of the age: the third, the representative of Great Britain as chief of some half-dozen Embassies in succession ending with Constantinople, and a successful author to boot.

We need hardly say that we are speaking of Sir

Alexander Cockburn, Edward Lord Lytton, and his elder brother, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, familiarly known as Henry Bulwer, whose character has just been brought within the recognised domain of biography by death. If not the most distinguished, it was certainly not the least remarkable of the three careers; and proves, perhaps, more strikingly than either of the others what volition and energy can effect, when ambition or the love of fame has become the master passion and a well-defined object is in view.

His birth and parentage are well known. His paternal ancestry (in Burke) has been traced to a Danish rover or sea-king, named Bolver, and his maternal to a Welsh prince of the ninth century. Although a second son, he inherited a considerable fortune from a grandmother. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, but left the University without taking a degree, and became a cornet in the Life Guards. Nature never meant him for the military profession, and, finding the regimental duties very little to his taste, he speedily sold out, and, after an expedition which produced his 'Autumn in Greece,' became a diplomatist. He was attached to the Berlin Embassy in 1827, and taking Paris in his way, won there a large sum at play. This, curiously enough, became the starting-point of his diplomatic fortunes. There was then a whist-playing set at Berlin, mustering principally at Prince Wittgenstein's, and including the leading personages of the Court. The high stakes (500 louis the rubber was not uncommon) kept the members of the English Embassy aloof, with the exception of Bulwer, who fearlessly risked his recently acquired capital. Although by no means a first-rate whist-player, he eventually came off a winner, and through the incidental intimacy with princes and ambassadors begun at the card-table, he learnt a great deal about important matters from which his official superiors were shut out: he also formed connections of permanent value. High play was then common in the highest continental circles, and he occasionally joined in it at other places, without having a decided turn for it at any time.

He was transferred from Berlin to Vienna, and from Vienna to the Hague, from which, in 1830, when the Belgian Revolution broke out, he was despatched by Lord Aberdeen to watch its progress and report on the probability of its success. 'The insurrection (he wrote) broke out at Ghent when I was in the *Grand Place*, and the Commissaire of the Hotel was shot by my side.' In the performance of this duty he attended a public meeting, at which a well-known English Radical (Bowring) presented himself, and told the assembled Belgians that, come what might, they might reckon on the support of his countrymen. Bulwer rose directly afterwards to say that he himself, the member of an Embassy, was no great things (*peu de chose*): that his friend was nothing and nobody; and that the patriots whom he had the honour to address had better rely on their own patriotic efforts than on the promises of English co-operation, made without the semblance of authority by this gentleman.

In his 'Life of Lord Palmerston' he states that he obtained a full and complete knowledge not only of all that was actually doing by the Belgian party throughout Belgium at that moment, but of all that was to be done during the next few days. He was informed of the officers who were gained, the regiments that would revolt, the fortresses on which the Belgian flag would be hoisted. 'As my information came to me in a way that imposed no secrecy, I returned home and communicated it. But my reports were not—and this was very natural—in conformity with Sir Charles Bagot's, who was in Holland, and they were received coldly and with no small degree of disbelief.' They were so speedily and satisfactorily verified by events that, in little more than a week, Lord Aberdeen summoned him to London, complimented him, and sent him back to Brussels, to reside there and continue his reports. When Belgium became a kingdom, he was made Secretary of Legation at Brussels, where he subsequently acted as *Chargé d'Affaires.*

While the settlement of Belgium was still pending, he made an arrangement with the late Lord Pembroke for a seat in Parliament for the borough of Wilton, which he helped to disfranchise by his vote on the second reading of the first Reform Bill in 1831. This act of self-sacrifice was not approved by the electors, who would have nothing more to say to him at the ensuing election, whereupon he got chosen for Coventry, which he represented till the dissolution of 1832. He sat for Marylebone from 1833 to 1837, and made two or three speeches, especially one on Spanish affairs in 1836, which rescued his irregular and intermittent parliamentary career from the imputation of having been mute or commonplace.

Book XII. of his 'Life of Lord Palmerston' is headed:

> 'I go to Constantinople as Secretary of Embassy—State of Things there—Characters of Khosrew and Reschid Pachas—Position of Mehemet Ali in Egypt.'

This book might pass for a chapter of his autobiography—a characteristic and most amusing one. Nothing can be better than his account of the way in which he contrived to get a Commercial Treaty from the Porte, or the sketch of that pre-occupation of the ambassadorial mind which left the field free for the operations of the Secretary:

> 'A new rumour was every day in circulation. The French and English ambassadorial residences were then fixed within a stone's throw of each other, at Therapia, a small village fronting the entrance into the Black Sea; and the two ambassadors, Admiral Poussin and Lord Ponsonby, each went to his window on getting out of bed, the one at six in the morning, the other at six in the afternoon, prepared to see without surprise the Russian fleet anchored under their eyes. It was, perhaps, the only point on which these representatives of the two countries agreed.'

The Treaty was quietly settled and signed before the French Embassy, who had been long manœuvring for a similar one, were aware that it was in progress; and Bulwer had the gratification of announcing it to the French Secretary, 'a charming man, who sang beautifully, was very gallant, and excelled in *calemborgs*,' and had declared the Treaty an impossibility

> '*French Secretary.*—Is it possible, my friend, that you have played us such a trick?

'*Bulwer.*—What trick? We have only found possible what you believed impossible.

'*French Secretary.*—But what is to be done?

'*Bulwer.*—Nothing more easy, my dear fellow; here is a copy of our Treaty, do you get another copy made and signed to-day, and then let the journal at Smyrna (a journal in the French pay) say that this happy result was entirely brought about by Admiral Poussin's influence and your great knowledge of commercial affairs.'

The best of the joke was that the French Secretary followed this advice to the letter, and got the entire credit of both Treaties with his countrymen.

In May 1839 Bulwer was transferred from Constantinople to the more important place of Secretary of Embassy at Paris. Our Ambassadors have, or had, a knack of being absent from their posts at critical moments, and it so happened that he was *Chargé d'Affaires* during the Eastern complication of 1840-1841, which threatened at one time to end in a European war. His correspondence with Lord Palmerston (given in the Life) is full of interest. His instructions were to discover if possible the real intentions of the French Government. 'You say (writes Lord Palmerston), Thiers is a warm friend, but a dangerous enemy: it may be so, but we are too strong to be swayed by such considerations. I doubt, however, that Thiers is much to be relied on as a friend, and knowing myself to be in the right, do not fear him as an enemy. The way to take anything he may say, is to consider the matter as a *fait accompli*, as an irrevocable decision, and a step taken that cannot be revoked.'

This is just what M. Thiers objected to. His game was to avoid committing himself to anything that could be construed into an *ultimatum*, and Bulwer used to relate a curious illustration of his method of evading responsibility. The scene is a long room or gallery, in a château at Auteuil, in which the English secretary and the French Premier are walking up and down in grave and animated converse. 'Well, then,' said Bulwer, by way of arriving at a result, 'I am to tell my Government that your intentions are hostile if the four Powers adhere to their policy.' '*Non, mon ami, pas précisément; vous direz seulement, que vous l'avez lu sur ma figure.*'

What we suppose to be the same interview is somewhat differently related in the Life; where it is stated that the conference broke off upon an understanding that, to avoid mistakes, Bulwer was to state what he deemed the upshot of the conversation in a despatch to Lord Palmerston. He did so, and began by saying that M. Thiers would probably find some moment at which he might force the King (Louis Philippe) to follow him even to war if he (M. Thiers) thought proper. On showing this to M. Thiers, he exclaimed, '*Mon cher Bulwer, comment pouvez vous vous tromper ainsi? Vous gâtez une belle carrière; le roi est bien plus belliqueux que moi.* But do not let us compromise the future more than we can help. Don't send this despatch. Let Lord Palmerston know what you think of our conversation.' When M. Thiers resigned, the King said to Bulwer: 'M. Thiers is furious against me because I have not been willing to go to war. He says that I have spoken of making war. But speaking of making war, and making war, Mr. Bulwer, are two widely different things.'

Some years before (1834), Bulwer had published his 'France; Social, Literary, Political,' which was followed in 1836 by his 'Monarchy of the Middle Classes'—books which, besides being replete with acute observation and fine criticism, may still be consulted with advantage for the valuable information which they convey. By the time he had lived another year in France he had completed his knowledge of the country and the people; and few Englishmen knew them better, for he had not limited his intercourse to the upper or the political class. He knew both the *grand monde* and *demi monde*: he was on intimate terms with all the authors and journalists of note; and one of the most celebrated of Georges Sand's novels (*Mauprat*) was currently reported to have been suggested or inspired by him. Alluding to the influence of successive male friends on this lady's writings, Madame Emile Girardin (*née* Delphine Gay) remarked that she was an illustration of Buffon's maxim, '*Le style, c'est l'homme.*'

Lord Aberdeen, who had replaced Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office in September 1841, was so pleased with Bulwer's reports from Paris that he requested their continuance during the presence on duty, as well as during the absence, of his chief—a somewhat irregular proceeding, which caused just offence to the Ambassador—and in November 1843 his Lordship gave the best proof of appreciation and approval by naming Bulwer Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid. Here he did good service by arbitrating between Spain and Morocco, and had his counsels been followed, it is quite conceivable that the famous Spanish marriages might never have come off; for, acting on an erroneous estimate of the situation, Lord Palmerston (who had returned to office in 1846) backed the wrong candidate and forwarded M. Guizot's views instead of counteracting them. '*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ.*' Who would have thought that these marriages, which threatened to set the world in arms, would turn out of no historical importance whatever, or that the dynasty they were to make all-powerful by the union of the two Crowns, would be uncrowned and in exile within two years![1]

Bulwer's Spanish mission came to an untimely and disagreeable end in 1848, when Narvaez sent him his passports at a moment's notice on a charge of complicity with the insurgent Liberals; and his summary dismissal was first made known by his arrival to report himself at the Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston was not the man to throw over a subordinate whose real transgression consisted in carrying out his instructions with spirit by remonstrating against the high-handed and arbitrary courses of the reactionary faction at Madrid. The cause of the expelled Plenipotentiary was made the cause of the country; and England remained unrepresented at the Spanish capital till the mutual exasperation had cooled down. In the course of the diplomatic correspondence caused by this affair, the Duc de Sotomayer (the Spanish Secretary for Foreign Affairs), who had lived on terms of intimacy with Bulwer, thought proper to allude to a delicate matter, of a strictly private character, in a way which Bulwer deemed personally offensive, and, under the advice of Count d'Orsay, he had written a letter for the express purpose of provoking a challenge, when two English friends (Charles Greville and the writer), who fortunately became aware of his intention, intervened and saved him from what might have proved a grave and (for an English public man) very damaging indiscretion. Only just before, however, two foreign Ministers, with two colleagues for seconds, had fought a duel at Madrid.

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[1] A full account of the diplomatic transactions regarding the Spanish marriages, was given by Bulwer in his review of the eighth volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1868.

In December 1848, Bulwer married Georgiana Charlotte Mary, daughter of Lord Cowley. In December 1849 he was named Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, where he raised an enduring monument to his diplomatic ability by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. We have now before us one of his last letters, dated 'Rhoda-on-the-Nile, February 17, 1872,' in which he writes:

> 'I do regret indeed not being in England. The prophecy I made in withdrawing my motion about America has been too closely fulfilled. Of course the time to settle the question was when every sensible man in the United States was disgusted by Sumner's speech. By allowing it to lie on the public mind, it sank into it and has become now a semi-*national theory*. How, when our only inducement to make

a treaty was to set this claim for indirect damages at rest, we could frame one which opened it, is to me miraculous. How they could introduce into such a document the term "growing out of," which would hardly occur to anyone but a market gardener, is also a marvel. As to the confidence displayed in American statesmen—when I had to make a treaty with them, I took the trouble of going over all their old treaties, and in important passages I only used such words as they had used in the sense in which they had used them. Then, when they began their usual disputes about interpretation, I quoted their own authority.'

He was Minister at Florence for about three years, beginning with 1852. In 1855 he was employed on a mission for the settlement of the Danubian Principalities; and in 1857 he was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople in succession to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who exercised an amount of influence to which no representative of a European power has attained since, or is likely to attain again, mainly owing to force of character, and in some degree to the state of things then, differing as it did so greatly from the present. Turkey is now (1872) practically, if not formally, placed under the guardianship or tutelage of the Five Powers (Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and England), and no one of them could dictate or sway the counsels of the Sublime Porte, as England represented by the great Elchee, occasionally did prior to the Crimean War. The position of Bulwer is correctly described in the 'Conversations-Lexicon,' where he is termed 'the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian policy in the East.'

When matured by experience, no man represented his country better in a negotiation or a conference. His views were broad and statesmanlike; and he had a certain loftiness of sentiment in all that regarded the greatness or dignity of England which is rarely found in combination with so much adroitness and finesse. A distinguished Frenchman told his nephew, Robert (now Lord) Lytton, *qui chasse de race*—the lineal and collateral heir to genius and capacity: '*De tous vos compatriotes, c'est celui qui a l'esprit le plus français, tout en ayant le cœur le plus anglais.*'

He was not so well fitted for the daily details of social representation at a permanent mission. His habits and his health caused him to be thought odd and uncongenial by the ordinary run of English travellers, who expected to be entertained at the embassy; and his taking a house at Scutari (under an impression that the air was milder on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus), was currently attributed at Pera to an inhospitable desire to isolate himself. In extreme sensibility to cold he resembled a sensitive plant; and an amusing story is told of a contest, nearly ending in an open rupture, between him and the French Ambassador touching an open window at his back, which he insisted on having shut. It is a pity they did not think of the expedient adopted by Archdeacon Paley, who called out at a dinner of the clergy: 'Shut the window at my back, and open one behind the curates at the lower end of the table.' The attachés would have been as enduring as the curates.

He was thoroughly genial and hospitable; and his notions of expenditure resembled those of a *Grand*

Seigneur of the olden time,—of that Condé, for example, who, when a son returning from college exultingly produced the savings of his pocket-money, flung the purse contemptuously amongst the lackeys of the antechamber. Bulwer could never endure the custom (till recently confined to England) of scrupulously dividing the reckoning at a restaurant; still less of permitting the ladies to pay their share. Yet he was never guilty of profuseness: he was entirely free from the littleness of ostentation; he never spent money, nor indeed did anything, for show. His only expensive superfluities were his personal attendants: including at one time (after he had retired on his pension) a Greek doctor, a private secretary, a French valet (an excellent servant), and a supernumerary or two who helped each other in doing nothing.

A friend once found two of his suite (Greeks or Turks) separated from their master, and bewailing their hard fate, at a railway station in Germany; and we well remember his arriving in London without so much as a change of linen or a dressing-case: his servants having contrived between them to leave all his luggage scattered between Paris and London. This condition of his establishment was more owing to kindness of heart than carelessness. It was the story over again of the cross old woman at Byron's lodgings, of whom (as Moore relates) his friends thought themselves well rid when he married. But no; there she was ready to do the honours of his new abode in a new silk gown. 'The poor old devil,' he said, in excuse for retaining her, 'was so fond of me!' Bulwer would have urged a similar plea for his hangers-on.

The climate of Constantinople during more than half the year was his constant subject of complaint, and his resignation in 1866 was principally owing to an intimation that the public service might suffer from the prolonged periods of absence which he required. Those who saw him for the first time during the last ten or fifteen years would have wondered how any sustained intellectual or physical exertion was possible with such a frame. But the projects he conceived, the literary works he executed, the journeys he undertook in his decline, might have tasked a strong man in his maturity. He vividly recalled Dryden's lines on Shaftesbury:

> 'A fiery soul, which working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.'

But Bulwer's soul was more restless than fiery; he could not exist without movement and agitation; fix him to a spot, forbid excitement, and he would have resembled the little Dutch Governor (mentioned by Washington Irving) who pined away so imperceptibly that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury. Yet the puny invalid, who may have been seen shivering in a warm autumn on the Bosphorus, spent a cold winter month in canvassing Tamworth, and came back the better for it, proving that, frail as he was, he had more of the *malade imaginaire* about him than he would allow. His ordinary preparation for dinner was the production of two or three boxes of pills, which he ranged beside his plate with his bread. The Greek doctor who long formed part of his establishment, on being asked why he prescribed such a variety of mixtures, openly protested,—'*Moi, Monsieur, lui faire de telles ordonnances! ma tâche journalière c'est de l'empêcher de prendre de la médecine.*' Richelieu signing death-warrants with one foot in the grave, Pitt vomiting behind the Speaker's chair by way of preparation for the greatest of his speeches, Scott dictating romances with the cramp in the stomach which made him roll about in agony—these were trifles to Henry Bulwer going down to the House of Commons, with a hectic suffocating cough, to make a speech on the Irish Church, which there was no imaginable necessity for his making, and which was inaudible to more than the ten or dozen members who closed up to him. These heard enough to convince them that, given the physical requisites, the speech would have proved an undeniable success.[1]

Our high estimate of his writings has been expressed from time to time on the successive appearance of his works. They are incomplete in many respects, particularly as regards style and artistic finish, but most of them, especially the 'Historical Characters,' and 'The Life of Lord Palmerston,' derive a marked value and attraction from the circumstance that the author had been practically conversant with affairs: that he had been mixed up with the events he described: that he had made, or assisted in making, as well as written, history.

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[1] Judging only from the corrected report in Hansard, it belonged to a high order of oratorical composition.

He was a most agreeable letter-writer, and his correspondence, could it be collected, would form the truest reflex of the distinctive qualities of his mind,—of his versatility, playfulness, refinement, earnestness and good sense. Several of his most characteristic letters have been placed at our disposal by one of his most valued female correspondents,—Marie Princess of Lichtenstein, the Marie Fox of Holland House, one of those rarely-gifted women who, from early girlhood, bind young and old in the same electric chain of sympathy, and irresistibly attract the communion of superior minds by the charm of being understood. She was under eighteen when this correspondence began.[1]

'Torquay, December 25, 1870.

'No lady should send photographs, and I will tell you why. An absent admirer, if he recalls anything, recalls the most bewitching glance, the most charming smile, the happiest expression of the countenance of which he dreams. His imagination does the work of the most skilful artist: the photographer undoes it. Mind, feeling, disappear from the portrait. The triumph of the painter is to give your best aspect, the necessity of the photographer to give your worst. Photographs, I believe, are now carefully arranged; still I would not trust them. I suspect, moreover, that most gentlemen get photographs to show them. They take out a photograph, and say to some fellow; "What do you think of this, eh?" Well, every man likes to mortify the vanity of another, and if he can say anything disagreeable, he does.

. . . . .

'In regard to first love, it has undoubtedly the charm which the imagination has over the real. What we love is our idea of what should be loved. It is ourselves, that is to say, our own thoughts, turned inside out. We love, too, with all trustfulness; but we love, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a delusion. I know I have been shocked at meeting, ten or fifteen years afterwards, the ladies I loved in my youth. No; the age of man ought to be at least 180. Sixty years he might give to learning what should be loved, sixty to loving, and sixty more to forgetting he had loved. But you have a philosophy, or, rather, what is better than a philosophy—a religion, that arms you at all points; and I am convinced that anyone who believes that what is—is best, will find it so. Now, with regard to Holland House.[1] Your conception of the work seems to be perfect, and, I assure you, your mode of explaining that conception is perfect also. I have rarely found anyone who can say so clearly what he wants to say as you can.'

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[1] She has had nothing to do with the selection of passages for publication, which was left unreservedly to me.

'Torquay: 29th.

'I have read through the two chapters. It is as I supposed. The work broadens out as it continues, and must be finally judged *en masse.* These chapters, especially the one on the Library, are excessively interesting, and the anecdotes artistically interspersed.

'I admire your answer to my suggestion; I mean the spirit of it, "Truth and not fiction." But it is in the spirit of the lady, not of the writer. For myself, I would welcome any fiction that could carry me out of this wretched little place, which gives itself the airs of a world, and is a hole. Did you ever read the commencement of the "Strange Story"? It describes such a place, and is admirable.

'An ex-French Ambassador, who has got his house and horses at Paris, comes to me and sits hours at a time expressing his hopes that the capital will surrender before his stud is eaten and his furniture pillaged. The spirit of contradiction has urged me to promise him that the siege will last six months—but, it is over. Is one to regret or rejoice? Houghton must be already on the road to breakfast with Jules Favre, and dine with Bismarck. The Emperor and the Empress come again upon the stage. The whole affair is a drama for Astley's. King William walking "majestically," as the special correspondent says, to his coronation: Gambetta flying in his balloon to his defeated armies: the Emperor, hobbling up with his fire-baptized child in a Prussian uniform, preceded by the Empress waltzing with Moltke. These great surprises in affairs are not lasting; but that is all one can predicate about them.

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[1] Her forthcoming *History of Holland House.*

'I am hesitating as to whether I shall go up to town or not, for the opening of Parliament. A little will depend on the state of affairs, and a little on the state of the weather. I have just been reading Wilberforce's Life, which ought, I think, to be more interesting. But I am forced back again upon old friends. It is really startling to find the tone of modern novelists. Their heroes and heroines are the lowest types of society. There is not a gentleman above a Life-Guardsman, or a lady that a gentleman could love and respect, in the list of them.

'I don't know where we are going to, publicly or privately; but when society does not perish, there is always a degree of bad which produces a reaction to good. In the meantime, one's admiration for the delicate, the talented, the noble-minded, and the beautiful is increased by its contrast with surrounding objects.—Thus, I am ever yours,

H. L. B.'

'I have been busy for these four days revising a third edition of Palmerston. I suppose you got the books at last, since the publisher vows he sent them.

'My time otherwise has passed in looking through books and on the waves. The latter feed meditation most. Still, I caught hold of two books which, though bad as books, have interested me from their subject.

'The one was a very ordinary Life of Gibson, the sculptor. What charmed me was, the idea it brought out of a man of talent and imagination living amongst the most beautiful forms, and solely occupied with the study of beauty for the purpose of creating it. Waking and sleeping, there was beauty before his eyes, occupying his thoughts, guiding his hand, dictating his dreams. He at one time thinks his ideal has embodied itself in a work (I should like to see it) for Mrs. Preston. It was a Venus, and he had painted her, and sat for five years worshipping her, and thinking if he could improve her—unwilling to let this Egeria of marble out of his grotto. In thinking of all this, I remembered that on early coins the Greek face has not its magnificent type, but a mere Egyptian one—forehead sloping back, eyes long and full, cheek-bones more visible. Is it not possible that the constant study which the Greeks made of the beautiful *gave them beauty*? Greek beauty always is, we must remember, beauty *expressing thought*. the sort of beauty that might grow out of and harmonise with thinking of that style of beauty. Every Venus has her *inward* expression, as well as her *outward*.

'And if it were so, if the thought of beauty could by degrees mould the features of a race into beauty, how much more naturally would good and noble thoughts form their character and fit it for good and noble deeds?

'We, in our ignorance, talk of education and spreading education. What is the education of a people—to read and write?—Stupidity. It is the directing and elevating their minds to great virtues and great things. Our education now turns on one subject, making money; our politics, on one subject, making money—that is, buying and selling. I will not say that any pursuit *need* debase the mind; but if there is one more calculated than another to do so, it is making money. Our ancestors prohibited gentlemen from making money. We call this a prejudice, but it was not. A man by making money *might* become a gentleman, but when he *was* become a gentleman, his thoughts were to live in a higher sphere, and he was no more to be thinking how a penny might be saved or a pound got. The people understood this, and had an idea of a gentleman as above a trader, thinking his ideas would be above those of bargaining. Now the gentleman is gone, and therefore the respect for gentlemen is gone, and gentlemen hardly respect themselves.

'You will think me an antediluvian. No. I only think we are on a wrong road: we are progressing in our cultivation of all material things about man, but not in our cultivation of man. It is possible that I read too much in my youth of Plutarch's Lives, the Roman history, and Don Quixote's library of books of chivalry. But I confess to a hankering after the heroic.

'It is apropos of *that* that the other book I allude to interested me. It is Chatterton's Life. He died, poor boy! before he was eighteen, and he had thought, suffered, and written enough for a long life. Finding or fancying his genius unappreciated, he burns his writings, takes to his bed, and dies. Nothing can be more tragic than this end.

'You will see the religious debates on Gladstone's innocent letter about the Pope. There seems by fatality a general silence when he does anything wrong, and an ungenerous outcry when he does anything right. It is strange that people should not see that, if the Government of Great Britain and Ireland can take no interest in the fate of the Head of the Catholic Church, the Catholic people of Ireland will wish to have a separate Irish Government that can. Nothing shows the inherent savageness of man's nature more than the fact that, if you actually give him a religion which preaches peace and charity, he will find the means of making it a cause for contention.

"'Never allow your faith in religion to be shaken, nor listen to those who would talk to you about what is reasonable or is not reasonable in religion. The religious feeling is not arrived at by argument: it is an instinct in the human breast, which the glorious gift of the imagination renders our nature capable of adopting. The various and even absurd divinities which men have at times worshipped prove the necessity they have felt for some divinity. I am disposed to think that the religion anyone feels satisfied with, and which gives him the satisfaction of confidence in prayer, is for him the best, though the vanity of men has made every sect believe that its peculiar tenets are the only ones agreeable to God. But, at all events, though the Roman Catholic priesthood adopt this dogma, as most priesthoods do, there is certainly no religion more capable of creating a sublime enthusiasm than that of the Roman Catholic Church; and if it does this to you, God speaks to you through it, and your soul should rest satisfied, and not allow itself to be disturbed.

. . . . .

'Do you know ——— well, or Mdlle. ——— well?

'It would seem that one is not tired of marriage, and the other very anxious to try it; but the union, though it strikes one as odd at a first glance, is rational enough when one considers. People change their situation when they are not satisfied with that which they have, without considering attentively the advantages and disadvantages of the one they propose to enter. Mdlle. ——— wants a comfortable home, and ——— an agreeable house.

. . . . .

'Love, in its passionate meaning, is not required. I will give you a simile which I gathered from a water establishment. Apply a cold, not icy, piece of wet linen to your chest, and cover it nicely over, it gets warmer and warmer, and at last produces perspiration. Put on a hot one, and it gets colder and colder, until it gives you the rheumatism.

Passion decreases after passing too often through the madness of jealousy. Liking and affection increase—increase constantly, even in despite of bad temper, which is the greatest enemy to happy association. But never be tempted, by any consideration, to marry anyone against whom you feel a repulsion. It is, I believe, the most horrible of all sensations, and one which nothing abates or compensates for.[1]

. . . . .

'The disadvantages to which a young lady in our way of making marriage is exposed are monstrous. I believe the French way the best; but, at all events, ours is the worst, and puts me in mind of the combat in which one man had a net and the other a javelin or a sword: unless you cast your net skilfully, you are pierced to the heart.'

The two following letters are addressed to an object of his especial interest, his accomplished god-daughter, the Comtesse de Puliga (*née* Henriette Sansom), author of 'Madame de Sévigné: Her Correspondents and Contemporaries.' They are in reply to her girlish and unaffected delight at the social successes she had unexpectedly, but most deservedly, achieved, particularly by her amateur performance in one of Alfred de Musset's best pieces, *Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fer-*

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[1] He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd, nor quickened—calmly cold,
And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
—*The Corsair.*

The feeling of repulsion is still more forcibly, though less poetically, expressed by Honor, when sympathising with Sophia's antipathy to *Blifil.*

mée, at Lady Molesworth's, before a distinguished audience comprising both French and English royalty.

[No date; written in the summer of 1865.]

'My dearest Hetty,—Your letter, like yourself, is charming. You do well to tell me of your triumphs—I share them. You are quite right: it is not external objects that are reflected in our mind, it is our mind that is reflected in them. Brightness within one makes all bright without.

'London is the same this year as the last, but you feel differently and see it different. Don't, however, build too much on the world's favour, nor on anything which goes and comes like the wind. One of the absurdities of the English character at the present day is that no one has an estimate of his own intrinsic value. You see the greatest people raised or debased in their own opinion by being invited or not to a ball. Rely on yourself for what you are yourself: take a modest estimate, but never let anyone have it in their power to make you think more or less of yourself than you deserve. If you make a habit of this in early life, you will be almost independent of the accidents of fortune till the day of your death.

'Accustom yourself, also, to do good things from good motives. Two people may act just alike, and one man be a villain and the other a saint. If you give in charity, let it be from the kindly feeling of helping a human creature, and not from any motive which holds out to yourself any advantage.

'If you are kind and courteous, let it be not from a selfish desire to be popular, but from a genial desire to give pleasure and not pain. All this much depends on the habit one trains one's mind to when young.

'God bless you, 'Hy.'

'My dear Hetty,—Many thanks for your letters: you have had many triumphs: they are the most difficult trials. Don't let them turn your head. A woman has to marry. It's a great bore, and there is nothing perfect in the institution; but it is like being born and buried—a necessity.

'The qualities for a husband, remember, are to be lasting. They are to tell in every hour of the day. For this, good temper is the main thing to look to. Good sense, if possible, providing there is not too much of it. Don't marry a man whom physically you dislike, but it is not necessary that you should adore him. Scanty means create a constant struggle: great wealth is not necessary, but it is quite as easy to marry a rich man as a poor one.

'Men will not marry a woman so much because they admire her as because they think she admires them. If you wish to keep well with your husband, and if you wish to get a husband, the happy individual must think you consider no man equal to him. All men will believe this, and think it quite natural. Better marry a man from ten to fifteen years older than yourself. It is like buying a riding horse that has been broken, instead of a colt. You save yourself fifteen years during which the adorable creature would be committing absurdities. A ridiculous man is a nuisance: a man much admired is a nuisance also. There is a lecture for you.

'Try and pass the winter in some fine climate where I shall be. It will be a comfort to me and I shall be a counsellor to you. God bless you, 'Hy.'

Among his many personal gifts was one which almost exceptionally distinguished him. His temper was perfect, and it was not a temper painfully formed by habits of self-restraint. It arose from genuine sweetness of disposition, from unaffected amiability, from a kind, gentle, affectionate nature. His judgment was never disturbed by irritability; he weighed motives and conduct in exquisitely poised scales; and his estimates of character were seldom equalled for sagacity and truth. When he mingled in the polemics of diplomacy or literature, he wielded the weapon of controversy like a small-sword, and 'never carried a heart-stain away on the blade.' His grace, his tact, his high-bred manner, made him a general favourite in society; and what Scott says of Rashleigh Osbaldistone's conversation may be said of Bulwer's:

> 'He was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unremitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a millpond, as hurried and as easily exhausted.'

Bulwer always talked his best, and always took up by preference the topics on which mind could meet mind and glowing thoughts or sparkling fancies might be struck out. He was near seventy when he died, but his vivacity was unabated, his vitality seemed unimpaired, and those who knew him best were so accustomed to see him overcoming matter by mind, that they were no less startled than saddened by the announcement that the most delightful of companions, the truest and most sympathising of friends, was taken from them.

WHIST AND WHIST-PLAYERS.

(From Fraser's Magazine for April 1869.)

1. *The Laws of Short Whist.* Edited by J. L. Baldwin; and *A Treatise on the Game.* By J. C. (James Clay): London: 1866.
2. *The Laws and Principles of Whist, &c.* By Cavendish (Jones). Ninth Edition. London: 1868.
3. *Short Whist.* By Major A. The Eighteenth Edition. Newly Edited, &c. By Professor P. (Pole). London: 1865.
4. *The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist.* By William Pole, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon. Reprinted from the Revised Edition of *Short Whist* by Major A. London: 1870.
5. *The Whist-Player, &c.* By Lieut.-Colonel B * * * * (Blyth). Third Edition. London: 1866.
6. *Traité du Whist.* Par M. Deschapelles. Paris: 1840.
7. *Le Whist rendu facile, etc.* Par un Amateur. 2me édition. Paris: 1855.

The laws of whist, like those of Nature before Newton, lay hid in night, at all events were involved in most perplexing confusion and uncertainty, when the happy thought of fixing, defining, arranging and (so to speak) codifying them, occurred to a gentleman possessing the requisite amount of knowledge and experience, and admirably qualified by social position for the task. 'Some years ago,' writes Mr. Baldwin in May, 1864, 'I suggested to the late Hon. George Anson (one of the most accomplished whist-players of his day) that, as the supremacy of short whist was an acknowledged fact, a revision and reformation of Hoyle's rules would confer a boon on whist-players generally, and on those especially to whom disputes and doubtful points were constantly referred. Our views coincided, but the project was, for the following reason, abandoned.

The reason was neither more nor less than what has stopped or indefinitely postponed so many other projects for the amelioration of society or improvement of mankind, namely, the difficulty and trouble to be encountered, with a very uncertain chance of success. This reason was eventually outweighed by the sense of responsibility in the face of a steadily increasing evil which a decided effort might correct; and early in 1863 the legislator of the whist-table had duly meditated his scheme and made up his mind as to the right method of executing it. When Napoleon had resolved upon a code, he began by nominating a board of the most eminent French jurists, whose sittings he was in the constant habit of attending, and by whom it was, article by article, settled and discussed. Mr. Baldwin proceeded in much the same fashion. The board or committee which met at his suggestion, or (as he says) 'kindly consented to co-operate with him,' was comprised of seven members of the Arlington (now Turf) Club, who—we might take for granted, were it not notorious as a fact—were renowned for the skilful *practice* as well as the scientific knowledge of the game.

The foundation of the republic of Venice may be dated from 697 A.D., when twelve of the founders met and elected the first Doge. Their descendants, *gli Elettorali*, formed the first class of the aristocracy, and with them were subsequently associated the descendants of the four who joined in signing an instrument for the foundation of the Abbey of San Giorgio Maggiore. The twelve were popularly spoken of as the Twelve Apostles, and the four as the Four Evangelists. The foundation of the republic of whist may be dated from its reduction under settled laws: and precedence, such as was accorded to the Venetian Apostles and Evangelists, should be accorded to the two bodies of gentlemen by whom Mr. Baldwin's suggestions were so effectively carried out.

The seven members of the Arlington (who may rank with the Apostles) were:—George Bentinck, Esq., M.P. for West Norfolk; John Bushe, Esq. (son of the Chief Justice of 'Patronage'); James Clay, Esq., M.P., who acted as chairman; Charles C. Greville, Esq.; Sir Rainald Knightley, Bart., M.P.; H. B. Mayne, Esq.; G. Payne, Esq.; the late Colonel Pipon. The resolution appointing them is authenticated by the distinguished signature of Admiral Rous. The code drawn up by them was transmitted to the Portland Club (the whist-club *par éminence* since the dissolution of Graham's) which nominated the following committee (who may rank with the Evangelists of Venice) to consider it:—H. D. Jones, Esq. (the father of 'Cavendish') chairman; Charles Adams, Esq.; W. F. Baring, Esq.; *H. Fitzroy*, Esq.; Samuel Petrie, Esq.; H. M. Riddell

Esq.; R. Wheble, Esq. Their suggestions and additions were immediately accepted by the Arlington, and on Saturday, April 30, 1864—it is right to be particular—this resolution was proposed and carried unanimously:

'Arlington Club.

'That the Laws of Short Whist, as framed by the Whist Committee and edited by John Loraine Baldwin, Esq., be adopted by this Club.'

(Signed) 'BEAUFORT, Chairman.'

So soon as this resolution was passed, the work was done; for all the other principal clubs in town and country eagerly notified their adhesion, and it would be simply absurd for individuals to refuse obedience. That the Continent and the New World will do well to follow the lead of England, may be inferred from a single point of comparison. Mr. Baldwin's Laws of Whist are comprised in sixteen pages, whereas 284 pages of M. Deschapelles' *Traité du Whist* are devoted to the Laws. Nor is the code the only boon for which we are indebted to the codifier; he has also been the means of eliciting what (when first published) was incomparably the most acute, most compact, and most practical essay on the subject: *A Treatise on the Game*, by J. C. (James Clay). It was preceded by several works of merit, but its improving effects may be traced in all recent editions of the best; and we have now a literature of whist which leaves the habitually bad player, male or female, without the semblage of an apology.

Although the large circulation of these books would imply general study and corresponding advance, the effect has been disappointing on the whole. It is quite curious to see how many who have made whist their favourite occupation never rise to the rank of third-rate players: how many are utterly ignorant of the plainest principles, or unprepared for the most ordinary combinations or contingencies: how many are almost always in hopeless confusion about their leads: how many have not the smallest notion why and when they should trump a doubtful card, or why and when they should lead trumps. The Italian who had the honour of teaching George III. the violin, on being asked by his royal pupil what progress he was making, observed, 'Please your Majesty, there are three classes of players: 1, those who cannot play at all; 2, those who play badly; 3, those who play well. Your Majesty is just rising into the second class.' This is the outside compliment we could pay to a numerous section of assiduous whist-players. Yet, as Lord Chesterfield told his son, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and one would have thought that a few hours' study might be advantageously bestowed in escaping this constantly recurring condition of embarrassment, to say nothing of the annoyance which may be read in the partner's face, however indulgent or well-bred, when he or she happens to know something of the game.

This want of proper grounding and training, far from being confined to the idle and superficial, is frequently detected or avowed in the higher orders of intellect, in the most accomplished and cultivated minds. 'Lady Donegal and I,' writes Miss Berry, 'played whist with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine; I doubt which of the four plays worst.' Lord Thurlow declared late in life that he would give half his fortune to play well. Why did he not set about it? Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Wensleydale were on a par with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine, yet they were both very fond of the game, and both would eagerly have confirmed the justice of Talleyrand's well-known remark to the youngster who rather boastingly declared his ignorance of it: 'Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!'[1] It is an invaluable resource to men of studious habits, whose eyes and mental faculties equally require relief in the evening of life or after the grave labours of the day; and the interest rises with the growing consciousness of skill.

The main cause of this educational omission or neglect is the rooted belief that whist cannot be taught by study or reading, which is pretty nearly tantamount to saying that it cannot be taught at all; for there is no reason why a sound precept, orally communicated at a card-table, should be less sound and useful when printed in a book. Moreover, the book has one marked advantage over the oral instructor: it gives time for reflection, and does not give occasion for irritability. We have no elementary schools of whist, nor paid teachers as in billiards; and a competent amateur, when taking his place opposite a lady partner, is almost invariably addressed: 'Now pray don't scold; I can't bear scolding.' In other words; 'I can't bear to be taught.' Even when a lady requests to be told if she plays wrong, the odds are that, unless she is resolutely bent on fascinating, she will turn upon you, if you are simple enough to take her at her word, like the matron in *Cœlebs* who was lamenting her own exceeding sinfulness—

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[1] To Talleyrand at the whist-table might be applied, with the change of a word, the couplet of Pope:

> 'See how the world its veterans rewards,
> A youth of plotting, an old age of cards.'

Talleyrand was far from a good player, and, as might have been anticipated, unduly prone to finessing and false cards.

> '*Mr. Ranby.* You accuse yourself too heavily, my dear; you have sins to be sure.
>
> '*Mrs. Ranby* (in a raised voice and angry tone). And pray what sins have I, Mr. Ranby?'

A critical remark to a male partner, or an attempt to talk over the hand, is frequently met in a manner that does not invite a repetition of the experiment, although a polite inquiry why a particular card was played is an implied compliment. General de Vautré, the author of *Le Génie de Whist,* complained that more than one of his friends declined playing with him, saying: 'If I am your partner I get scolded, and if I am your adversary I lose.' Mr. Clay speaks with his characteristic good sense on this topic:

> 'Talking over the hand after it has been played is not uncommonly called a bad habit, and an annoyance. I am firmly persuaded that it is among the readiest ways of learning whist, and I advise beginners, when they have not understood their partner's play, or when they think that the hand might have been differently played with a better result, to *ask for information*, and invite discussion. They will, of

course, select for this purpose a player of recognised skill, and will have little difficulty in distinguishing the dispassionate and reasoning man from him who judges by results, and finds fault only because things have gone wrong. They will rarely find a real whist-player so discourteous as to refuse every information in his power, for he takes interest in the beginner who is anxious to improve.'

But real whist-players will rarely take sufficient interest in beginners, however anxious to improve, to be willing to cut in with them before a certain amount of progress has been made; and a request for information, betraying a want of elementary knowledge, might provoke an answer like Dr. Johnson's to the young gentleman who asked him whether the cat was oviparous or viviparous: 'Sir, you should read the common books of natural history, and not come to a man of a certain age and some attainments to ask whether the cat lays eggs.' With reference, also, to your own immediate interest, you had better hold your tongue, or reserve your comments till the party has broken up; for the offender will probably play worse.

Books, therefore, are the readiest and surest sources of instruction, but it is now pretty generally agreed that the Hamiltonian method of learning languages is the best. Acquire a sufficient stock of words before meddling with syntax. Just so familiarise yourself with the ordinary combinations of the cards before venturing on the rules and principles which constitute the syntax of the game. But in each case the syntax is indispensable, when the appropriate stage of progress has been reached; and the whist-player who endeavours to dispense with it, unless he is singularly gifted, will bear the same relation to one of the master spirits of the Portland, the Turf, or the Paris Jockey Club, that a courier or quick-witted lady's maid who had made the tour of Europe, would bear in linguistic acquirements to the trained diplomatist who speak and writes French, German, and Italian with correctness and facility.

It is the same in all things to which mind can be applied: theory or science should go hand in hand with practice. This is true even of games of manual dexterity, like billiards and croquet, but it is preeminently true of whist. Nay, we shall show before concluding that the merely mechanical quality of memory has far less to do with making a fine, or even a good player, than the higher qualities of judgment, observation, logical intuition, and sagacity.

The introduction of short whist is thus described by Mr. Clay:

> 'Some eighty years back, Lord Peterborough having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss. The late Mr. Hoare, of Bath, a very good whist-player, and without a superior at piquet, was one of this party, and has more than once told me the story.'

Major A., writing in 1835, says: 'Short whist started up and overthrew the Long Dynasty more than *half a century* ago,' thus confirming Mr. Clay as to the date; but if it started up in the eighteenth century, its supremacy was not established till far into the nineteenth, and many whist-players now living imbibed their rudiments under the Long Dynasty.

An illustration in the 'Antijacobin' of 1798 goes far to prove that long whist alone was present to the minds of the distinguished writers, Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere:

> Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game,
> The partners changing, but the sport the same;
> Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
> Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
> —Yet must *one* Man, with one unceasing Wife,
> Play the Long Rubber of connubial life.

The authorities differ as to the origin of the short game:

> 'This revolution,' continues Major A., 'was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist-players—consequently, four great men—adjourned from the House of Commons to Brookes's, and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. "The lobster must be hot," said the baronet. "A rubber may last an hour," said another, "and the lobster be cold again, or spoiled, before we have finished." "It is too long," said a third. "Let us cut it shorter," said a fourth.—Carried, *nem. con.* Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation at supper, the thing was new—they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling.'

Next day (he adds) St. James's Street was in commotion: the Longs and Shorts contended like the

Blues and Green of the circus: and for a period it was regarded as a drawn battle or a tolerably equal contest; but the old school became gradually weaker by deaths, and the new school, when no longer confronted by habit and prejudice, obtained a complete victory. The truth is, the new game is the better of the two as requiring more sustained attention, more rapidity of conception, more dash, more *élan*, and giving more scope to genius than the old. It is the Napoleonic strategy or tactics against the Austrian, or (or to borrow an illustration from naval warfare) it may be compared to Nelson's favourite manœuvre of 'breaking the line.' Those who maintain the contrary, must maintain that the second half of the old game (when it stood five to five) was less critical and less calculated for the display of skill than the first. At all events, the popular decree is irrevocable, and the revolution has been rendered more complete by circumstances which are appositely stated by Mr. Clay:

> 'I remember, as a youngster, being told by one of the highest authorities, on the occasion of my having led a single trump from a hand of great strength in all the other suits, that the only justification for leading a singleton in trumps was the holding at least ace and king in the three remaining suits. He spoke the opinion of his school. That school, I am inclined to believe, might teach us much that we have neglected, but I should pick out of it one man alone, the celebrated Major Aubrey, as likely to be very formidable among the best players of the present day. He was a player of great original genius, and refused strict ad-

herence to the over careful system to which his companions were slaves.

'But whist had travelled, and thirty or more years ago we began to hear of the great Paris whist-players. They sometimes came among us—more frequently our champions encountered them on their own ground, and returned to us with a system modified, if not improved, by their French experience. . . . We were forced to recognise a wide difference between their system and our own, and "the French game" became the scorn and the horror of the old school, which went gradually to its grave with an unchanged faith, and in the firm belief that the invaders, with their rash trump leading, were all mad, and that their great master, Deschapelles—the finest whist-player beyond any comparison the world has ever seen—was a dangerous lunatic. The new school, however, as I well remember, were found to be winning players.'

Now what are the distinctive features of the new school, its essential principles, its merits, and its defects? Unluckily, the great master, Deschapelles, did not live to carry out his original plan. He has left only a single chapter of *La Doctrine*, entitled *De l'Impasse* (Of the Finesse). But his mantle has fallen on no unworthy successors, and little difficulty will be experienced in rendering his system intelligible to those who care to master it, for it is substantially that which all the best players in both hemispheres have adopted and recommend:

'The basis of the theory of the modern scientific game of whist (says Mr. Pole) lies in the relations existing between the players.

'It is a fundamental feature of the construction of the game, that the four players are intended to act, not singly and independently, but in a double combination, two of them being *partners* against a partnership of the other two. And it is the full recognition of this fact, carried out into all the ramifications of the play, which characterises the scientific game, and gives it its superiority over all others.

'Yet, obvious as this fact is, it is astonishing how imperfectly it is appreciated among players generally. Some ignore the partnership altogether, except in the mere division of the stakes, neither caring to help their partners or be helped by them, but playing as if each had to fight his battle alone. Others will go farther, giving *some* degree of consideration to the partner, but still always making their own hand the chief object; and among this latter class are often found players of much skill and judgment, and who pass for great adepts in the game.

'The scientific theory, however, goes much farther. It carries out the community of interests to the fullest extent possible. It forbids the player to consider his own hand apart from that of his partner, but commands him to treat both in strict conjunction, teaching him, in fact, to play the two hands combined as if they were one.'

The combined principle was not ignored, it was simply undervalued, by the old school. What they failed to see, and what many modern players cannot be brought to see yet, is that, with tolerably equal cards, the result of the mimic campaign hangs upon it, as the fate of Germany hung on the junction of Prince Charles and the Crown Prince at Sadowa, or the fate of Europe on the junction of Blucher and Wellington at Waterloo. Of course it is necessary to agree upon a common object or system, and this again is placed in the clearest light by Mr. Pole:

> ‘The object of play is of course to make tricks, and tricks may be made in four different ways: viz.:—
>
> ‘1. By the natural predominance of *master cards*, as aces and kings. This forms the leading idea of beginners, whose notions of trick-making do not usually extend beyond the high cards they have happened to receive.
>
> ‘2. Tricks may be also made by taking advantage of the *position* of the cards, so as to evade the higher ones, and make smaller ones win; as, for example, in finessing, and in leading up to a weak suit. This method is one which, although always kept well in view by good players, is yet only of accidental occurrence, and therefore does not enter into our present discussion of the general systems of treating the hand.
>
> ‘3. Another mode of trick-making is by *trumping*; a system almost as fascinating to beginners as the realisation of master cards; but the correction of this predilection requires much deeper study.
>
> ‘4. The fourth method of making tricks is by establishing and bringing in a *long suit*, every card of which will then make a trick, whatever be its value. This method, though the most scientific, is the least obvious, and therefore is the least practised by young players.
>
> ‘Now the first, third, and fourth methods of making tricks may be said to constitute different *systems*, according to either of which a player may view his hand and regulate his play.’

This is illustrated by an example. The hand of the player with whom the opening lead lies, is thus composed: *Hearts* (trumps), queen, nine, six, three. *Spades*, king, knave, eight, four, three, two. *Diamonds*, ace, king. *Clubs*, a singleton. He may lead off the ace and king of diamonds (System No. 1); or the singleton in the hope of a ruff (No. 3); or the smallest of his long suit (No. 4) on the chance of establishing it and making three or four tricks in it. In other words, he has to choose between three systems; and the paramount importance of the choice consists in its deciding the opening lead, by far the most important of the whole; as it is the first indication afforded to the partner. 'He will, if he is a good player, observe with great attention the card you lead, and will at once draw inferences from it that may perhaps influence the whole of his plans.'

When the highest authorities, on the most careful calculation of chances, have laid down that the long suit system is the best, and the long suit opening has become the received method of carrying it out, a player who takes his own line, or looks exclusively to his own hand, will wilfully commit what Mr. Clay justly calls 'the greatest fault he knows in a whist-player.' All that can be said in favour of the rival systems has been said a hundred times and deliberately set aside, but the strongest of all objections to each of them is, that neither admits of combined action, in fact, can hardly be called a system at all; for when you have led off your ace and king, you are at a standstill; and when you have led your singleton, you have probably embarrassed instead of informing your partner; and it is fortunate if you have not led him into a scrape. Besides, you may have no ace and king, and no singleton; whereas you must always have what (comparatively speaking) may be called your strong suit, if only consisting of four.[1]

Players who find an irresistible fascination in leading their best cards, or in trumping, may also take comfort in the reflection that they are not requested to abandon their favourite tactics altogether; for occasions are constantly arising when it becomes advisable to fall back upon them; just as the most consummate general may be compelled to resort to defensive or guerilla warfare, when he is too weak to hazard a pitched battle or a siege in form. It can hardly ever be right to lead off an ace and king with no other of the suit, for they are almost sure of making at a more opportune period to the game. But when held with others in an otherwise weak hand, *i.e.*, without strength in trumps or the chance of establishing a suit, high cards may be judiciously led at once to avoid their being trumped. Whenever, therefore, a good player plays out his winning cards, without first playing trumps, it is a manifest token of weakness instead of an exhibition of strength.

The argument is thus summed up by Mr. Pole:

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[1] The principle of leading from the long suit is by no means universally admitted in France, and was formerly much contested in England. General (the Hon. George) Anson pronounced it the height of bad play to lead from a suit in which you had nothing higher than a ten, if you had a suit with an honour to lead from; unless, from strength in trumps, there was a probability of bringing in the small cards. Another moot point is, whether you should carry out the principle if your only four suit happen to be trumps, and you have no good cards in the other suits.

'Accepting, therefore, this system as the preferable one, we are now able to enunciate the fundamental theory of the modern scientific game, which is—

'That the hands of the two partners shall not be played singly and independently, but shall be combined, and treated as one. And that in order to carry out most effectually this principle of combination, each partner shall adopt the long suit system as the general basis of his play.'

Mark the words 'general basis.' This is quite enough to bring about the required understanding, and you are at full liberty to adapt your play to circumstances when your partner makes no distinct call upon you, or is unable to co-operate in the execution of a plan.

My partner, being first player, leads a small card of a suit (say hearts) in which I am very weak. I am strong in two other suits, and tolerably strong (say four, with a high honour) in trumps. As soon as I get the lead, in full confidence that he is numerically strong in hearts, I lead a trump. But what am I to do if I have a partner who is in the habit of leading a singleton, or from a two suit, with a view to trumping, or who does so often enough to justify distrust?

It is an obvious corollary that the primary use of trumps is to draw the adversary's trumps for the purpose of bringing in your own or your partner's long suit; and it is consequently essential to determine what strength in trumps justifies you in leading them. There is a capital sketch of a whist party in 'Sans Merci,' by the author of 'Guy Livingston,' in which the hero, who *is losing* to a startling amount, asks his partner, an old hand, whether with knave five he ought not to have led trumps. 'It has been computed,' was the calm reply, 'that eleven thousand Englishmen, once heirs to fair fortunes, are wandering about the Continent, in a state of utter destitution, because they would not lead trumps with five and an honour in their hands.' Professor Pole is distinct and positive on this point:

> 'Whenever you have five trumps, *whatever they are*, or whatever the other components of your hand, you should lead them; for the probability is that three, or at most four, rounds will exhaust those of the adversaries, and you will still have one or two left to bring in your own or your partner's long suits, and to stop those of the enemy. . . . And, further, you must recollect that it is no argument against leading trumps from five, that you have no long suit, and that your hand is otherwise weak; for it is the essence of the combined principle that you work for your partner as well as yourself, and the probability is that if you are weak, *he* is strong, and will have long suits or good cards to bring in. And if, unfortunately, it should happen that you are both weak, any other play would be probably still worse for you.'

Cavendish says that, with the original lead and five trumps, you should almost always lead one; with six, invariably. Colonel Blyth, after giving the same qualified opinion in his text, adds in a note: 'I once heard a first-rate whist-player say that, with four trumps in your hand, it was mostly right to lead them; but that he who held five and did not lead them, was fit only for a lunatic asylum.' This first-rate whist-player had probably recently been playing with one of the eleven thousand, or with strong-minded females who are most provokingly reticent of trumps. We should recommend every incipient whist-player, who has not experience enough to mark the rare exceptional cases, to lead one when he holds more than four, but to pause and reflect with four. With less than five, or strength enough to ensure the command, trumps should not be led, unless it is obviously advantageous to get them out. It is obviously advantageous when you or your partner have good cards to make, and obviously disadvantageous when you have not. If there are two or more honours amongst your four, or the ace, you may lead one with comparatively little risk.

The smallest should be led from four or more, except when you lead from a sequence of three, or except when you have king, knave, ten, with others, when the received lead is the ten. Mr. Clay has laid down *nem. con.* (at least *nem. con.* amongst the received authorities) that with ace, king, and other small trumps, you should lead the lowest, unless you have more than six, *i.e.*, as an original lead, or before circumstances have called for two rounds certain. The reason is that you may otherwise lose the third and most important trick; for if you have no more than six, the odds are that one of your adversaries has at least three, headed by a superior card to your third best. The odds are also in favour of your partner holding the queen or knave, and if the queen is on his right, the knave is commonly as good as the queen. With ace, king, knave, and three small trumps, it may be as well to lead the ace and king, on the chance of the queen falling. With ace, king, knave, and less than three, the general practice is to lead the king, and wait for the return of the lead to finesse the knave; but if you have good cards or a long suit, and there is any risk of being trumped, it is best to lead the ace and king.

With a hand requiring or justifying a trump lead, the fact of an honour being turned up on your right may be disregarded, even with a certainty of its taking your partner's best card, the grand object being to get the command of trumps, not the first trick in them. Unless you wish the lead in trumps to be returned, do not (at least not early in the hand) lead through an honour, for the practice of leading through honours, whether you want trumps out or not, has been fortunately given up. We say fortunately, for, so long as it prevailed, it was impossible to know whether the lead through the honour was a regular lead of trumps or not. At the same time, the partner may exercise his discretion as to returning the lead up to an honour, especially if he can replace the lead in his partner's hand and so enable him to lead through the honour a second time.

There is another case when you may avoid returning a lead of trumps, whether through an honour or not, *i.e.*, when your partner has evidently led from weakness or desperation in a peculiar condition of the game. Thus, when he leads a knave, you may generally take for granted that it is his best, for (in England) there is no recognised trump lead from knave with a higher in the hand. The lead of the ten may be from king, knave, ten, with or without others, and may place you in doubt unless you know that your partner cannot have both king and knave. In our opinion you should always, when third player, pass the ten (*à fortiori*, the knave) of trumps unless you have only ace and another and it is an object to secure two rounds, or unless you see your way clear to winning both that and the two following tricks. It is quite painful to see an ace or king put upon a ten, evidently led from weakness; and it is impossible to play a fine or even safe game with a partner who cannot distinguish a forced lead from an ordinary or original one. It is useless in any suit for the third player to put the queen on his partner's ten. One time for this lead (of the ten) is when the game is obviously lost, or in great jeopardy, unless your partner is strong in trumps. For example, your adversaries are three love, and your only trump, or highest of two or three, is the ten. The game is lost unless your partner has two honours, and your ten will materially strengthen him, if he has.

On the same principle, when, to enable you to win or save the game, it is necessary that the remaining cards should be placed in a particular manner, play as if you knew them to be so placed. This is the secret of many of the most celebrated instances of fine play. The French Amateur (who always makes Pitt and Burke partners against Fox and Sheridan) gives this example:

Fox and Sheridan are at the score of four, and, out of nine tricks played, have won six. Pitt and Burke must win the remaining four to save the game. Pitt s the ace and a small trump, with two cards of a suit of which Burke holds the best and last. There are six trumps remaining in the other hands. Fox plays a card of a suit in which Pitt (last player) has renounced. Pitt trumps with his ace and leads his small trump. Burke makes a successful finesse, takes out the trumps, and wins the fourth trick by his last card. This was the only way in which the game could have been saved: and it could not have been saved unless the trumps had been equally divided and the successful finesse had been open to Burke. Pitt, therefore, proceeded on the assumption that they were so divided. If he had trumped with his small trump, he could not have ensured a second lead of trumps, and Fox or Sheridan must infallibly have made the seventh trick by trumping.[1]

The same state of things may justify or require a trump lead, when you have no trump that can be called strengthening, not even a nine; but the lead of a singleton in trumps with nothing in the hand of the player or the state of the score to justify it, strikes us to be reprehensible in the extreme. We do not go the length of saying with the champion of the old school, quoted by Mr. Clay, that the only justification for leading a singleton in trumps (presumably not an honour) is holding at least ace and king in the three remaining suits. But there should be strength in each of the three remaining suits sufficient to prevent the establishment of a long suit by the adversaries. There is also this essential objection. The first duty of a player is to decide, after a careful study of his cards, whether he is to play a superior or inferior part, whether he is to be commander or subordinate for the hand, whether he is to act on the offensive or defensive, to aim at winning or saving the game. Now with one trump and no great strength in other suits, you have no right to assume the command by forcing a trump lead on your partner, who, with a single honour and without what can be called strength in trumps, may manage to save the game, if you do not force him into the sacrifice of his best card at starting. Leave him to initiate the lead of trumps either by leading or asking for them. Begin with your high cards and watch for the signal: if it is not forthcoming, go on with them and force. If you have no high cards, *cadit quæstio*: you would be clearly wrong to lead the trump.

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[1] Three useful illustrations are given in Mr. Clay's chapter *When to Disregard Rule.*

As for people who lead trumps because they are at a loss what else to lead, they might just as well take the most important step in life, go into orders, turn soldier or sailor, marry or get unmarried, from sheer lassitude and vacuity. It is Lord Derby's leap in the dark, repeated on a small scale. A trump lead almost always brings matters to a crisis, and should never be hazarded without a reason. If absolutely no semblance of a reason suggests itself, play any card rather than a trump; and if this blank state of mind is of frequent recurrence after a resolute effort to improve, we should address the dubitant pretty nearly as the French fencing-master addressed the late Earl of E. at the conclusion of six months' teaching: 'Milord, je vous conseille décidément d'abandonner les armes.'

The importance of the trump lead can hardly be over-estimated when we consider that (with the exceptions already hinted at) it should be returned immediately. Playing out high cards before returning the trump, is incurring the very risk the trump lead is intended to obviate. An amiable French gentleman, M. Guy de la Tour du Pin—who, by the way, once fought a duel about whist—on being reproached by a partner with not returning the trump lead, made answer, '*Je ne suis pas votre domestique.*' Let us hope that there was something in the partner's tone to justify this most unreasonable retort. It is an aphorism of traditional respectability that the only excuses for not returning a trump are a fit of apoplexy or not having any. These, too, are the only available excuses for not leading trumps when your partner *asks* for them.

> 'It (asking for trumps) consists in *throwing away an unnecessarily high card*, and it is requisite to pay great attention to this definition. Thus, if you have the deuce and three of a suit of which two rounds are played, by playing the three to the first round and the deuce to the second, you have signified to your partner your wish that he should lead a trump as soon as he gets the lead.'

Mr. Clay, after a satisfactory defence of the fairness of the signal, goes on to contend that it should never be given simply because the demandant would rather have trumps played upon the whole. He regards it as tantamount to saying: 'I am so strong, that if you have anything to assist me, I answer for the game, or, at least, for a great score. Throw all your strength into my hand, abandon your own game, at least lead me a trump, and leave the rest to me.'

So grave does the resulting responsibility appear to this master of the art, that, he tells us, it is not in his recollection that he ever took this liberty with his partner when he held less than four trumps two honours, or five trumps one honour, along with cards in his or (obviously) in his partner's hand which made the fall of the trumps very plainly advantageous, adding: 'I am far from saying, that with the strength in trumps which I have described, it is always, or even generally, advisable to ask for trumps. I have only ventured to lay down that which, in my opinion, should be the minimum.'

Upon this conventional understanding, a partner with two or three trumps should lead the best, and if it makes, follow with the next best: with ace, queen, and another, lead the ace, then the queen, and then the other unless checked by an indication that his left-hand adversary has no more. If the left-hand adversary holds out, it is generally best to give the third round, as the calling partner lies over him. Many a game has been missed by rigid adherence to the doctrine of not drawing two trumps for one. With four, unless headed by the ace, lead the lowest: with an ace and others, the ace. Keeping in view the main object, the strengthening of your partner, no player of ordinary sagacity can be at a loss how to meet a call for trumps, *i.e.*, with a partner who abides by Mr. Clay's minimum.

In returning a lead, whether in plain suits or umps, if you have not decided strength, you should be guided by the same principle of self-sacrifice. Having only three originally, you should return the best; with four or more originally, the lowest. Thus, with ace, ten, three, and deuce, you should win with the ace, and return the deuce. With ace, ten, and deuce only, you win with the ace, and return the ten. This not only strengthens your partner: it enables him to count your hand:

> 'In trumps, for instance (says Mr. Clay), when he holds one, with only one other left against him, he will very frequently know, as surely as if he looked into your hand, whether that other trump is held by you, or by an adversary. It follows from the above that you should not fail to remark the card in your own lead, which your partner returns to you, and whether that which he plays to the third round is higher or lower than that which he returned.'

The principle is partially applicable to original leads. Thus, if you have only two or three cards of a suit with nothing higher than a knave, lead the highest: if you are compelled to lead from ace, king, or queen, and a small one, lead the highest; and it is occasionally right with queen and two small ones, to lead the queen, thereby giving your partner the option of passing it, and at all events strengthening him where you are weak.

The safest leads are from sequences; and the rule in dealing with them is to lead the highest and put on the lowest.[1] But there are marked exceptions. In all suits, with ace and king, you begin with the king; but in trumps, with a major sequence of three or more, you begin with the lowest, because if the lower is not taken, your partner will infer that you have the higher; but if with three or four honours in plain suits, you begin with the queen or knave, your partner (if weak in trumps) might feel justified in trumping.[1] Bearing in mind that the odds are four or five to one against a suit going round a third time without a renounce, you will see at a glance why a less venturesome course must be pursued with plain suits than with trumps. Thus, you play off your ace and king in a plain suit instead of beginning with a small one: with king, queen and others, you lead the king in plain suits, and a small one in trumps. When your adversary's trumps are exhausted, *and you are sure of not losing the command*, a plain suit is played like the trump suit. Thus, with ace, king and others, you lead a small one.

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[1] This rule does not apply to *sub*-sequences. Thus with king, ten, nine, eight, you lead the eight.

There are other fixed original leads (specified in the books) which must be kept in mind, not only for your own direction in leading, but to enable you to draw inferences from what your partner or adversary has led. Thus with ace and four small cards (in plain suits), the ace; with ace and three, the lowest.[2] With ace, queen, knave, with or without others, the ace, then the queen. With an honour and three or more small cards, or with four or more small cards (not headed by a sequence), the lowest. For leads further on in the game, you may derive important information from the discard. A good player generally discards from his weak suit, or from the suit he does not wish led to him. There is no commoner or stronger sign of ignorance or inattention than instantly leading, without a defined motive, the suit from which your partner has *first* thrown away. You should rarely lead it unless you are strong enough in it to establish it without his help. C. takes out the last trump. A., his partner, having the complete command in spades, throws away a club—the diamonds being out. C. plays a club, brings in the long suit of his adversary (clubs) and loses the game.[1]

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[1] The latest innovation in the language of the game is to play the ace first when you have only ace and king.

[2] This is one of the points in which the best French players differ from the English. With ace and three small cards, they play the ace. Another is in leading from king, knave, ten *in trumps*: they lead the knave: we the ten.

As the game proceeds, you will of course prefer leading through the strong hand and up to the weak. Do not lead to force your partner, or on the chance of forcing him, unless you are strong in trumps. We say 'or on the chance of forcing,' for nothing is more common than, after playing ace and king, to lead a third round in the hope that the partner will win with the queen *or* trump. If he is strong in trumps, this is bad either way; for assuming him to have the best card, the odds are that it will be trumped, whereas he might have got out trumps and been enabled to make it.

Mr. Clay lays down that four trumps with an honour is the minimum strength that justifies a force without a peculiar object, such as securing a double ruff or making sure of a trick to win or save the game, or unless your partner has invited the force, or unless the adversary has led or asked for trumps. 'This last exception,' he says, 'is the slightest of the justifications for forcing your partner when you are weak in trumps, but it is in most cases a sufficient apology.' But, it may be replied, if the adversary has led or asked for trumps, and you are weak in them, you should do all you can to strengthen instead of weakening your partner: unless he is strong in trumps, the game is gone; play, therefore, on the assumption of his being strong: instead of forcing *him*, force (if you can) the trump-asking or trump-leading adversary. This is the best use of good cards when the strength in trumps has been declared against you: but take care that it is the *strong* adversary you force. 'It follows that there can be but few whist offences more heinous than forcing your partner when he has led a trump (or refused to trump), and you are yourself not very strong in them.'

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[1] When the remaining trumps are with the adversaries, and there is no chance of bringing in a strong suit, it may be advisable to discard from it so as to keep what strength you can in the strong suit or suits of the adversaries.

The following is a golden rule which should prevent an infinity of hesitation: 'With four trumps do not trump an uncertain card, *i.e.*, one which your partner may be able to win. With less than four trumps, and no honour, trump an uncertain card.' With a king and one, or the queen and two small trumps, it is clearly wrong to trump an uncertain card, as it also is when trumps have been played, and you have the best or last trump left, with a losing card to throw away. If you are weak in trumps, or your partner has led trumps, trump a card which he would otherwise be obliged to trump; especially a thirteenth card when you are second hand, thereby compelling the third hand to trump. Whether, when third hand, you should trump a thirteenth card, must be decided by circumstances.

When your partner (obviously leading from ace, queen, knave) leads ace and queen, it is generally best not to trump his queen, although the king is evidently in the fourth hand; for then his suit is cleared. The peculiar object of dread to Lever was 'that confounded last trump in one's partner's hand:' he having had his own long suit repeatedly cut short by it. There are occasions also when it is advisable to give a trick with the view of getting led up to, but Mr. Clay says: 'Do not give away a certain trick by refusing to ruff, or otherwise, unless you see a fair chance of making *two* by your forbearance.' Young players should be especially cautioned against giving away sure tricks. They sometimes suffer two or three tricks to be made in a long suit by withholding the long trump, though they have nothing else to do with it.

On the other hand, eagerness to trump with strength in trumps shows ignorance or defiance of all sound principle; for you weaken yourself, and you deceive your partner, besides depriving him of the advantage of his position as fourth player, with possibly a commanding tenace. If a good player trumps a doubtful card, the inference is that he is weak in trumps: if he refuses, that he has four at least, or a guarded honour: if he refuses to trump a known winning card, take it for granted that he is strong, and at the very first opportunity lead a trump. It is not unusual for moderate players, when their ace of trumps is a singleton, to lead it at once; the partner infers that it is a singleton, and has the option of resuming the lead and drawing two for one. This lead cannot, like a lead from another singleton, mislead or entrap the partner. But it prematurely exposes the hand, and may clear the suit for an adversary. By leading a singleton ace in a plain suit, besides inviting a force, you give up the chance of catching an adversary's honour, and the only contingency against you (an improbable one) is your partner leading the king. The lead of a singleton king is wrong, except in trumps when your partner has turned up an ace. Always consider, before leading, what inference your partner will be entitled to draw from your lead, and what effect it may have upon his hand, as by sacrificing one of his best cards without benefiting you.

The play of the second hand is more easily reducible to rule than that of the first. The cases of most frequent application are detailed in the books. Mr. Clay says:

> 'Playing high cards, when second to play, unless your suit is headed by two or more high cards of equal value, or unless to cover a high card, is to be carefully avoided.
>
> 'With two or three cards of the suit played, cover a high card. Play a king, or a queen, on a knave, or ten, &c.
>
> 'With four cards, or more, of the suit played, do not cover, unless the second best of your suit is also a valuable card. Thus with a king or queen, and three or more small cards, do not cover a high card; but if, along with your king or queen, you hold the ten, or even a nine, cover a queen or a knave.

> 'With king and another, not being trumps, do not play your king, unless to cover a high card.
>
> 'With king and another, being trumps, play your king.'

The reason he gives for this distinction is, that the ace is not generally led from except in trumps, but this is only true of the higher order of players, who see the value of an ace as a card of re-entry.

'With queen and another,' he continues, 'whether trumps or not, play your small card, unless to cover.' Despite of this recognised maxim, many respectable players are constantly trying to snatch a trick with the queen, and exult in their occasional success; forgetting that the maxim is based on a careful calculation of the chances, and that the conventional language is confused by contravening it.

With knave, ten, or nine, and one small card, play the small card, unless to cover. With king, queen, and one or more small cards, play the queen, except with king, queen, and two others or more in trumps, when, as a general rule, it is best to play a small one. With queen, knave, and one other, the knave: with more than one other, the smallest. The rationale of the general rule, to play your lowest card second, is given by Cavendish:

> 'You presume that the first hand has led from strength, and if you have a high card in his suit, you lie over him when it is led again; whereas, if you play your high card second hand, you get rid of a commanding card of the adversary's suit, and when it is returned, the original leader finesses against you. Besides this, the third player will put

on his highest card, and, if it is better than yours, you have wasted power to no purpose.'

In the first lead, therefore, if you have ace and queen, with strength in trumps, you play a small card second hand, and wait for the return, the chances being that the lead is from the king. If you have five in the suit, and are weak in trumps, it may be advisable to play the queen. If the lead is a knave, or any other card indicating weakness, put on the ace. Putting the queen (when you have ace, queen) on the knave (a common and tempting practice) is simply sacrificing her if the king is with the third player, and uselessly weakening your command over the first if the king is with the fourth (your partner). The king *must* be behind you. The lead of ten or nine may be either from weakness or strength; and (with ace, queen) you must be guided by circumstances, by the usual play of your adversary, by the state of your own hand or (if the lead is not the first) by such indications as may have occurred.

With ace, queen, ten, play the queen. With ace, queen, knave, or with ace, queen, knave, ten, &c., the lowest of the sequence. With ace, king, knave, the king: then (in trumps, or if strong in trumps) wait for the chance of finessing or of catching the queen. In trumps with ace, king, knave, and a small card, it may be advisable to play the small card second hand; thereby securing the command on the return of the trump. With ace, king, and others in plain suits, the king: in trumps the lowest, unless you wish to stop the lead and give your partner a ruff. It is peremptorily laid down by Mr. Clay: 'Play an ace on a knave.' But surely this cannot be always right, for it gives up the command at once, and fulfils the precise purpose of the leader, which is presumably to clear the way for his partner. With ace and four small ones, some put on the ace second hand for the same reason which induces them to lead it with the same number of the suit. But the cases are essentially distinct; for by playing the ace second hand, you knowingly give up the advantage of lying over the leader in his strong suit.

The play of the third hand involves the theory of the Finesse, on which M. Deschapelles has left a fragment which makes us regret the want of his great work as we regret the lost books of Livy or the unreported speeches of Bolingbroke.

> 'In the high cards,' he says, 'the simple finesse is almost mechanical: nobody fails to practise it. There are, however, many cases which do not allow of it. We should habituate ourselves to keep the organ of attention constantly on the *qui vive*, so as only to do by choice, and after balancing the advantages, the things which seem to belong to routine. A moment of distraction or forgetfulness, and you haply fall into a fault which will ruin your reputation. I have seen skilful players finesse in a trick which would have given them the game, and others commit the same blunder in the last trick but one, with a trump in. Censure has no mercy for them: its thousand sharp and quick tongues are multiplied to defame you: you cannot appear anywhere for a week without running the gauntlet of an exaggerated recital and a mortifying inquiry.'

Nor is the punishment one whit too severe. In whist clubs or circles, a list of the grossest offenders should be hung up for a week, like the list of offenders against public decency in the parks, or of the defaulters or lame ducks on the Stock Exchange. We do not mean such offences as forgetting or mistaking a card, but such as forcing a partner who has led trumps or refused to trump, or finessing in the trick by which the game might be saved or won, such, in short, as the commonest discretion and the merest modicum of good sense would obviate. Habitual carelessness also merits severe reprehension, such as playing a higher card instead of a lower, even a five instead of a four, or *vice versâ*, contrary to the fixed rules of the game. The last player, not being able to win the seven, plays the six: his partner takes for granted that he has no more, refrains from a meditated lead of trumps, plays for a ruff, and finds him with a five! In a trump lead, the third player with ace, six, four, three, wins with the ace, returns the four, and afterwards plays the three. His partner, taking it for granted that he has played the best of two remaining cards, and that the remaining trump, the six, is in an adversary's hand, draws it, and haply loses the game. If he had returned the three and afterwards played the four, his partner would have known to a certainty that the remaining trump was in his hand.

To the same category belongs the playing false cards. 'I hold in abhorrence the playing false cards,' is the emphatic denunciation of Mr. Clay. With exceptions, which he admits, we completely go along with him; and the practice may fairly be called un-English; for (he states) 'French players are dangerously addicted *to false* cards, and the Americans rarely play the right card if they have one to play which is likely to deceive everybody. They play for their own hands alone—the worst fault I know in a whist-player.' He puts the case of your partner winning with the highest instead of the lowest, as with the ace instead of the king, whence you assume that the king is against you, and find the whole scheme of your game destroyed. But take the every-day case—with the king led presumably from ace and king—of dropping the queen instead of the knave not as a call for trumps (for which it may be mistaken), but in hopes of stopping the suit. The suit is stopped, but your partner may be mischievously deceived; for on your having or not having the knave, depends the entire quality of your hand and the course of combined action he should pursue. False cards, therefore, should never be played unless at a period of the game when your partner is practically *hors de combat*, or when he is incapable of drawing the ordinary inferences which will be drawn by your adversaries. 'Why did you play that card?' was the question incautiously put to a good player by an astonished bystander. 'For the very sufficient reason,' was the answer in a loud stage whisper, 'that my partner is a *muff*.'

Habitual hesitation, also, is a very grave fault. It is by turns unfair as enlightening your partner and indiscreet as giving hints to your adversaries. Indicating the quality of the hand in any manner, by word or gesture, should be suppressed by penalty; and (as was the law under Hoyle's rules) any player who says he has the game in his hands, should lay his cards on the table and submit to have them called, for otherwise an unfair advantage is obtained; all liability to a mistake in playing them being thereby avoided; and the practice should be discountenanced as wasting instead of saving both time and temper by the discussion it creates. Like Mrs. Battle, we are decidedly for 'a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.'[1] Unless the laws are regularly enforced, any occasional enforcement of them is open to the imputation of an unfair advantage; so that uniform strictness is most favourable to a good understanding.

A moment's pause before the opening—and no good player will need more—for the formation of a plan is not to be confounded with hesitation. 'This moment,' observes M. Deschapelles, 'will be amply compensated: it will save ten: for the cards will flow rapidly as consequences: your adversaries will be unable to draw inferences; and your partner, catching confidence from your self-possession, will become charged with the electric spark which fuses the *moi* into the intelligent and co-operating *nous*.'

But we are digressing and must return to the finesse, which depends so much on inference and the state of the score, that few general maxims can be laid down. Imprimis, the only finesse permissible in your partner's first lead is from ace and queen. If the queen wins, immediately return the ace in trumps, and also in plain suits, unless there are symptoms of trumping. In that case play trumps, if you are strong enough; otherwise change the suit, and wait to see what your partner will do; or if you have a good trump, though weak, play it to strengthen him. A good player will, of course, finesse more frequently and more deeply in trumps than in plain suits, because he is generally sure of making the reserved card, and of making it at the most favourable moment. Thus, if with ace, king, knave, he finesses the knave and loses it, he is still in a better position than if he had played his king and left the queen guarded and held up behind him. With ace, knave, ten, or king, knave, ten (in trumps), the ten may be finessed if two immediate rounds are not required. When weak in trumps, finesse deeply in the suit in which your partner is weak. This, though contrary to the general practice, is strongly recommended by Mr. Clay, as it saves your partner from being forced. The finesse of knave from king knave, cannot be recommended unless your partner has obviously led from weakness. Your partner wins with the queen and returns the lead with a small card: with king, ten, finesse the ten, for the ace is certainly held over you, and if the knave is in the same hand, you must lose both any way. This is an instance of what is called the finesse obligatory.

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[1] *Elia*. First Series.—Hazlitt, although, like a certain dignified ornament of the church, constantly in hot water, was not equally remarkable for clean hands. Elia (Charles Lamb), playing whist with him, drily observed, 'If dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!'

The chief difficulty of the fourth hand is in discriminating the rare instances in which the trick should not be taken. You have three cards left: ace, knave, and a small one; your adversary with king, queen, ten, leads the king. If you take the king, you win one trick: if you allow it to make, you win two. There are also occasions when you give the trick in order to compel the adversary to lead up to you in another suit. A common *ruse* (which Mr. Clay strongly condemns) is to hold up the ace when you have ace and knave and the adversary has led the king from king and queen. This is dangerous out of trumps, unless you are very strong in trumps and want to establish the suit, and then your partner may trump the second round and be carried off on a wrong scent. In trumps, the opportunity can rarely arise with good players. An ace may sometimes be kept back with telling effect, not only in trumps, but with ace and four small cards in a plain suit; the trumps being out or with you, and three tricks required to win or save the game. If no other player has more than three, and the ace is kept back till the third round, the three tricks are secured.

But an inexperienced player cannot be recommended to risk a stroke of this kind; neither should we recommend him to resort to *underplay*, until he has advanced far enough to be initiated into the mysteries of the *grand coup*.[1] Play the plain, unpretending, unambitious game till the higher and finer class of combinations break upon you. On the other hand, don't shun any amount of justifiable risk. If, looking to the score and the number of tricks on the table, a desperate measure is called for, risk it; if great strength in trumps in your partner's hand is required to save the game, play your best trump, however weak in trumps. All ordinary rules must be set aside in this emergency: every available force must be instantly called into the field; here is the crisis in which you must lead the king with only one small one in his train: as at Fontenoy and Steinkirk, there is nothing for it but for the *maison du roi* to charge. There are moments in whist when a *coup d'œil* is wanted like that of the dying Marmion:

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[1] The *grand coup* is getting rid of a superfluous trump which may compel you to win a trick and take the lead when you do not want it. It was the master-stroke, the *coup de Jarnac*, of Deschapelles. *Under-play* is when, retaining the best of a suit, you play a small one in the hope that your left-hand adversary will hold up the second best and allow your partner to make the trick with a lower card.

> 'Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
> With Chester charge and Lancashire,
> Full upon Scotland's central host,
> Or victory and England's lost.'

One of the chosen few being asked what he deemed the distinctive excellence of a fine player, replied, 'playing to the point.' Such a player plays almost every hand differently without once departing from the conventional language of the game. It is an excellence rarely attained or appreciated; and the great majority of players play on just the same whatever the state of the score or the number of tricks already made on either side. They not only run risks to secure three tricks when they only want one: we have seen a gentleman playing for the odd trick with six tricks made against him, deliberately give away the seventh by declining to trump for fear of being over-trumped! We have seen another take out the card that would have won the game, look at it, fumble with it, and then put it back again.

Nelson told his captains at Trafalgar, that any one of them who did not see his way clearly, could not go far wrong if he laid his ship alongside a ship of the enemy. No whist-player can go far wrong who wins a trick when the game is growing critical. We do not say with Hoyle: 'Whenever you are in doubt, win the trick'; for we have heard puzzle-headed people appeal to this maxim after trumping the leading card of their partner's long suit, or trumping a doubtful card with the last or best trump, or with the solitary guard to a king, or with one of four trumps which constituted their strength. But we say: when you are in doubt with the adverse pack of tricks dangerously mounting up, win the trick. Hesitation without knowledge makes matters worse. Instead of snatching a grace beyond the reach of art, the hesitating player commonly commits a blunder beyond the reach of speculation, and tempts one to exclaim with Johnson, 'You must have taken great pains with yourself, sir: you could not naturally have been so very stupid.'

Few readers can have forgotten the bitter comment of Rasselas after Imlac had enumerated the qualities needed to excel in poetry: 'Enough; thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet.' An enumeration of the qualities needed to shine in whist might provoke a similar retort. In the famous passage which Lord Beaconsfield borrowed of M. Thiers, describing the qualifications and responsibilities of a great commander, we find: 'At the same moment, he must think of the eve and the morrow—of his flanks his reserve; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of his men. . . . Not only must he think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning; for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the finest combinations, and on a moment more or less depends the glory or the shame. Doubtless all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful ministers of state, successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime.'

Something very similar might be said of a great whist-player,—indeed has been said by M. Deschapelles[1] who was himself the great sublime he drew. He must watch and draw inferences from three hands besides his own: he must play twenty-six cards instead of thirteen: he must follow the shifting condition of four suits: he must calculate at the same time each phase of the game, and the moral and mental qualities of the players. Are they strong or weak, bold or cautious, frank or tricky and given to false cards? He must think with intuitive rapidity and sagacity. If he miscalculates, or loses the key to a single combination, he is lost. We see ordinary men make tolerably good whist-players, but the fine whist-player is as rare as the great commander; and to the *beau idéal* one might be applied what the Irishman predicated of a finished Irish gentleman—that there would be nothing like him in the world, *if you could but meet with him.*

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[1] Deschapelles, late in life, became a republican, and was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution in the earlier days of Louis Philippe. His papers were seized, and it was found that he had drawn up a list of persons in society to be made short work of, with the reasons for their elimination from this world. Amongst them was an elderly acquaintance whose name was set down thus: 'Vatry (Alphie); to be guillotined:—Reason:—*Citoyen inutile*.' Vatry was a bad whist-player.

Not only did we never meet with or hear of a whist-player who could venture to boast with Türenne that he never fought a battle that he did not deserve to win; but we have heard an excellent one adopt the aphorism, attributed to the Iron Duke, that a battle was a game in which those who made the fewest blunders won. Or a parallel may be drawn between the paladin of the whist table, and the damsel in the play who took her married sister's fault upon herself, and is thus apostrophised by her brother-in-law, 'Quoi! vous, Marie, vous, la Vertu même!' Her reply is exquisite for feminine self-knowledge and tact: 'Oh! la Vertu, la Vertu! tout le monde a ses heures ou ses moments.' The most consummate skill, like Virtue herself, is not safe against a slip. Did not the late Earl Granville lose a rubber, after giving the long odds in thousands, by forgetting the seven of hearts? Did not Henry Lord de Ros lose one on which three thousand pounds were staked, by miscounting a trump? Did not, only the other day, the Daniel or Gamaliel of the Turf Club fail to detect a palpable revoke, to the astonishment and (it must be owned) gratification of the bystanders, some of whom went home consoled and elevated in their own self-esteem by his default?

But let no one hurry to the conclusion that skill is of minor importance because it is sometimes found tripping, or because the fine player may be often seen vainly struggling against cards, when, like the good man struggling against adversity, he is a spectacle for the gods. 'Human life,' writes Jeremy Taylor, 'is like playing at tables: the luck is not in our power; but the playing the game is.' For 'tables,' read whist. Independently of the intellectual gratification, skill will prove an ample remuneration in the long run for the pains bestowed in acquiring it. If only one trick per hand were won or lost by play, the percentage would be immense; but two or three tricks per hand are frequently so won or lost. Three or four times over in a single sitting have we seen bad players score three or four with hands which, held by good, would infallibly have made the game. With tolerably equal cards, play must turn the balance: with fortune *pro*, it indefinitely increases the gain: with fortune *con*, it indefinitely diminishes the loss. It must have been the effect of irritability after losing to bunglers that made high authorities deny so obvious a truth. We are quite sure that in their cooler moments they would agree with us.

A curious piece of evidence bearing on this subject was given at the De Ros trial by a distinguished whist-player, who stated that he had played regularly for about the same stakes during twenty years; that his winnings had averaged 1,500*l.* a year, making 30,000*l.* in the aggregate, but that he had undergone two consecutive years of ill luck, during which he lost 8,000*l.* Another witness, a captain in the navy, who had realised a regular income by his skill, was asked whether he was not in the habit of dining on boiled chicken and lemonade when he had serious work in hand; and the alleged training (which he denied) was no imputation on his sagacity. No man flushed with food or wine, *vinoque ciboque gravatus*, will play his best; and every man who regards his purse or his reputation should leave off when he finds the sensation of confusion or fatigue stealing on him.

Although many of the best players play high, the highest players are by no means uniformly the best. It was stated from melancholy experience by De Quincy, that opium-eating in the earlier stages produces none of the beneficial or pleasurable effects: not till it has grown into a habit, does the inspiring or soothing influence begin. It is the same with high play, which unduly excites and agitates for a season; although, if the purse and constitution hold out, it has been known to sharpen the observation and concentrate the attention to the utmost point which the player's natural capabilities enable him to reach. But this turning a relaxation and a pleasure into a business and a toil is to be deprecated, not recommended; and a wise man (pecuniary considerations apart) would rather give up whist altogether than be compelled to play it under the implied condition that he was to keep his mind eternally on the strain. It was this consideration possibly that drove Charles James Fox to hazard, although he boasted that he could gain 4,000*l.* a year at whist, if he chose to set about it. Major Aubrey, who had tried both, declared that the greatest pleasure in life was winning at whist,—the next greatest pleasure, losing.

Women, particularly young women, should never play for sums which it is inconvenient for them to lose; and a sum which is immaterial to a man of independent means may create an alarming deficit in a female budget dependent on an allowance or pin-money. The feminine organisation is opposed to their ever getting beyond the excitable perturbed fluttered stage: their hands may be read in their faces: they play recklessly to shorten the torment of suspense; and it is fortunate if, along with their money, they do not lose both their temper and their good looks:

> 'And one degrading hour of sordid fear,
> Stamps on her brow the wrinkles of a year.'

The charge of comparative disregard of truth which the male sex, with or without reason, are wont to bring against the female sex, derives plausibility from an effect stated by Byron:

> 'The pretty creatures fib with such a grace,
> There's nothing so becoming to the face.'

Upon this principle they should certainly avoid high play at any game, for there is nothing so *un*becoming to the face. Hogarth's print of 'The Lady's Lost Stake' suggests another danger, which is also hinted at in 'The Provoked Husband':

'*Lord Townley.* 'Tis not your ill hours that always disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion these hours.

'*Lady Townley.* Sure, I don't understand you now, my lord. What ill company do I keep?

'*Lord Townley.* Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it; or perhaps men that are voluntary bubbles at one game in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another.'

When whist is merely taken up as one of the weapons of coquetry, there is no great mischief to be apprehended; although *écarté* or chess would seem more suited to the purpose, and give better hope of a situation like that of Ferdinand and Miranda. 'Sweet lord, you play me false,' is ill replaced by 'Sweet lady, you have revoked.'

Henri Beyle (Stendhal), musing over an interrupted *liaison* and a lost illusion, exclaims: 'After all, her conduct is rational. She was fond of whist. She is fond of it no longer; so much the worse for me if I am still fond of whist.' So much the better for him, as he had still an inexhaustible resource; and he would have gained nothing by abandoning it. She was no longer fond of whist, because she was no longer fond of him.

It is a common fallacy, mischievously rife among the fair sex, that without the gift of extraordinary memory, it is impossible to become a good whist-player: the fact being that memory has little or nothing to do with the real understanding or finest points of the game. What, for instance, has memory to do with the opening lead, which has the same relative importance that Lord Lyndhurst attributed to the opening speech in a cause? What has memory to do with trumping or not trumping a doubtful card; or with returning the best with three or the lowest with four; or with returning the trump lead immediately; or with answering the call for trumps; or with taking or not taking the trick that wins or saves the game; or with numberless emergencies in which you have only to look at your hand, the tricks on the table, and the score?

Of course, a certain number of rules and maxims must be learnt; but it is not more difficult to learn these than to learn the Catechism; and a lady might as reasonably complain that she could not become a good Christian for want of memory, as that she could not become a good whist-player by reason of that defect, which, in nine cases out of ten, is purely imaginary. People remember well enough what they care to remember, or what fixes their attention by interesting them. This depends on character, habits, and powers of appreciation. Whilst the man of cultivated taste and fine sense of humour is laying up a stock of choice anecdotes and fine passages, an old maid in a country town will be growing into the living chronicle of all the scandalous gossip of the last fifty years, complaining all the time of her memory. The measures are the same, but the one is filled with pearls of price, the other with glass beads and knick-knackery. The discriminating reminiscent, instead of being envied for memory, should be commended for observation, judgment, quickness of perception and apropos.

Alleged forgetfulness at whist, as in most other things, is far more frequently inattention than forgetfulness. The fall of the cards has not been watched, and the proper inferences have not been drawn at the moment. A player cannot be said to have forgotten what he never knew. If, for example, at the end of a second round, he had clearly drawn the inference that the best card remained with one adversary and that the other had no more of the suit, this state of things would suggest itself naturally and without an effort when the suit was played again:

> 'With care (says Mr. Clay) and with his eyes never wandering from the table, each day will add to the indications which he will observe and understand. He will find that mere memory has less to do with whist than he imagines, that it matters little whether the five or the six is the best card left of a suit, as long as he knows, which he generally ought to know, who has that best card. Memory and observation will become mechanical to him, and cost him little effort, and all that remains for him to do will be to calculate at his ease the best way of playing his own and his partner's hands, in many cases as if he saw the greater portion of the cards laid face upwards on the table. He will then be a fine whist-player.'

Without being a fine whist-player, he may be a capital second-rate, a thoroughly reliable partner, and one with whom no one can be dissatisfied to sit down. This is the grand point, and this (we repeat) may be attained with no more than the average amount of memory with which men and women manage to get on creditably through life. One of the best London whist-players is below the average in this particular. Nor will calling him so appear paradoxical to any who accept M. Deschapelles' division:

> 'We will suppose a parabola described by a bombshell of which the culminating point shall be the seventh trick. On this side, it is invention which holds sway; on the other, it is calculation. Attention and memory are at the base, whilst

> sagacity, seated at the top, distributes the work, calls by turns on the organs that are to complete it, excites and circumscribes their efforts, and assigns them at the appointed moment the repose necessary to the restoration of their strength. . . . When there are no more than five or six cards remaining in the hand, the fine and delicate faculties of intelligence have resigned and repose. Mathematical calculation is at the helm: the simplest calculation disengaged from the unknown. Then it is that the most commonplace player is entitled to claim equality with the finest; it is a property which he has acquired by his labour; the elements of it are open to all the world. They are beyond the domain of the aristocracy of the brain and the susceptibility of the organs: beyond that of poetry and imagination; but they are open to all, like the right to breathe and speak good prose! . . . With regard to sagacity, how do you know that you are wanting in it? Do but apply your mind to the matter in hand, *age quod agis,* and you will see that you have as much as another. I can give as proof the manner in which people lead at present; even at our weakest parties, I am surprised to see that it is almost always the right card that is led. This is owing to our *grande tactique,* with which everyone is imbued.'

The *grande tactique* is the strong or long-suit system; with which, we regret to say, everyone is not imbued amongst us, or we should not so frequently hear, at the end of a long, puzzled, and unreflecting pause, 'I really do not know what to lead.' The lady or gentleman who habitually indulges in this apostrophe, had better say at once, 'I really do not know how to play.'

Every civilised country has had its Augustan age or ages. We have had our Elizabethan age, our age of

Queen Anne, and what was also an Augustan age though yet unnamed—the age when Byron, Moore, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Brougham, Canning, &c., were the central figures of the group. On its being recently remarked that there was nothing now coming on to replace what must be soon passing away—that almost all the highest reputations in all walks are of full twenty years' standing or more: that we have no rising poets, artists, novelists, or orators,—'No!' exclaimed a far-famed beauty and wit, 'and no lady-killers such as I remember in my heyday, before whom one felt bound to succumb, as the belles of the *Spectator* succumbed to Beau Fielding, when he said of them: "Elles tombent comme des mouches."' Our fair friend might have added: 'And no rising whist-players of the first class: not one under middle age, who has given proofs of undisputed genius.'

A master of the art (Lord H. Bentinck) who had survived a generation, was asked who were the best whist-players he ever knew. He instantly named three: the late Earl Granville, the Hon. George Anson, and Henry Lord de Ros. On being asked for the fourth he paused, but there was no need of hesitation: 'Ed io anche sono pittore.' No one would have accused him of undue assumption if he had followed the example of Lamartine, who, on being asked who was the first living French poet, drew himself up with an air of offended dignity, and replied, 'Moi.' The palm was popularly considered to lie between Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Clay, whose styles were so essentially different that an instructive parallel might be drawn between them after the manner of Plutarch. We regret to say that great whist-players resemble rival beauties in one respect. Rarely will one admit the distinguished merit, not to say superiority, of another.

The De Ros affair was a sad blow and a temporary discredit to whist-players, for some of them were unluckily seduced into acting on the penultimate Lord Hertford's maxim: 'What would you do if you saw a man cheating at cards?' 'Bet upon him, to be sure.' Lord de Ros's methods of aiding his skill were only available for one hand in four—when he dealt. He then occasionally contrived to turn an honour by what is called *sauter le coup*, and having marked the higher honours with his nail, he could see to whom they fell. During the burst of scandalous comment which followed the exposure, one of the 'bitter fools' of society, who had never been admitted to his intimacy, drawled out at Crockford's: 'I would leave my card at his house, but I fear he would mark it.' The retort was ready: 'That would depend on whether he considered it a *high* honour.' This repartee, popularly assigned to Lord Alvanley, was made by Charles Kinnaird Sheridan (the youngest brother of the three gifted sisters of the race), whose untimely and deeply regretted death, in the bloom of his brilliant youth, was a *memento mori* which not the gayest or most thoughtless of his gay contemporaries could speedily shake off:

> 'Manibus date lilia plenis:
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere.'

There is a well-authenticated story of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist. Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris, he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four. They were kept waiting till ten; when he sent out to say that he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed: they were changed three times in all, at intervals of six hours, before he started. When the party rose, they were up to their ankles in cards, and the ambassador (it was reported) was a loser to the tune of eight or ten thousand pounds. About this time there was a set at Brooks's (Lord Sefton, an excellent player, being one) who played hundred guinea points besides bets. We still occasionally hear of 300*l.* and 500*l.* on the rubber, but five pound points are above the average; and many of the best players are content with two pound points (ten, bet) at the Turf, and half pounds at the Portland. A good deal of money is turned on the five to two (really nearer three to one) bet on the rubber after the first game.

In Paris (where the rubber counts four) the points are comparatively low, much in our opinion to the detriment of the game. During the period comprised in M. Louis Blanc's 'Histoire de Dix Ans,' the stakes at the Cercle de l'Union were such that Count Achille Delamarre calculated his average rubber at 200 louis. There, and afterwards at the French Jockey Club, the level rate was two louis and ten bet, but the large *ad libitum* bets became so general that anyone who cut in without joining in them was looked upon as an interloper. The principal players at the Union were Lord Granville (the English ambassador), Count Medem (secretary to the Russian embassy), Count Walewski, the Duc de Richelieu, General Michelski, Comte Deschapelles (the author), Comte Achille Delamarre, and M. Bonpierre: the three last, with Lord Granville, being esteemed the best of the lot.[1] Amongst the best Parisian players who have since come into the field (of green cloth) are Vicomte Paul Daru, Count d'Albon, Comte d'Andlau, Comte de Malart, Mr. Cumming, Count Morauski, Vicomte Ladislas de St.-Pierre, and his brother M. Maurice de St.-Pierre. The highest play during the last two or three years has been at the Petit Club de la rue Royale, where it ranges from 1 to 30, or 1 and 50, up to or above 1 and 100 louis: the points being stationary and the bets fluctuating. The scale of play has been raised above the usual level at Paris by the very high play at Baccarat, at which 16,000*l.* has been lost by one person in one night.[2]

There used to be high play at Berlin and Vienna. Count Palfy won enough at a single sitting of Prince John of Lichtenstein to build and furnish a château. It was shown to the loser, who, on being asked how he liked it, replied: 'Pas du tout; cela a tout-à-fait l'air d'un château de cartes.' Count Brühl wrote a treatise on whist, which, we regret to say, we have been unable to procure. There is a current anecdote of Count

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[1] Deschapelles gave the preference to Delamarre, saying that, with him for a partner, he would not mind playing dummy against *Le Père Eternel.*

[2] It will be remembered that this was written in April, 1869.

Rechberg, late Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Austria, which justifies a surmise that he also is a proficient. His left-hand adversary (*proh pudor*, an Englishman) made so desperate though successful a finesse, that his excellency uttered an exclamation of surprise, whereupon the gentleman offered a bet that the count himself should acknowledge that he had a sound reason for his play. It was taken, and he then coolly said, 'Why, I looked over your hand.' This gentleman must have graduated under the Artful Dodger, who, when playing dummy in Fagin's den, is commended for 'wisely regulating his play by the result of his observations on his neighbours' cards.'

Some forty years since a remarkable set used to meet in Berlin at Prince Wittgenstein's, including Count Alopeus, the Russian Minister, General Nostitz, Henry Bulwer (then attached to the Berlin embassy), and the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover). Another of the royal family, the late Duke of York, played whist a great deal and lost a great deal of money at it, as well he might, for he invariably showed by his face whether he was satisfied or dissatisfied with his cards, and played them indifferently into the bargain. He played pony points (25*l.*) and fifty bet, making the full or bumper rubber 250*l.* One evening, having won three full rubbers of a wealthy *parvenu*, he was reluctantly reminded that there was a prior loss of some four thousand pounds to be set off. 'No, no,' he protested, 'that will never do. We have nothing to do with old scores;' and the man was fool nough to pay. There is no royal road to whist, and as royal personages with the best natural dispositions rarely submit to be taught, it is fortunate that the kingly power has been limited since Canute, who had a courtier hanged for check-mating him, and would doubtless have had him hanged, drawn, and quartered for claiming a revoke at whist. This great and wise king had evidently come to the conclusion that the occasional execution of a courtier *pour encourager les autres* inculcated a moral more practically than getting wet feet through the disobedience of the waves.

When Napoleon was at Würtemberg, 'he used to play whist in the evening, but not for money, playing ill and inattentively. One evening when the queen dowager was playing with him against her husband and his daughter (the Queen of Westphalia, the wife of Jerome), the king stopped Napoleon, who was taking up a trick that belonged to them, saying, "Sire, on ne joue pas ici en conquérant."'[1]

It must be admitted as a partial excuse for absolutism in such matters, that the spirit of play absorbs or deadens every other thought and feeling. Horace Walpole relates that, on a man falling down in a fit before the bay window of White's, odds were instantly offered and taken to a large amount against his recovery, and that, on its being proposed to bleed him, the operation was vehemently resisted as unfair. When Lord Thanet was in the Tower for the O'Connor riot, three friends—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke de Laval, and Captain Smith—were admitted to play whist with him and remain till the lock-up hour of eleven. Early in the sitting, Captain Smith fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and one of the party rose to call for help. 'Stop!' cried another, 'we shall be turned out if you make a noise; let our friend alone till eleven: we can play dummy, and he'll be none the worse, for I can read death in his face.'[1]

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[1] *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*. Second edition, p. 128. Frederic the Great was in the habit of kicking the shins of the *savans* who ventured to differ from him. When Peter the Great was on a visit of inspection on board an English line-of-battle ship at Portsmouth, he expressed a wish to witness the operation of *keel-hauling*, which consists in dragging the subject under water from one side of the ship to the other by means of a rope passed under the keel. He was told that this was contrary to law, so far as Englishmen were concerned. 'If that is all, you can take one of my suite,' was his unconcerned rejoinder.

The profession of medicine has turned out some good whist-players. Three celebrated physicians, being, like the surgeons in 'Zeluco,' at a loss how to fill up the time it was thought decent to occupy on the case of a noble patient, set to at dummy. The patient, if there had really been much the matter with him, would have found himself in the predicament of the survivor of the Horatii;

'Que vouliez-vous qu'il fît contre trois?
—— Qu'il mourût.'

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[1] 'One night, turning very faint, I struggled through the rubber, then got up and left the room, and fell on the landing with a crash that brought the other three players to my side. As I was recovering my senses, I heard one of my late adversaries say, "He never can have played the hand through without a revoke," and I saw him steal away to see. *His* partner followed to aid in the examination of the tricks, and *mine* to see fair play, leaving me stretched as I fell.' (*Ex Relatione* S. P., one of the finest players of the new school.)

The clergy, especially in the West of England, were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire, composed mostly of clergymen, that met every Sunday evening in the back parlour of a barber. Four of these were acting as pall bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, or some other cause; and the coffin was set down in the chancel. By way of whiling away the time, one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket, and proposed a rubber.[1] The rest gladly assented, and they were deep in their game, using the coffin as their table, when the sexton came to announce that the preparations were complete. We have carefully verified the fact that they played long whist, and we suspect that whist has been less popular in the church since the introduction of short, by reason of its inferior gravity. The principle is indicated by Sydney Smith in his qualified defence of angling: 'I give up fly-fishing: it is a light, volatile, dissipated pursuit. But ground-bait, with a good steady float that never bobs without a bite, is an occupation for a bishop, and in no way interferes with sermon-making.'

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[1] This story (it is to be hoped apocryphal) was currently told of the writer's uncle, the Rev. Richard Abraham, Vicar of Ilminster and Chaffcombe; a man distinguished by learning and wit. It was he who, on being nominated to his living by Lord North, preached his first sermon on the text, 'Promotion cometh not from the east, or the west, neither from the south.' He resided mostly at Bath, on the plea of ill health, and frequently helped to form the card-table of Mrs. Beadon, the wife of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. 'Mr. Abraham,' said the Bishop, one morning, 'it strikes me that, if you are well enough to sit up half the night playing whist, you must be well enough to do duty at your living.' 'My Lord,' was the reply, 'Mrs. Beadon will tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves.' The lady at once made the case her own; and her power over her right reverend lord was so well established that the diocese credited her with the entire distribution of his patronage. After his death, she became well known to the world of Mayfair by her Sunday whist parties, which rivalled those of Lady Tancred and the old Lady Salisbury who was burnt.

We have seen short whist played by a member of the episcopal body, and a very eminent one, the venerable Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts): one adversary being the late Dean of St. Paul's (Milman): the other an American diplomatist (Mason), and his partner a distinguished foreigner (Count Strzelecki), whose whist was hardly on a par with his scientific acquirements and social popularity. The two church dignitaries played a steady sound orthodox game. The bishop bore a run of ill luck like a Christian and a bishop, but when (after the diplomatist had puzzled him by a false card) the Count lost the game by not returning his trump, the excellent prelate looked as if about to bring the rubber to a conclusion as he once brought a controversy with an archbishop, namely, by the bestowal of his blessing; which the archbishop, apparently apprehensive of its acting by the rule of contraries, earnestly entreated him to take back.

The famous 'Billy Butler,' vicar of Frampton, got the offer of a rich piece of preferment by finding a fox in the 'open,' when the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) was anxious for an easy run. Many a good living has been gained by whist-playing; this being dered an indispensable qualification by discerning patrons (lay and episcopal) in the olden time. Our own opinion is that, if the spirit of the times no longer admits of its being exacted in candidates for holy orders, the being well up in Pole, Cavendish, or Clay should command a handsome number of marks in all competitive examinations, civil and military. We throw out this suggestion for the serious consideration of the Government.

THE END.

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